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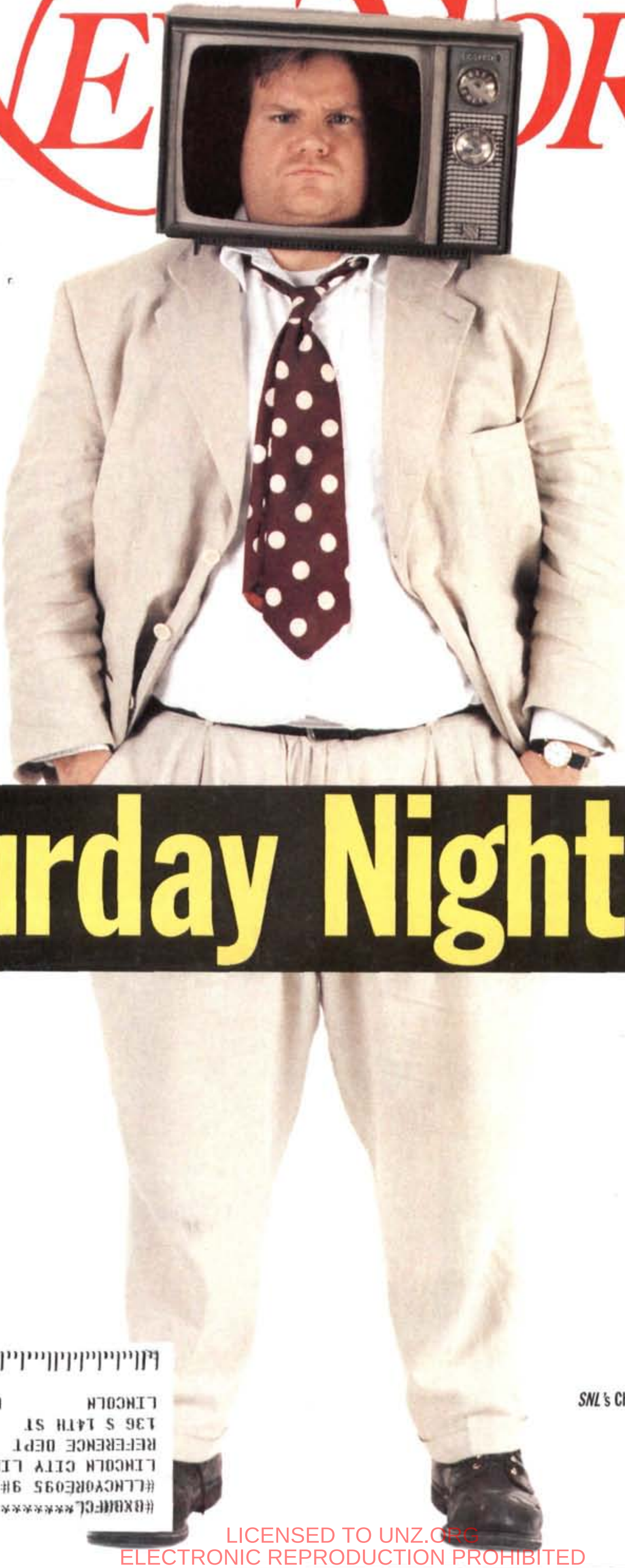

The Inside Story Of the Decline And Fall of Saturday Night Live

BY CHRIS SMITH

SNL's Chris Farley

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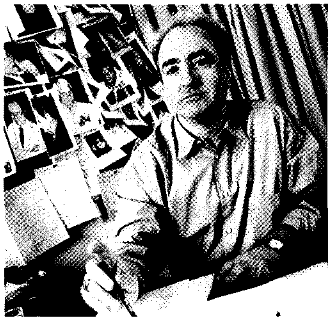
Contents Mar. 13, 1995

> *"There's all this speculation about why he's doing this, what his motivation is, if it's all a stunt. But I think maybe this is what Jann says it is—Jann is really in love."*
>
> ROBERT DRAPER, AUTHOR OF *ROLLING STONE MAGAZINE: THE UNCENSORED HISTORY*, PAGE 50

30 Buh-bye
By Chris Smith



When was the last time *Saturday Night Live* made you laugh? In twenty seasons of some of the best and most disappointing television ever, *SNL* has devolved from a revered institution to an imitation of its former self. An inside look at a decaying comedy leviathan and the man who wants you to remember that he's Lorne Michaels and you're not.

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Jonathan Levine

Police and prosecutors are overworked; the courts and prisons are jammed. So who can rescue your block from drug dealers and prostitutes? You and your neighbors can. Nontraditional kinds of law enforcement—civilian patrols, private security guards, photo-surveillance programs—are saving neighborhoods all over town.

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By Jeanie Russell Kasindorf

Ron Galella

Sure, you've read that baby-boomer cultural icon Jann Wenner left his wife for a hot young ex-model. You've even read the ex-model's a man. But do you know what it may mean? Not just the breakup of a media empire. Think bigger—like, a whole new approach to celebrity homosexuality.

56 Invasion of the Superstores
By Sarah Ferguson

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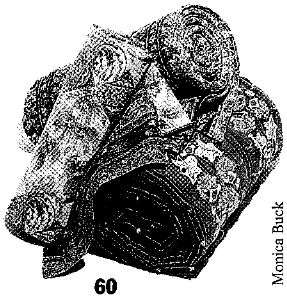
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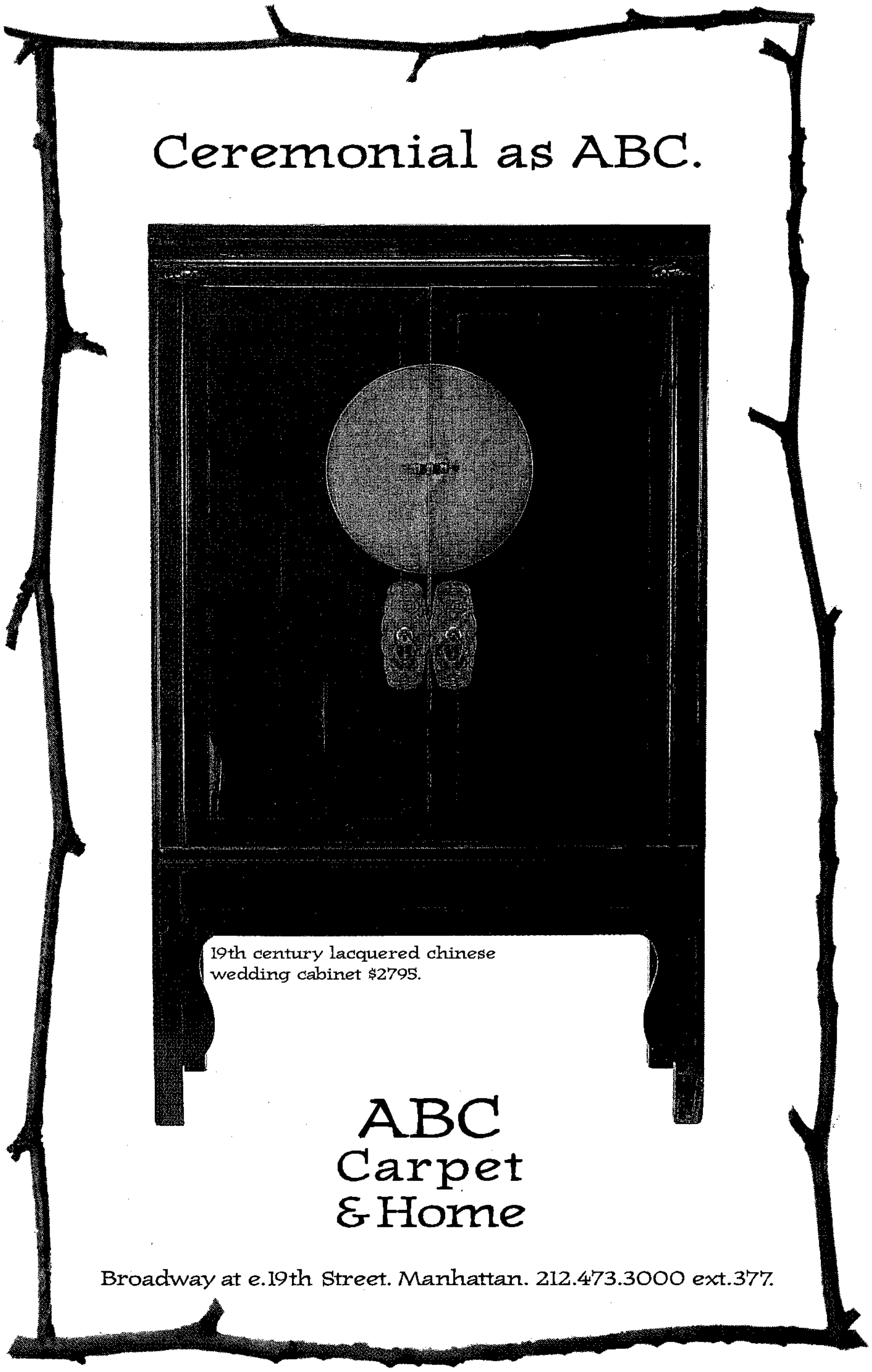
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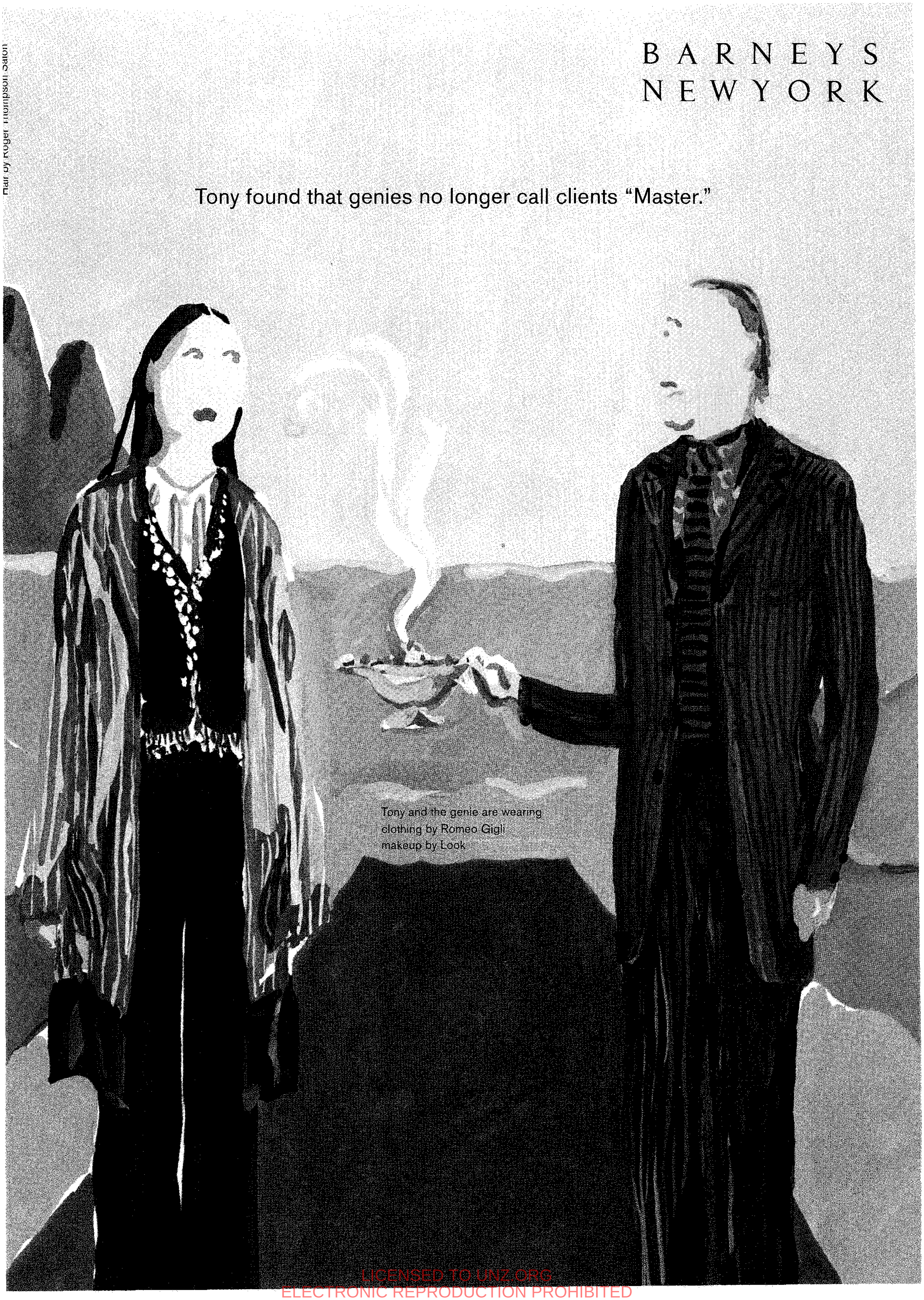
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Tony found that genies no longer call clients "Master."
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LETTERS MARCH 13, 1995

Fighting Words

A Rhode Islander's ugly anti-Semitic letter continues to draw fire. One New Yorker cordially invites the author to go educate himself.

WHILE I VEHEMENTLY DISAGREE with the anti-Semitic remarks of William Holdsworth ["Letters," February 20], I applaud *New York* Magazine for printing his letter. As a Jew raised in New York, I felt personally insulted by Holdsworth's comments, but not surprised by them. Others—Jews, Gentiles, and atheists alike—could learn from his letter. Anti-Semitism is as prevalent today as it ever was, and intelligent people from all backgrounds should work together to eradicate it and all forms of prejudice.

Lawrence Sherman
NORTH MASSAPEQUA, N.Y.

YOUR DECISION TO PRINT WILLIAM Holdsworth's letter serves to reinforce my resolve to fight anti-Semitism. If your aim was to arouse in your readers the passion to inform and educate, and to eradicate such low-minded drivel, then bravo.

I was raised in Brooklyn, where being Jewish was a nonissue. I paid no attention to my heritage until I moved and heard my new neighbor (who was unaware of my background) talk about the "Jews and niggers." This motivated me to help in the founding of the North Fork Reform Synagogue, to be a trustee, and to be counted as a Jew in my community and indeed the world.

Sylvia Eisenstadt Pafenyk
MATTITUCK, N.Y.

I CAN'T BELIEVE YOU ACTUALLY PUBlished the blatantly anti-Semitic letter written by William Holdsworth describing Jews as the "scourge" of New York. He may be entitled to his biases, but for *New York* Magazine to disseminate this demonstrates a new low in irresponsible journalism.

Ruth Migdal
BROOKLYN

I WAS APPALLED THAT YOU PUBLISHED William Holdsworth's crude and anti-Semitic letter.

G. William Haas
MANHATTAN

I WOULD RATHER BE A NEUROTIC NUDNICK than a bigoted boob. The only scourge we have in New York is that we have to put up with the silly sallies of a pusillanimous pygmy from Providence.

Max S. Eagelfeld
MAMARONECK, N.Y.

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York *Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. Please include a daytime phone number.*

I AM 17 YEARS OLD AND JEWISH, AND I AM appalled not at the printing of William Holdsworth's anti-Semitic letter but that he wrote it at all. I have lived in New York my whole life and have been sheltered from views like this. His letter sent a wake-up call to me; I am not used to being called a "scourge." As a society, we have to face the reality that these backward beliefs not only exist but are embraced by many. With such unfounded hatred surviving in our communities, we are all in danger.

Haley Stein
ROCKVILLE CENTRE, N.Y.

TO WILLIAM HOLDSWORTH OF PROVIDENCE, who shared his profound wisdom that Jews are to blame for the ills of New York, on behalf of this New York Jew: You are cordially invited to go educate yourself.

Lisa G. Setton
PLAINVIEW, N.Y.

EVERY TIME WILLIAM HOLDSWORTH HEARS the songs "God Bless America," "Alexander's Ragtime Band," and "Easter Parade," let him be reminded that these songs were written by Irving Berlin. And that polio was eradicated because of the work of two Jewish doctors, Drs. Sabin and Salk. The contributions that Jews have made to society are endless. It is unfortunate that Holdsworth's life has embittered him to the point that he needs a scapegoat.

Anne Sager
MANHATTAN

Chafing Dish

LIKE SIRIO MACCIONI OF LE CIRQUE, quoted in Meryl Gordon's article "Too Many Cooks" [February 6], I, too, was enraged by a comment attributed to me by Gordon. While I did indeed say that "it would have been good if André [Soltner, of Lutèce] had gotten out and noticed the remarkable changes going [on] in cuisine," Gordon might have added my explanatory comments as to why Soltner does not get out more. The reason, as I told her in an interview, is that Soltner, unlike most of his collegues, believes that a chef-owner should—indeed, must—be in his restaurant cooking if that restaurant's doors are open.

While other chefs flit about on the celebrity circuit picking up culinary mementos, Soltner has been at Lutèce every night for three decades cooking exquisite, classic French cuisine for those who prefer refinement to mere culinary fashion.

John Mariani
TUCKAHOE, N.Y.

Conventional Wisdom?

JOHN CONNOLLY'S ARTICLE "THE MOB'S Glass House" [January 9] verified what I have long thought to be true. I have exhibited at Javits seven times a year since it has opened. I also show my wares in Atlanta, Chicago, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Seattle, and Dallas. No other setup is as stressful, belligerent, expensive, and just downright difficult as at the Javits Center. No other "labor" is as rude, arrogant, lazy, exploitative, and ill-trained. Only in New York does the foreman wait for exhibitors (in this case, women) to lift and unpack 80-pound cases before insisting that thugs be hired to fit interlocking panels together, thus charging an hour's time to do a job anyone else can do in fifteen minutes. Our industry's sick joke: How many Javits electricians does it take to screw in a lightbulb? Five—you have a problem with that?

Name Withheld
SAN FRANCISCO

Corrections In the photographs accompanying Thomas Beller's short story "The Inner Life of Birds" ["Spring Fashion," February 27, 1995], the model's hair was done by Howard Fugler for the Roger Thompson Salon at Barneys New York; makeup was by Sandy Linter for Stephen Knoll Salon.

The photo alongside Chris Norris's article "Dan Rather on Jimmie Dale Gilmore" ["Cue: Nightlife," March 6] was of Guy Clark, not Jimmie Dale Gilmore. The real Gilmore is pictured at left.

Photograph by Pamela Springsteen.

CHRISTIAN MOSER

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BY PAT WECHSLER AND ROGER D. FRIEDMAN

INTELLIGENCER

KATO'S TALE: MY LIFE AS A HOUSEGUEST

Kato Kaelin hasn't yet testified in the **O. J. Simpson** trial, but his manuscript is ready to go. St. Martin's Press is set to publish the book, tentatively titled *Star Witness: My Life With Nicole and O.J.*, as soon as Kaelin finishes his testimony, though all parties involved—from Kato's entertainment lawyer Mike Plotkin to publisher Charles Spicer—insistently deny they've made the deal. The book, co-written with Marc Eliot, will reveal for the first time that Kato was considered a suspect for the first 24 hours. He was taken in by the police the morning after the murders and held until three or four in the afternoon. "There's explosive stuff in there," says someone familiar with the manuscript. "And a lot of it will probably not make it to court." Sources say Kaelin will tell the complete story of his year of living with Nicole and his six months at O.J.'s, and will add new details about the night of the murders. "This book is very different than Faye Resnick's," says the source. "It will tell, for example, the real story of how Kato met Nicole in Aspen in 1992." Kaelin's payout for his housesit-and-tell is reportedly in the mid-six figures, enough to finally get him a home of his own.

CINDY ADAMS: *COPY* CAT

Cindy Adams's lucrative stint on the tabloid show *Hard Copy* may soon be over. Sources report that Adams—a freelance commentator—is in hot water over her story about "J.R.," the mysterious drug dealer who allegedly counted O. J. Simpson among his clients. Although Cindy claimed the story as an exclusive, sources say it was actually "borrowed" from a star *Hard Copy* reporter, **Diane Dimond**, who had been pursuing J.R. since November and even arranged for him to take a polygraph test. (The story, even Dimond had to admit, was unprovable.) Though *Hard Copy* insiders were shocked by Adams's daring heist, the long-simmering rivalry between Adams and Dimond was no secret. The New York *Post* gossip columnist was said to be especially incensed that Dimond was assigned high-profile interviews with Faye Resnick, even though it was Adams who had initially brought Resnick to the show. "There was at least one loud screaming match between Cindy and [producer] **Linda Bell Blue** about that," one onlooker reports. Angered that Dimond had "stolen" her source, insiders say, Adams decided to retaliate in kind. "It was her way of spiting both *Hard Copy* and Diane." Only in New York, kids, only in New York.

Cindy Adams, Dimond in rough

Kato Kaelin: He can write?

PRELUDE TO A KISS-OFF AT *VOGUE*?

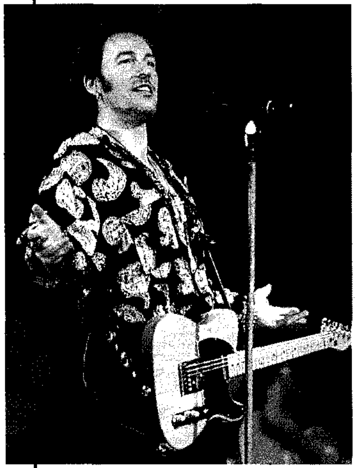
When *WWD* reported the departure of *Vogue* creative director **André Leon Talley** last week, Condé Nast executives insisted his editorial role was simply "in flux." The same could be said of the magazine itself. In the year since **James Truman** was elevated to CN editorial director, the exodus of top masthead staff from *Vogue* has gone from a trickle to a flood. Since November, art director **Raül Martinez** has left (forced to resign, sources say); bookings editor **Maggie Buckley** has fled to *Harper's Bazaar*, and fashion editor–at–large **Carlyne Cerf de Dudzeele** has "resigned," says one insider, "because it was time for her to go." Most surprising, though, was the sudden departure of the larger-than-life Talley, a close friend and frequent walker of editor **Anna Wintour.** Condé Nast executives originally claimed that Talley's job was being "redefined"—his name would no longer appear on the masthead. But on Friday, a resignation materialized from Talley, who was luxuriating at New York's Four Seasons Hotel. Sources say that his eccentricities—extravagant expenses and less than punctilious work habits—were not suffered well by Truman. Predictably, the purge has fueled a new round of speculation about Wintour's own future. As usual, spokesman Paul Wilmot vehemently denied she is going anywhere.

André Leon Talley, in redesign

THE MONTEL/ LEHRER SHOW

It was only last July that *Charlie Rose* and *MacNeil/Lehrer* bolted from Channel 13's West Side production facilities because the station could no longer afford to produce their shows. But come April, WNET will be debuting a new half-hour show called *City Arts,* thanks, in large part, to an unlikely savior—**Montel Williams.** *City Arts,* scheduled to air Mondays at 9 P.M., will have no host, which should cut down significantly on costs. "We're doing it very modestly," says producer Jeff Folmsbee. "But we expect it to be a very prominent show for us." Where did the cash-strapped channel find the funds for its new show? A source at Channel 13 says the threat of shutting down production ended when "we were able to make the studio pay for itself." How? By letting

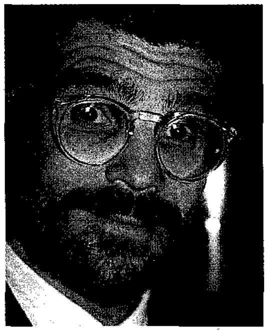
Photographs: top, EJ Camp/Outline; center, Groshong/Sygma; bottom, Robin Platzer.



Bruce Springsteen, making old friends

SPRINGSTEEN REVISITS GLORY DAYS

With a shelfful of new Grammys and a new greatest-hits album sure to go multi-platinum, **Bruce Springsteen,** you'd think, would have little time for his old pals. But last week, after a victorious musical reunion at Tramps, members of his old E Street Band met at Greenwich Village's trendy Bar 6 for a dinner hosted by their old Boss. Springsteen has been busy repairing other old friendships as well. After years of acrimony, he's made up with former manager and handler **Mike Appel.** In 1976, Springsteen sued Appel to escape his control. The two sides ultimately settled, and Appel reportedly walked off with more than $1 million. What isn't generally known is that in 1984, Appel sold back to Springsteen for $500,000 his co-ownership in the singer's early songs like *Rosalita*. "He figured," says a friend, "who cared about those songs?" Answer: Bruce. The following year, a live album featuring the same songs made millions. In recent years, though, anytime Appel has had some hard luck, says the source, Springsteen has lent him money. He even gave Appel's son the leather jacket he wore on the cover of *Born to Run*.



David Mamet, stealing the show

The Montel Williams Show, of all things, rent the studio. "When the elevator stops at their floor, you see a bunch of kids with rings in their noses," says a peevish source. Welcome to the wacky world of privatization.

WILL HEARST STEAL FIRST FROM *S.I.*?

Sports Illustrated may soon face a runoff for its younger readers. Sources say Hearst and ESPN (in which Hearst has a stake) are looking into starting a glitzy new sports magazine. Talks are well beyond the preliminary stage; a small staff has been assembled, and mockups have been produced. It remains to be seen whether the still-unnamed magazine will be weekly or monthly, though the company is presently leaning towards the latter. But its tone and content will mirror those of ESPN's sports coverage—geared toward those under 35. "We're talking about a less clubby atmosphere, faster-moving and more participatory sports," says **John Mack Carter,** head of Hearst's new magazine-development division. "There won't be the golf coverage that is so important in *Sports Illustrated.* The project is promising, but we're still in the exploratory stage." Meanwhile, Rupert Murdoch is said to be interested in a similar project being shopped by a former Condé Nast editor.

PORTNOY'S DEBUT; MAMET, DAMN IT!

MONKEY TIME: **Philip Roth's** *Portnoy's Complaint* is headed Off Broadway. Songwriter Jack Tempchin and **Susan Gallin,** a co-producer of *Angels in America* and sister-in-law of the velveteen superagent Sandy Gallin, just staged a reading of a one-man play based on Roth's 1969 novel, with **John Turturro** in the leading role. The play was adapted by **Alice Gordon**, formerly of the Manhattan Theatre Club, and the final version was vetted by the reclusive author himself.

ASKIN, YOU SHALL RECEIVE: The nasty battle between producer **Rhoda Herrick** and Westside Theatre's **Peter Askin** won't end with last week's full-page ad in the New York *Times.* Herrick is taking Askin into arbitration, seeking $400,000 she lost when Askin evicted **Charles Busch's** *You Should Be So Lucky* from his theater. Askin claims the play's grosses were erratic throughout its thirteen-week run. In its place will be **David Mamet's** *Cryptogram,* which will open at the beginning of April and has mega-heavy-duty producers, including **Fred Zollo** and **Rocco Landesman.** The decision may be a risky one on Askin's part. Though *Cryptogram's* London production was shuttered after just three months, its new backers are banking on the rave review the play won from Vincent Canby in its recent Boston run.

A RESTAURANT ROW AT ROCK CENTER

Restaurantrepreneurs **David** and **Bill Liederman** want Lindy's to vacate its space in Rockefeller Center so badly, they're willing to pay for it. The brothers are offering to donate $100,000 to a favorite charity of the Riese Organization, which owns Lindy's, if it'll make way for the Liedermans' static-plagued Television City restaurant. The Liedermans—and landlord Rockefeller Center—charge that Lindy's lease on the coveted property ran out five months ago, the same day the restaurant allegedly stopped paying its rent. Now the whole mess has ended up in landlord-tenant court. "We signed our lease two and a half years ago," sighs Bill Liederman. "We were supposed to move in last year!" Warren Estis, a Riese attorney, denies that Lindy's lease has expired. "Our tenancy is valid. That's why we've brought an action in State Supreme Court." As for Liederman's charitable offer: "Let him give up his interest in the property, and we'll donate a million to his favorite charity."

THE BROKAW WITH THE BEST RATINGS

Andrea Brokaw, the 26-year-old daughter of NBC's leading anchor, may soon be leading a company of her own. Brokaw has already earned a hot reputation signing alternative acts like the Flaming Lips at EMI Music Publishing. Now she's striking out on her own. Both Geffen Records and A&M are competing for her independent label, Treat & Release, which will be based in San Francisco. Says Brokaw on her choice of cities: "It's about getting out of Los Angeles and developing bands away from the industry's reach."

Brokaw, on record

CORRECTION: *Die Hard With a Vengeance* and *Mighty Morphin Power Rangers* are both distributed by 20th Century Fox, not Columbia-TriStar as was reported here last week.

Photographs: top, Michael Putland/Retna; center left, Henry McGee/Globe.

GOTHAM

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THE FRONT PAGE

Bye-Bye, Birdie

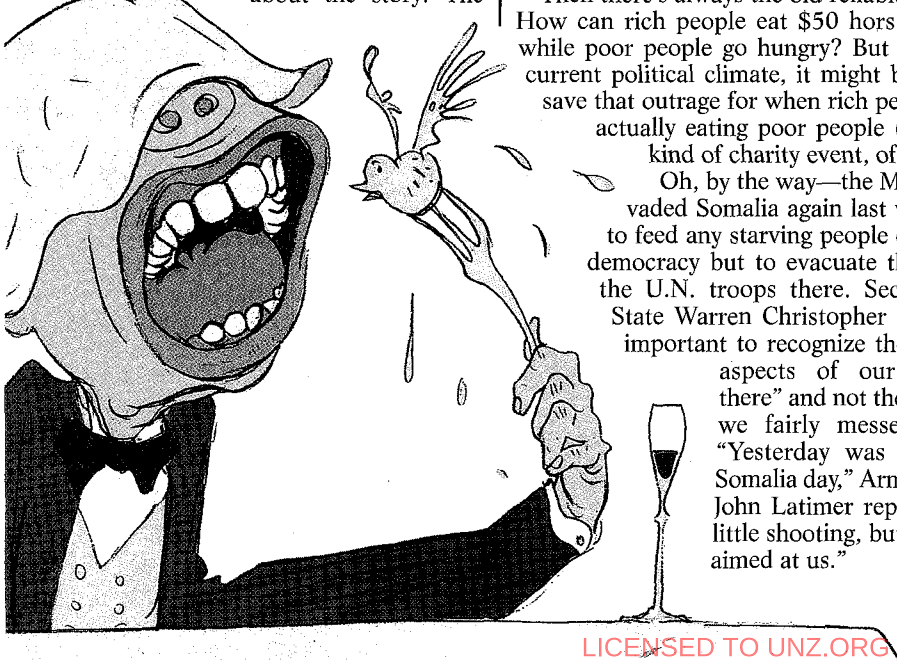
As in all things these days, there are two sides to the issue of eating tiny, rare French songbirds. Regarding Le Cirque's serving up two-inch-long ortolans—which are roasted, then swallowed whole, bones and beak—in celebration of the restaurant's twentieth anniversary, the ASPCA's Kathi Travers was opposed: "What are we coming to when we have to eat these little things?" But Manhattan chef Peter Kump, who just had to eat one of those little things, was of a different opinion: "Texturally, there's the crunch of the little bones, and the soft, juicy, liquidy texture of the rest of the bird."

It's hardly the sort of outrage one would expect to see trumpeted on the front page of a newspaper, but there it was last week above the banner in the *Daily News:* RARE BIRD KILLED FOR NY FEAST. (The inside headline was somewhat less earnest: FEAST FIT FOR THE BIRDS—ACTIVISTS HAVE A COW.) The brouhaha carried over to the next day's *News,* which managed to have its cow and eat it, too, continuing to chronicle the BIG EX-STINK while printing a recipe for ortolan ("Remove entrails [some recipes leave them in, for taste]"). And as in all things these days, the story finally became a story about the story: The *Post* quoted Le Cirque owner Sirio Maccioni as saying, "This story in the *News* has made New Yorkers look like provincials."

One feels compelled to be outraged, on one side or the other. *Pro:* Being called a provincial—yow, that smarts. *Con:* There is something a bit unseemly about rich people snacking on Tweetie Pie; by custom, they even acknowledge this by draping their heads with a huge napkin. "We eat it under the veil," chef Roger Vergé explained, "so God cannot see you eat the little bird participants." (And also, chef Kump explained, "in case something squirts out.") *Pro:* "The bird is not an endangered species or anything," Maccioni points out. *Con:* It is protected in France and can't be sold or served in restaurants there. *Pro:* The birds are "said to pack more flavor per inch than any other," according to the *Daily News. Con:* Florence Fabricant described them in the *Times* as "greasy, crunchy, gamey-tasting."

Then there's always the old reliable outrage: How can rich people eat $50 hors d'oeuvre while poor people go hungry? But given the current political climate, it might be best to save that outrage for when rich people start actually eating poor people (for some kind of charity event, of course).

Oh, by the way—the Marines invaded Somalia again last week, not to feed any starving people or restore democracy but to evacuate the last of the U.N. troops there. Secretary of State Warren Christopher said, "It's important to recognize the positive aspects of our mission there" and not the fact that we fairly messed it up. "Yesterday was a typical Somalia day," Army colonel John Latimer reported. "A little shooting, but it wasn't aimed at us."



OFF THE RECORD **"It's ironic that the same people cheering the Mollen Commission are now bristling at the cornerstone of its report. The mayor was very positive when the report came out; now he seems to be having second thoughts. This is his control thing," a City Council member told *New York* about the mayor's naming his own panel on police corruption in defiance of the council.**

OH, FORD **"Oh, Lord, won't you buy me a Mercedes-Benz," Janis Joplin sang years ago in her funny anti-materialism anthem, which is now being used for a car commercial created by Lowe & Partners/SMS. Asked about the apparent irony, Lee Garfinkel, the agency's chief creative officer, said, "Who truly knows for sure if it *was* an ironic comment or if she *really wanted* one? John Lennon owned a giant Rolls-Royce, and he wasn't ashamed about it."**

CASH FLOW **Subway riders actually seem to be following the directives of the anti-panhandling campaign. Citymeals-on-Wheels, the city's anointed recipient of your spare change, showed 24,769 donations in 1994, up from 18,595 in 1993.**

JUNE 15, 1942 **"Maurice Coster is one of my many admirers, but pretty much of a pest."—From Doubleday's new, definitive edition of *Anne Frank: Diary of a Young Girl,* out this week. The new edition restores entries censored from the original—passages that "reinforce the fact that Anne was first and foremost a teenage girl."**

State

THE INVASION OF THE TOP-OF-THE-BODY SNATCHERS

ON A CLEAR NIGHT LAST DECEMBER, A Queens couple were disturbed by noises coming from the cemetery next door. "They look out their window, and they see these kids in the cemetery with a human skull, throwing it around like it was a football," says Ralph Perfetto, director of the Department of State's Division of Cemeteries and, lately, chief of the ghoul patrol.

Used to be, if you had one beheading in a state-regulated cemetery annually, "it really stood out," Perfetto says. "Now we're up to four a year." Here it is only March, and already two metropolitan-area corpses have been decapitated in 1995.

The very black market in body parts definitely seems partial to skulls these days. "When a grave's been dug up, they'll find the other bones scattered," Perfetto says, "and just the skull missing." Last year in Buffalo, "they took an old lady's skull—they cut it off with a hacksaw. It was hippie-type people. You know, Satanists."

Most of the thefts are probably for cultish rituals of one sort or another, Perfetto says, though he admits he's not up on his satanic lore, and despite some careless talk about voodoo at a hearing in Brooklyn a few weeks ago, he can't really say whether the skulls are being used in rites to honor Legba, to propitiate Beelzebub, or to stage basement productions of *Hamlet.*

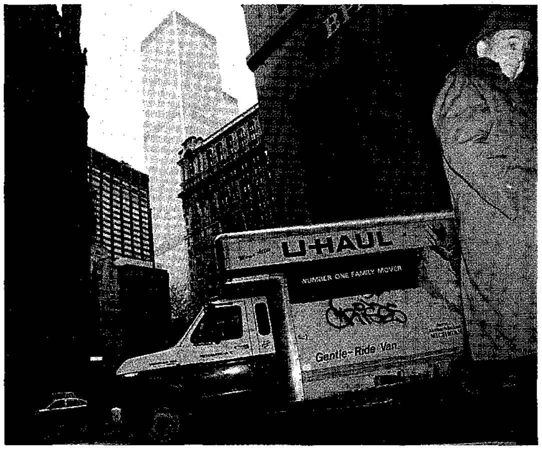
Most of the trouble—not just grave-robbing, but your pranks and vandalism, like knocking over tombstones, busting open crypts, scrawling graffiti—in Perfetto's jurisdiction takes place in the 38 cemeteries, including two postage-stamp plots in Manhattan, that he and a staff of twelve regulate in New York City. (That's why his main office is here and not in Albany.) Cops who suspect grave-robbing get in touch with the Division of Cemeteries because it supervises 1,908 not-for-profit cemeteries all over the state and has contacts with the other 4,000 cemeteries that are religious, or run by cities, or private. "People say, 'You must have an easy job; your clients never complain,' " says Perfetto, who's been on the job since last July. "But believe me, there's a lot to do."

In the most recent grave-robbing incident, a landlord in Sea Cliff, Long Island, was checking out the apartment of an absconded tenant in January and found two men's skulls. Contacted by homicide detectives, Perfetto discovered that indeed, one cemetery on Long Island and one in the city had headless bodies. Meanwhile, the cops heard that the tenant had been trying to peddle the pair for $1,500 in Coney Island. (Police believe he's now in Florida.) The skulls were returned from the police lab to the cemeteries late last month, where they were discreetly reinterred.

Perfetto's primary job is to oversee the finances of his not-for-profit charges—"A lot of the smaller cemeteries upstate are just as likely to have their money in a cigar box as anyplace else"—but he also deals with other regulatory issues, such as the woman who wanted to be buried with her cat. In the cat cemetery. (Ever since the 1993 Long Island pet-cemetery scandal, Perfetto's staff has also overseen the state's 70 animal graveyards.) "We finally found a place out in Jersey, a people cemetery, that will take her and her cat," he says. "Of course, we'd have to disinter the cat, but that's no big deal."

As a guardian of cemeteries' finances, Perfetto has become increasingly concerned about vandalism and the crippling lawsuits it might invite. He believes there'd be fewer skull-nappings if our young people were better-acquainted with the dead. "I think schools ought to pay attention," he says. "Don't just take the kids to the aquarium and the museum. Take them to the cemetery. Let them learn about who's buried there." Perfetto envisions bike rides, picnics, and 5K runs through graveyards to build goodwill, reduce vandalism, and raise money in this time of budget cuts. "I'm trying to bring innovation to the cemeteries," he says. "I want cemeteries to come alive."

DAVID BERREBY



City

DÉJÀ VAN

LET'S SAY YOU WORK AT THE NEW YORK Stock Exchange, and because of recent bomb threats, security guards have been X-raying your packages and stirring every cup of coffee you bring into the building, and black Labradors have been roaming the Stock Exchange floor, sniffing for plastic explosives. You'd be nervous, on the lookout for anything suspicious, like, for example, the big yellow Ryder truck that was parked in a back alley leading to the Exchange last Monday morning—February 27, exactly two years after the very same Ford Econoline 350 model was used by terrorists to detonate a bomb in the World Trade Center.

This time, though, it was the police who put the truck there, using it as a roadblock to deter potential car bombers and the like.

"Jeez, you'd think they could find another truck," said Thomas Noble, a trader with Donaldson, Lufkin & Jenrette. "I don't know what's inside, but I hope they checked."

"As a matter of policy, the New York Stock Exchange does not comment on matters of security," said Ray Pellecchia, the NYSE's director of media relations.

An employee at the Ryder dealership in Jersey City, New Jersey, said the company has increased its rental deposit from $400 to $500 since the World Trade Center bombing, but would not say why.

CORY JOHNSON

Photographs: center, Philip Greenberg; bottom left, Photofest.

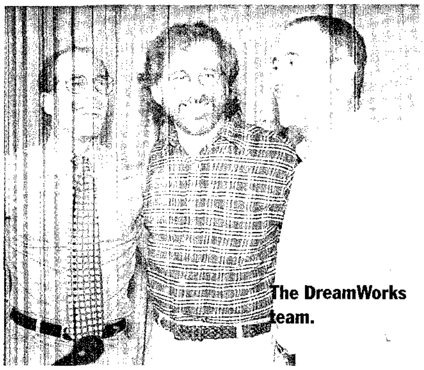
Business

A DREAMWORKS DEFERRED

SID SHEINBERG IS LOOKING FOR A JOB. After more than three decades with MCA/Universal, the movie studio's president is telling associates that for the first time in his career, he's talking about life after MCA—his contract expires in December—and listening to offers from prospective partners. He has communicated this to MCA's owner, Matsushita, and has met with the usual stony silence. No discussions about his future, or that of chairman Lew Wasserman, have taken place since last fall. He's concerned about the terrible morale at the studio. And though he wouldn't comment on any of this, he says pointedly, "I'm not denying it."

At the same time, it's looking increasingly like the most successful collaboration in Hollywood history is just that—history. Steven Spielberg's longtime relationship with Universal, which spawned *Jaws, E.T.,* and *Jurassic Park,* was supposed to continue after he formed DreamWorks SKG with pals Jeffrey Katzenberg and David Geffen. At DreamWorks's genesis, Spielberg insisted on the Universal link because of his intense personal loyalty to Sheinberg.

This prospect had put Universal in an enviable position. No matter what, Spielberg still has ties to Universal—they jointly own an animation company, he consults on theme parks, he owes the studio a *Jurassic* sequel. But if Sheinberg were to stay on, Universal also would have landed worldwide distribution of DreamWorks's film and video, and DreamWorks negotiators wouldn't have hammered too hard on terms. Although DreamWorks would have other dance partners—a TV deal with ABC; a separate interactive deal, probably with Microsoft—it would have been *married* to MCA.


The DreamWorks team.

Last fall, DreamWorks set up shop on the Universal lot in Spielberg's offices, and the troika helped Sheinberg try to muscle Matsushita by saying he, Sheinberg, would leave the company unless he was granted more independence. But this little poker game apparently went bust. As DreamWorks puts the finishing touches on $2 billion in financing, it seems more likely that Warner Bros., Spielberg's second-favorite studio, or another big entertainment company will distribute DreamWorks's movies worldwide and perhaps buy a chunk of the company, too. MCA's role in the new venture may turn out to be little more than being a landlord, and distributing DreamWorks's planned new record label through Geffen Records, which was bought by MCA in 1990.

But wait—*Geffen* is not too happy with Matsushita, either: In an interview in the Japanese magazine *Keizaikai* that hasn't been reported in this country, Geffen says that Matsushita hasn't contacted him once to thank him for the success of his record company, or to provide Hollywood stroking of any kind. "No expression of gratitude whatsoever," says Geffen. "This is just unimaginable in the U.S. I can't help thinking that to Matsushita, MCA is not all that important. . . . Since we don't have lifelong employment here, you have to be careful that people don't leave you." Later, when the interviewer says, "This is certainly very bad," Geffen replies, "It is worse than bad; it is stupid." RICHARD TURNER

PUBLIC RELATIONS

Hot off the Press Office

AFTER TWO WEEKS OF CITYWIDE PRESS-OFFICE hemorrhaging—including the purge of the entire 28-member public-affairs bureau at the Police Department—it should come as no surprise that the mayor has more than a passing obsession with his image. Reports finally appeared in last week's newspapers about what members of the press have known all along: that Giuliani's own press secretary, Cristyne Lategano, seems to enforce a policy of withholding even routine information, or simply making it hard to get. But if a test conducted by *New York* is any indication, answers will be coming a lot quicker now that Lategano and her minions are in the spotlight.

QUESTION:	**ANSWER:**
What's the mayor's middle name?	*"William."* **10 seconds**
Will Giuliani be marching in the heterosexuals-only St. Patrick's Day Parade?	*"The mayor plans to march. Naturally, he's going to address some questions about it."* **40 minutes**
With the planned merger of Transit and Housing police into the regular police force, how many total cops will there be in the NYPD?	*"As of 1/1/94, there are 29,450 uniformed officers. [With the merger], there will be an additional 4,500 transit cops in the NYPD, and with Housing, there will be another 2,800 added, pending appeal."* **1 hour**
What is the reduction in employees on the city's payroll in the mayor's new budget?	*"194,095 for fiscal year 1996, down from 197,995 for fiscal year 1995."* **4 hours, 30 minutes**
Can Lategano address complaints that the press office is slow to respond or inaccessible to certain writers or publications?	*"It's just not true that we do that. [Reporters] can get through—did you have any trouble reaching me? Actions speak louder than complaints sometimes."* **50 minutes**

Photographs: top, Giboux/Gamma Liaison; center, Frances M. Roberts.

Ru primps.

THE SUPER-DUPER MODEL

THE NEXT PHYSICAL IDEAL THAT adolescent girls will torture their bodies to achieve may very well be that of a seven-foot-tall black man. At a party last week, M.A.C. cosmetics, the favorite makeup company of models and fashionistas, announced that RuPaul, the platinum-blonde drag queen, was to be the company's spokesmodel.

"M.A.C is about all races, all sexes, all ages," explained Frank Toskan, the company's co-owner. "So who embodies that more than RuPaul? She's perfect. And anyway, who wears more makeup?"

Indeed, her dramatically arched eyebrows and ruby lips seem almost as essential a part of the RuPaul phenomenon as her powerhouse voice and acid wit. Are these features to become a mere clause in her modeling contract? Can such cosmetic perfection be improved upon? Asked what she might do if called upon as an expert to change RuPaul's look, a M.A.C employee took a long, nervous breath before offering reluctantly, "Well, that's a big question."

And so it is, for RuPaul is not only a big, big star—she's also a big, big girl. And when she finally made her diva's entrance at the party thrown in her honor, her cascading waterfall of white-blonde hair towered at least two feet over her nearly hysterical admirers. Angora-clad girls—actual girls—sipping goblets of watermelon juice fell into a minor scuffle with photographers just to get the best view. "Be sweet now; this is a love thing," the hostess reminded them.

"This is the honor of my life," La Ru announced grandly. "Ever since I was a little drag queen growing up in Georgia, I wanted to be a model for a cosmetics company."

And M.A.C is the only makeup line that can keep up with her "from the street to the runway to in front of the camera to the piers, honey."

Between giving good face, her AIDS fund-raising, her forthcoming autobiography, and her in-the-works, out-of-drag film debut, RuPaul may be America's fastest-growing industry. Should we expect to see breakfast cereal next? Saturday-morning cartoons? "Definitely, definitely," gushed her manager, Randy Barbato. "Ru is a franchise. Ru is a lifestyle choice."

ARIEL KAMINER

Culture

I WANNA ROCK AND ROLL UNTIL A REASONABLE HOUR

A COUPLE HUNDRED SLIGHTLY SMELLY teenagers crowded into the corner of the Javits Center exhibition hall, the boys squealing like girls.

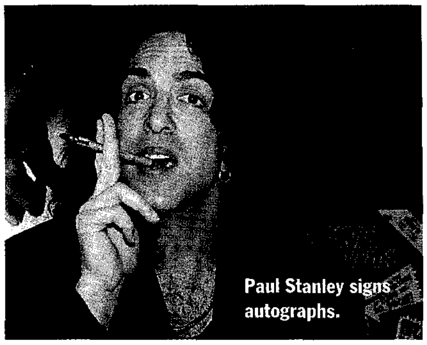
"They're here," one boy said in sullen awe.

Gene Simmons and Paul Stanley, original members of the seventies clown-rock group Kiss, had arrived at the New York Comic Book Spectacular '95, ready to sign copies of *Kiss Classics* No. 1, Marvel's rerelease of the momentarily best-selling comic. Simmons and Stanley bore little resemblance to their two-dimensional alter egos: The hair was gone, the makeup was gone, and two decades were gone, leaving behind two leathery middle-aged guys with pens.

There was one brief, sad glimpse of the bad old days. When a gigantic-breasted fan in a low-cut number reached the front of the line, Gene stared, grinned widely and asked, "How are they?"

The woman frowned. "I meant to ask, How are *you?*" Simmons quickly and apologetically corrected himself, not even sticking out his once-legendary tongue.

CHARLES RUNNETTE



Paul Stanley signs autographs.

MEDIA

Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Superhighway

After

"It's not often you get a chance like this, an exhilarating chance to learn new things. . . . We're creating a new world."—Howard Stringer, head of a new, $300 million information-superhighway programming venture by Bell Atlantic, NYNEX, and Pacific Telesis, February 24, 1995

Before

"I think the industry's enthusiasm to get on the superhighway is a lot greater than our ability to drive on it."—Stringer, still at CBS, predicting trends for *Broadcasting & Cable*, January 3, 1994

"The information superhighway remains a nebulous concoction that won't be built by telephone companies who 'know nothing about programming,' CBS/Broadcast Group President Howard Stringer told visiting TV critics."—*Daily Variety*, January 14, 1994

"[Stringer] indicated a belief that interactive TV and computer games would cannibalize younger audiences. . . . 'I don't see the point of competing for the hearts and minds of the terminally dysfunctional.' "—*Communications Daily*, June 6, 1994

" 'There does appear to be a speed limit [on the superhighway], and the penalty for exceeding the limit is probably early bankruptcy,' [Stringer] said."—*Daily Variety*, June 6, 1994

A SCOTCH PRIMER

Music has Mozart, art Michelangelo, and literature Shakespeare; the world of spirits has Scotch. Sophisticated and subtle, Scotch is the consummate drink for the quality-conscious '90s. Once considered stodgy, this potable has recently reclaimed its high-profile image. "The appeal of single malts has breathed life back into Scotch whisky," explains spirits expert F. Paul Pacult. Indeed, Scotch shipments to the U.S. rose five percent in 1993. And here in New York, the taste for Scotch is all over town.

Scotch can be enjoyed any number of different ways: on the rocks, with soda, or as part of such classic drinks as a Rob Roy.

SCOTCH SPOKEN HERE

Angel's Share the portion of each cask of single malt whisky that evaporated as the whisky matures; approximately eight percent in three years

Boll an old Scottish dry measure, equivalent to about six bushels

Dram a glass of whisky in the Highlands, ranging anywhere from two to eight ounces

Glen a narrow mountain valley

Livet a tributary to the Spey river

Middle Cut the best portion of each run of distilled alcohol, selected for maturation as single malt whisky

*With single-malt whiskies, as with wine, the terms **color**, **nose**, **body**, **palate**, and **finish** are used to denote characteristics of individual brands.*

A WEE BIT ABOUT SCOTCH

A LEGENDARY HISTORY

Closely linked to the rugged Scottish terrain, Scotch whisky is a source of national pride in Scotland. "No other spirit expresses its place of origin so eloquently," says Pacult. In fact, Scotch whisky is a distillation of the natural riches with which Scotland is so well endowed–fields of golden barley and wheat, pure, sparkling waters running over moors of peat, and cool, clean air.

Scotch whisky has a history that traces back over 500 years. Legend has it Scotch was once consumed as a daily ritual–it was thought that it warmed the body against the damp Scottish climate. By the eighteenth century, whisky became an intrinsic part of Scottish social life–and so drew the attention of the Scottish Parliament.

Ever-increasing rates of taxation were applied, and the distillers were virtually driven underground. Smuggling became standard practice for some 150 years, but by the early 1800s, taxation laws were relaxed somewhat, and the first licensed distillery–Smith's Glenlivet–was registered.

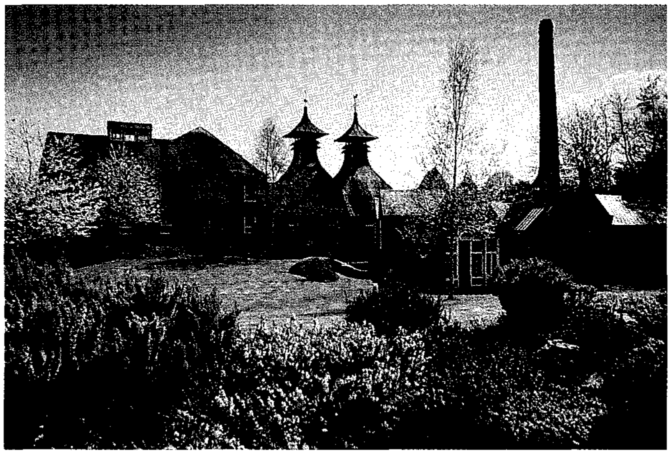
SINGLE MALTS/BLENDS: BEST OF BOTH WORLDS

There are two types of Scotch whisky: malt whisky, which is often bottled in small proportions as single malt; and grain whisky, which is combined with malt whisky to create the famous blends.

The art of whisky distilling has been perfected over the last five centuries. The process involves five steps: malting, mashing, fermentation, distillation, and maturation (aging).

Like vineyards, Scotland's single-malt distilleries are grouped by region, each exhibiting individual characteristics. Speyside, located in the eastern Highlands, in the heart of whisky production country, produces elegant, subtle single malts that are prized for their restrained smokiness. The variety is epitomized by Scotland's most famous single malt, The Glenlivet.

Blended Scotch is made with anywhere from fifteen to fifty single whiskies of varying ages. It is known for its pale amber color. The most coveted blends, known as super-premiums, are aged a minimum of twelve years. The leader in this category, Chivas Regal, is made from a blend of Scotland's finest single-malt whiskies.



There are more than 100 distilleries in Scotland, including the Strathisla Distillery (above), which produces the premium blended Scotch Chivas Regal.

12
CHIVAS REGAL
1801
BLENDED SCOTCH
WHISKY
CHIVAS BROTHERS
You either have it

or you don't
Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly

©1994 CHIVAS REGAL 12 YEAR OLD WORLDWIDE BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY
40% ALCOHOL BY VOLUME (80 PROOF) CHIVAS BROS. IMPORT CO. NEW YORK, NY

HOW TO HAVE A SCOTCH TASTING

The best way to appreciate the variety and subtlety of fine Scotch is to host your own tasting. This is easily done with a few choice bottles—and friends—on hand.

Since Scotland makes two great kinds of Scotch—single-malt and premium blend—it's a good idea to have a bottle of each at any tasting. By comparing the two, guests can start to experience the differences between these two kinds.

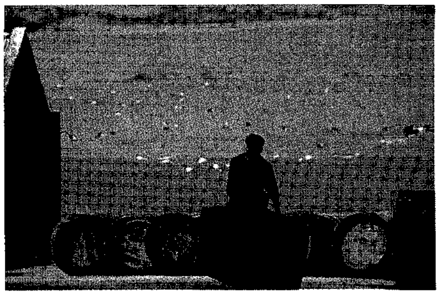
Scotch on the rocks is still a favorite.

They can also enjoy the distinctive attributes of each variety, whether of a super-premium blend such as Chivas Regal or of a single-malt such as The Glenlivet 12-Year-Old and The Glenlivet 18-Year-Old. One extra benefit of comparing The Glenlivet 12-Year-Old and The Glenlivet 18-Year-Old is that it allows your guests to taste how the aging process affects a fine single-malt Scotch.

First, invite over a few friends. Set each place with tasting glasses, preferably tulip-shaped, or brandy snifters. Include a water glass for each guest, a bucket of ice, and a pitcher of mineral water at room temperature for drinking and for adding to the whisky. Do not use tap water or carbonated water. Set out plates of unflavored crackers for cleansing the palates between samplings. Have pads available (sometimes called tasting sheets) so that guests may record their impressions of the Scotch. Before pouring, show the bottle to your guests and discuss the region in which it was distilled.

Here's how to properly evaluate the attributes of individual Scotches. Remember that not all the guests may want to drink Scotch. These people can enjoy Scotch just by nosing the aroma.

* Pour about 1/3 ounce of Scotch per taste (offer 3 or 4 tastes in all) you may add 25% to 50% water, depending on taste. The water helps bring out the subtle flavors of the Scotch.
* Hold the glass up to the light and notice the color, a characteristic that helps distinguish one single-malt from another.



Whisky takes on the character of the cask in which it's stored and the climate in which it's made.

* Swirl the Scotch in the glass to bring up the aroma. Exhale, then breathe it in with the mouth. Ironically, this is called "nosing" the Scotch. (Scotland's master blenders depend heavily on their nosing ability.)
* Sip the whisky to evaluate its taste and body. To start, compare The Glenlivet 12-Year-Old, which exhibits a delicate array of honey-sweet flavors reminiscent of heather, to The Glenlivet 18-Year-Old, which has an even fuller taste, with nutty, spicy overtones.
* Next, evaluate one of the top blends, such as Chivas Regal. You will notice a pale amber color, a subtle smokiness, and a smooth, full body.
* Finally, savor the finish—the degree to which the taste lingers in the mouth.
* Take a bite of cracker to clear the palate before tasting another whisky.

Plan on serving some special hors d'oeuvres after the tasting. Many strong-flavored foods marry particularly well with the smokiness of Scotch. Some of the preferred accompaniments to a Scotch tasting are smoked salmon, oysters on the half shell, caviar, smoked meats and pates, and an array of aged cheeses.

For more information on The Glenlivet or Chivas Regal, write The House of Seagram, 800 Third Avenue, NY, NY 10022. Attention: Consumer Relations.

BEST SCOTCH DRINKS

Full of character, flavor, and aroma, a single-malt Scotch should ideally be served neat, on ice, or with a few drops of mineral water. Like fine brandy, a single malt can be savored as an after-dinner drink. (Of course, Scotch makes a great drink at any time.) To concentrate Scotch's bouquet, serve it in a tulip-shaped glass

A premium blended Scotch, such as Chivas Regal, can be enjoyed on its own or in mixed drinks. Following are some favorite Scotch drinks. Probably the most ordered Scotch drink is Scotch on the rocks, served in an old-fashioned glass (1¼ oz. Scotch) with ice. A Scotch Mist is made with Scotch over crushed ice, with twist of lemon. One of the classic Scotch drinks is a Rob Roy, made with Scotch, sweet vermouth, and a maraschino cherry. (It's named for Robert MacGregor, Scotland's version of Robin Hood.) Replace the sweet vermouth with dry vermouth for a perfect Rob Roy.

For a Scotch and Soda, mix Scotch, club soda, and a lemon twist. For something different, try a Scotch sour, made with Scotch, lime juice, and powdered sugar. Other great Scotch drinks include a Scotch Highball, made with Scotch and ginger ale or club soda; a Scotch Old-Fashioned, consisting of sugar, bitters, water, and Scotch; and a Scotch Rickey, consisting of Scotch, club soda, and lime juice.

THE HOUSE OF SEAGRAM, NY, NY

Those who appreciate quality enjoy it responsibly

At the Tilberis townhouse, upper left: *Sports Afield* editor Terry McDonell chats with actress Kathleen Turner, who arrived late and talked Cocteau. Below: Mort Zuckerman acts animated, to the amusement of Paige Peterson. Right: Shadow guest-of-honor Marla Hanson joins with hostess Liz Tilberis, editor of *Harper's Bazaar*, and debut author Joanie McDonell.

A Swell Wake

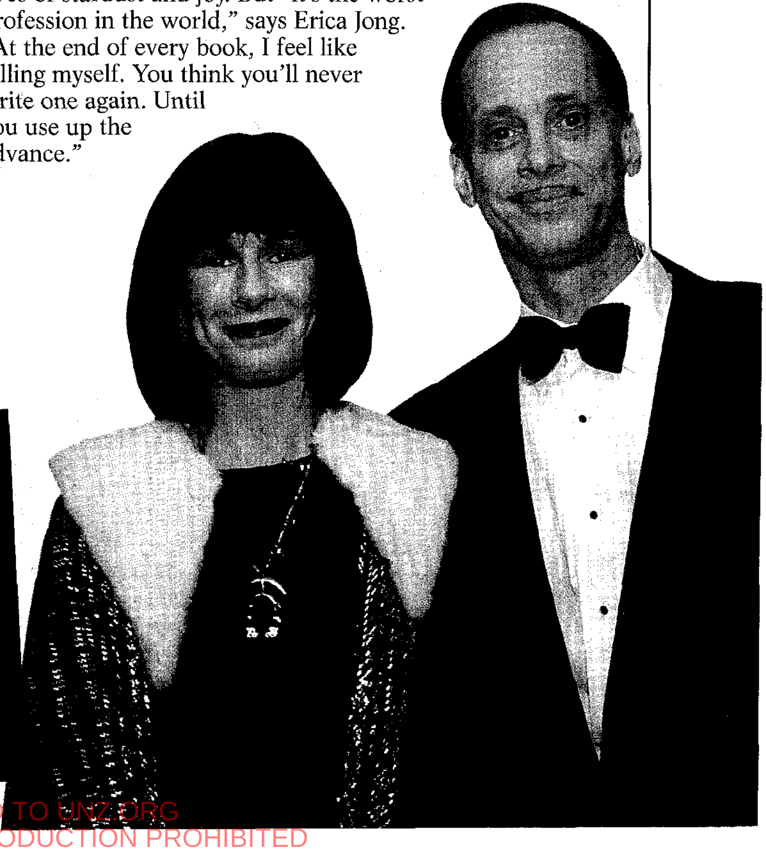
By Alex Williams

'A BOOK PARTY IS LIKE A WAKE," SAYS GAY TALESE, EXPLORING the dark edges of the writing life. "The purpose is to get you drunk. Because it's opening night. And closing night."

Joanie McDonell will understand this one day. But not yet. "I'm thrilled, thrilled, *thrilled,*" she beams about her first novel, *Half Crazy,* which is a not–a–*roman à clef* about a non–Marla Hanson model who gets involved with an arrogant novelist who is not Jay McInerney. The Joanie Show debuted Ash Wednesday at Liz Tilberis's candle-blanketed (and Labrador-dominated) East Side townhouse, featuring husband Terry (Tilberis's Hearst sibling as *Sports Afield*'s editor) and friends–cum–editorial advisers George Plimpton and, yes, Marla Hanson. "I wish she would've picked a different subject matter," Hanson confides. "But as a *friend* . . ."

Seeing authors mingle among the Kathleen Turners, even the Mick Joneses, it's almost possible to dream that writers lead lives of stardust and joy. But "it's the worst profession in the world," says Erica Jong. "At the end of every book, I feel like killing myself. You think you'll never write one again. Until you use up the advance."

Above: At the New York Academy of Art's second annual TriBeCa ball, Tom Wolfe takes a break from that very big real-estate novel he's working on to revel in ancient Venetian over-the-topness; meanwhile, the Rasputina string trio backs up "Dessert Diva" (and opera singer) Amanda Harrison. Below: Robert Kennedy Jr. smiles with wife Mary Richardson. Far right: Baltimore filmmaker John Waters assumes a no-nonsense black-tie dignity alongside Linda O'Keefe at the party for the Guggenheim Museum's Ross Bleckner exhibit, hosted by the museum and *Vanity Fair.*



THE CITY POLITIC ERIC POOLEY

Everybody Hurts

Proposed Medicaid and welfare cuts may claim an unintended victim—the New York City economy. Are Pataki and Giuliani moving too fast?

DON'T DESTROY NEW YORK'S
STOP PATAKI
WORKERS STUDENTS UNITE TO FIGHT

Hospital workers and CUNY students protest budget cuts.

THIS IS A TIME OF BUDGET-SLASHing horror stories, of protest marches and predictions of doom; of screaming, scary, 216-point tabloid headlines . . . above articles that may or may not ever get read. "I know it's *important* and all," says my friend Stephen, a laptop-carrying member of Manhattan's chattering class, "but when I start hearing about welfare and Medicaid cuts, I just tune out. Those stories aren't about me."

This time, however, they probably *will* be about him—and not just because the middle classes, after feeling for the past year that the city was finally cleaning up its act, may soon be confronted by appalling levels of human misery, as state and city entitlement cuts fill the streets with unprecedented numbers of homeless, addicted, sick, and/or mentally ill men and women. This year's cuts are so severe, the middle class itself will actually feel them: people with children in public schools, people with an eye for dirtier parks and more dangerous streets, people with a stake in the city's economy—which means, finally, everyone in town. The city's web of goods and services is extraordinarily dependent on the health-care industry, New York's only growth industry—and now health care is on the chopping block.

By slashing so much so fast—sucking billions of dollars and tens of thousands of jobs from the city's health-care economy, removing another billion from the income-support payments that get funneled through to shopkeepers and landlords—George Pataki and Rudy Giuliani could end up wrecking the economy they're trying to save, like letting a junkie die while forcing him to kick. *Republicans: Bad for business.* What a concept.

Consider the econometric projections to be released this week by the Greater New York Hospital Association, an alliance of public and private medical institutions trying to cope with Pataki's $3.5 billion Medicaid reduction—a cut that has city hospitals looking to downsize by $70 million, $80 million, $100 million in a single year (one or more may be sold or shut down before very long). The analysis projects that Pataki's cuts will eliminate at least 100,000 jobs statewide—70,000 in the city itself—by downsizing hospitals, shuttering clinics, slashing home-care programs, and choking off economic activity in ancillary businesses: hospital suppliers, construction firms, shops and pizza parlors on nearby consumer strips, landlords who rent to suddenly unemployed health workers.

Since health care is the city's No. 1 employer and sole growth industry (adding 103,000 jobs since 1980, twice as many as Wall Street added), Hospital Association president Ken Raske has some justification for saying that "the economy's major industry is being attacked by its own government. I find it hard to believe that Michigan would attack the auto industry."

Raske's words, of course, have to be adjusted for rhetorical inflation. The hole in his Detroit analogy is that (government bailouts notwithstanding) auto-industry jobs spring from the private sector, while many health-care jobs are funded by federal, state, and city Medicaid dollars. No one disputes that the health system needs reform—too many hospitals have too many beds; obscene costs threaten to bankrupt both state and city governments—or that local governments can't be in the business of priming their own economies with billions of locally taxed dollars. The health-care system, says Rudy Giuliani, "is not a jobs program."

The fact is, however, that the health system *has been* a de facto jobs program for years. "The flow of Medicaid dollars appeared endless," says Matthew Drennan, a professor of urban economics at Cornell University. "It was the one sector of the economy that boomed in good times and bad." Today in the Bronx, an astounding *30 percent* of the borough's 200,000 jobs are in health care. Killing off thousands of those jobs in a single year, without retraining anybody, while simultaneously slashing the welfare benefits people often need after they're laid off, "will be devastating," says Drennan. "Like a base closing in a one-horse Texas town."

Obviously, a serious correction is necessary; government can't allow Medicaid costs to spiral on forever. So the central question is, How rapidly can the economy wean itself? "Doing all this cutting on an emergency basis is cruel," says Drennan, "and a $4 billion drop in income is a real hit—that's 2 percent of the total personal income earned in the city each year. It will hurt the city's recovery; I don't think it will turn us back into recession. But it does seem cowardly of the mayor and governor to do this while not seeking other kinds of cuts." He suggests making city workers pay a health-insurance premium the way private-industry workers do—municipal employees still get a 100 percent–free ride on medical costs—and imposing a 40-hour municipal workweek to replace the current 35-hour week. "Otherwise," he says, "you inflict an enormous amount of pain."

That pain will be felt most acutely by blacks and Latinos who depend on hospitals for primary care and who have for generations used health-care jobs as a

Photograph by Frances M. Roberts.

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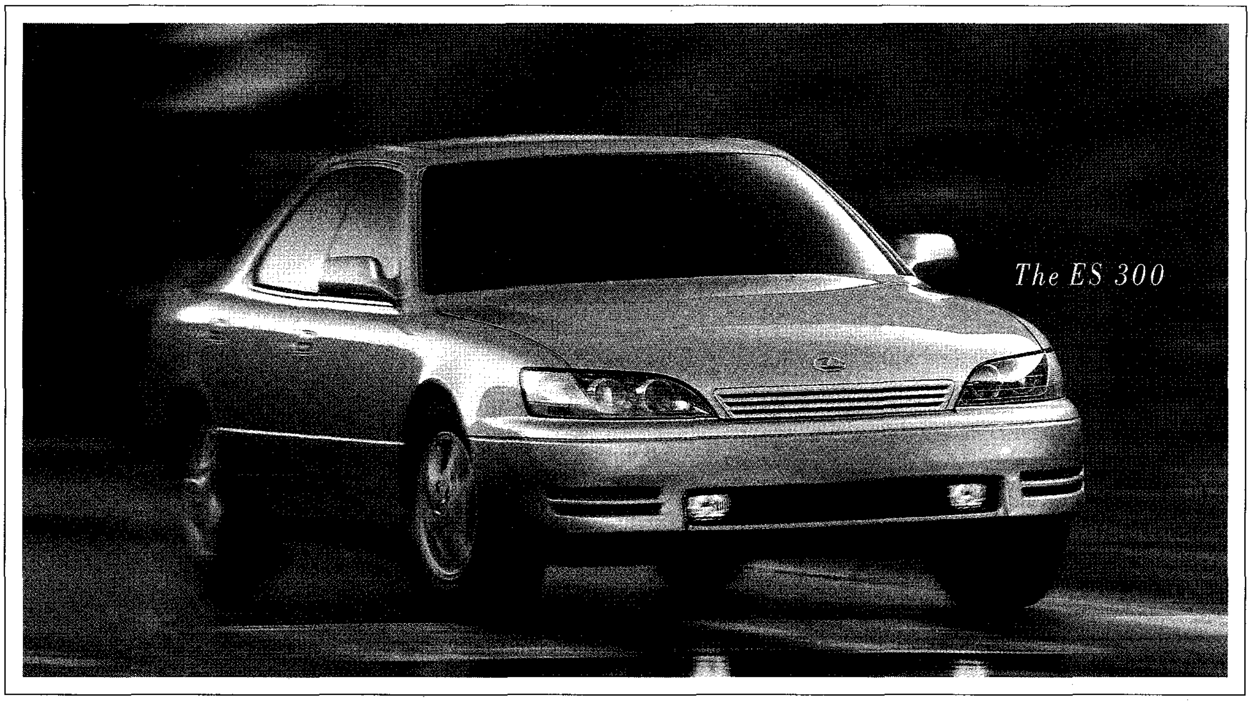

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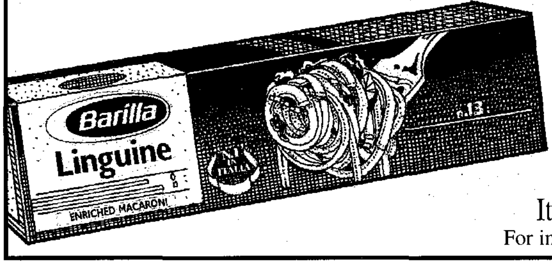

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path out of poverty. Many of the hospitals suffering huge cuts are both the only health provider and the only significant employer for miles. Lincoln Hospital, for example, employs 3,200 people in the South Bronx. "Cut $75 million from our budget," says the head of Lincoln's community-advisory board, George Rodriguez, "and you kill jobs all over the neighborhood, in coffee shops and clothing stores. Businessmen I talk to are terrified because their customers work at the hospital. There are six bank branches right around the hospital; who do you think banks at them?"

Once unemployment benefits run out for the laid-off hospital workers, they'll face a new series of bitter challenges. Childless men and women on Home Relief will get benefits for just 90 days; after that, they're expected to have a job—even though there are no jobs. "In the last year I've worked a total of six weeks," says Lincoln Matthews, 44, who was laid off from Kingsbrook Jewish Medical Center in East New York in early 1994, after 22 years as a maintenance man, mechanic, and carpenter. "I held that job so long, I thought I had some security in life; I was wrong. I work two nights every other week now. I'm still looking, and I'm running through my retirement pension just to pay the rent and feed my son. You want to talk about frustration, anger? My money will last another four months."

The welfare cuts Giuliani and Pataki are pushing—a 15 percent cut in AFDC, a 25 percent cut in Home Relief—will have their own deflationary effect on the city economy. It's that point, not some unproductive appeal to middle-class conscience, that's being emphasized by advocates like Liz Krueger of the Community Food Resource Center. "Income-maintenance payments are 'automatic stabilizers' that mitigate recession by propping up purchasing power during hard times," she says. The problem with cutting so many entitlements all at once, as Republican economist Herbert Stein told *The Wall Street Journal* last month, "is that during times when jobs are scarce, fewer people will have the money to spend for groceries, paying rent, buying gas, and other things that keep a local economy floating."

Giuliani continues to cling to the notion that these cuts will fertilize the city, causing thousands of good new jobs to bloom. He may be right—if the city survives the traumatic uprooting and replanting. It will be instructive to see how long the mayor clings to his *pain-is-healthy* pose as stores shut down in the commercial strips near dying city hospitals. The health-care economy may be a "false" economic superstructure, as Rudy's people like to say, but in Harlem and East New York, it's the only economy they've got. ■

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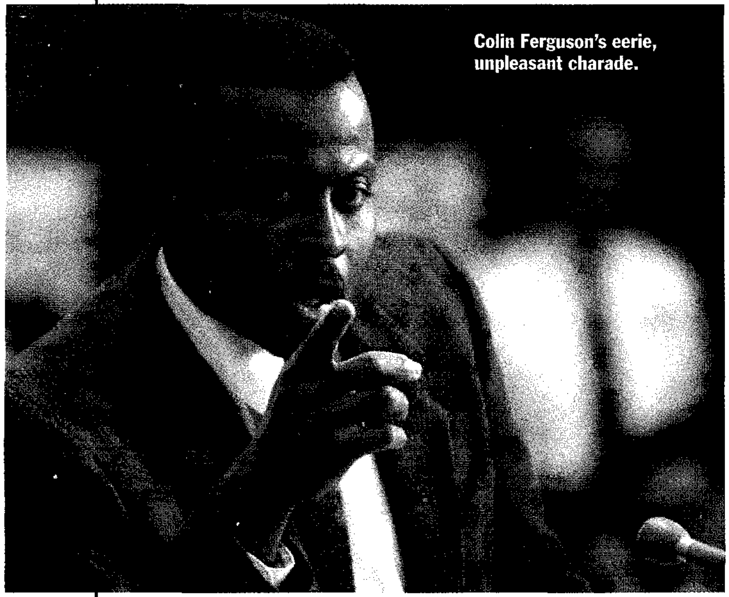
LAW AND ORDER LINCOLN CAPLAN

Beyond Reasonable

So what if it suits William Kunstler's purposes? The Colin Ferguson appeal should *make legal history.*

ON THE THIRD DAY OF THE hearing held in December to determine whether Colin Ferguson could be considered competent to stand trial, the 37-year-old Jamaican refused to attend. He was hauled out of jail anyway and rolled into the courthouse in a laundry cart, shackles on his wrists and ankles. Upon disembarking in the courtroom, he promptly launched into a speech. “I may have a broken arm. I was dragged,” he declared. “With this great pain, I believe I need medical attention. It is cruel and unusual punishment to subject me to this.”



Colin Ferguson's eerie, unpleasant charade.

The day before, when Ferguson had also stayed away, Dr. J. Kashimawo, a physician at the Nassau County jail, sent word by fax that the defendant was suffering from no obvious physical illness. He wasn't throwing up; he had no fever; nothing else seemed wrong with him. In his speech the following day, Ferguson meant to rebut the doctor's opinion. Instead, he gave a preview of the oddly lawyerly, indefinably *off* presentation he'd grow famous for one month later; he even threw in a gratuitous third-person self-reference: “I believe Dr. Kashimawo testified here that there was nothing wrong with Ferguson, even though Dr. Kashimawo himself had prescribed medication for other problems, and currently has restricted Ferguson to no activity in the recreation yard but walking.”

If the doctor was right, Ferguson was malingering. That, of course, was the heart of the prosecution's claim: He was a faker about this, and about his craziness too. And that was the line of reasoning Nassau County judge Donald Belfi accepted when he found Ferguson fit to go before the jury. Had Belfi rejected that argument, the man who killed six people and wounded nineteen others on the Long Island Rail Road train would have been locked up in a state mental institution, where he would have stayed until some combination of drugs and therapy made him sane enough to be tried and (presumably) convicted—or else for the rest of his life.

What happened instead is television history: the uncanny spectacle of Ferguson representing himself, grilling witnesses he had himself shot, all in that flat tone and that weird, meaningless legalese. Then, the morning after he was convicted two weeks ago, Ferguson made the phone call that his dismissed lawyer William Kunstler must have been waiting for, asking Kunstler and Ronald Kuby to handle his appeal. At the sentencing, scheduled for March 20, the two plan to ask the judge to set aside the verdict on the grounds that Ferguson was not competent to help lawyers defend him, let alone to defend himself. The judge is unlikely to oblige, and the question of Ferguson's competence is certain to become the basis of an appeal.

Say you were William Kunstler, publicity hound and lawyer to the notoriously indefensible, and were trying to come up with the *very best way* to make legal history and get your pariah of a client off, too. You couldn't concoct a better scenario—a national experience of such eerie unpleasantness that Americans would experience a wave of disgust, then blame the judge for the entire charade. If this were your scheme, it would be a brilliant one.

Nobody can say what was going through Kunstler's mind, though in his pronouncement on the front page of the New York *Times* on February 19—“People v. Ferguson could become a landmark decision on the issue of competency”—he certainly sounded almost happy. When I called a few days later to get him to explain how it would change the law, though, he was short on details, stating simply, “The method of deciding competency is very sloppy.”

Vague but true. Competency is an exceedingly murky matter, and for that reason alone, the Ferguson trial is likely to do for the competency question—a crucial yet much-neglected intersection of psychiatry and the law—what the John Hinckley trial did for the question of the insanity defense: jump-start reform. After all, within three years of the Hinckley verdict, the federal government and 34 states had changed their laws—mainly to shift the burden of proof to defendants but also to make it easier to keep not-guilty-by-reason-of-insanity defendants in custody.

The biggest problem with the legal standard of competency today is that it's all about whether a defendant should go on to trial, when in fact more than 90 percent of criminal defendants never even get there, choosing instead to plead guilty first. In other words, there's no law telling judges what to do in the most likely scenario—ought a subcompetent person be allowed to plead guilty and be thrown in jail like a mentally competent person or not? We don't know—but one recent study found that lawyers harbored doubts about the competency of as many as 15 percent of their clients charged with felonies, yet didn't have them evaluated.

As to what happens when potential lunatics go on to trial and then do something nutty like represent themselves, the law is all too clear. Clarence Thomas summed up the Supreme Court's feelings about it in a short, gruff opinion declaring the standard of competency required by the U.S. Constitution to be “modest”—which is to say, quite low. The now-retired Harry Blackmun dissented, comparing a defendant who acts as his own lawyer without the lucidity to do so to “a person who chooses to leap out of a window in the belief that he can fly.”

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos.

Ferguson's boldest leap might have come the moment he began consulting serial murderer Joel Rifkin for legal advice. But from the beginning, evidence existed to show that he was delusional in ways too subtle to be detected by Thomas's "modest" standard. The proof is in a publicly available but little-scrutinized 501-page transcript of the competency hearing—a document sure to be the centerpiece of Kunstler's appeal.

Kuby and Kunstler.

During the hearing, Dr. Richard Dudley, psychiatrist for the defense, explained how Ferguson, despite irrefutable evidence to the contrary, clings to mistaken beliefs—not that men from Mars are sending thought beams to control him, just gross distortions of things that actually happened. In 1982, for example, soon after he arrived in California from Jamaica, he began interpreting unwanted work assignments as insults to his honor. Three years later, when a Nassau Community College English teacher pointed out a misspelling in a paper, he denounced her in fury as a racist.

But Ferguson thinks allies are out to get him, too. In a workers'-compensation case he filed after he hurt himself pulling invoices out of a file, he wrote, "Mr. Irwin Silverman is my attorney and do I trust him? Absolutely not. Since he hates me unto death and does not believe that a 'black' who stands up for justice deserves to be paid for his injury." (Ferguson was subsequently awarded $26,250.) He harbored similar thoughts about Kunstler and Kuby—according to the transcripts, he believed that they, along with 42 jailhouse guards, were conspiring to "murder" him "after they withdrew" from the case.

In other words, Dudley explained at the hearing, Ferguson couldn't form a relationship with his lawyers based on "some volume of trust"; every encounter was tainted by suspicion. And yet this was the man who, as Belfi later put it, "did not, as a result of mental disease or defect, lack capacity to understand the proceedings against him and assist in his own defense."

The prosecution's witnesses conceded that Ferguson suffered from "a paranoid personality disorder," but denied that he was "incapacitated." Their main evidence of malingering was "inconsistency." He could memorize numbers and repeat them back, then couldn't. He could explain the meaning of some analogies ("a stitch in time" means "do it now. It's better now than later"), not others (he didn't respond when asked to explain "strike while the iron is hot"). All of which was supposed to prove that Ferguson was "purposefully trying to mislead, which is also an indicator of an individual who has a plan."

Contrast this with the Hinckley trial, in which the prosecution painted the would-be assassin as lazy, fame-seeking, and manipulative, and the defense prevailed with a portrait of a man capable of planning to assassinate a president, but all for the love of Jodie Foster. In other words, thirteen years ago, a crazy man was at least allowed to have a plan—as long as he dreamed it up for crazy reasons.

There are other jarring moments in the Ferguson transcripts; the problem is, the jolts are subtle, like so much about craziness itself, requiring the patience of a shrink, not the snap judgment of the legal mind. For example:

Belfi: "Do you have any problems with coming to court tomorrow?"

Ferguson: "I cannot say accurately at this time."

The sentence is stiff, wary, and unresponsive. It sounds reasonable but is actually nonsensical, unless you know that Ferguson believed himself the object of a vast conspiracy that, by killing him, would prevent him from appearing in court.

The Ferguson debacle argues for changes in the legal standard of competence. Reformers might take their cue from Richard Bonnie, the law professor at the University of Virginia upon whose thinking Blackmun relied when he wrote his Supreme Court dissent. Bonnie recommends that a two-pronged standard replace the current, simplistic one. He'd keep the prevailing standard: A defendant must be up to helping his lawyer out—communicating relevant facts, for example. But Bonnie would add another standard: The defendant must be able to make *decisions* about his case—to weigh whether to plea-bargain, say, or whether to testify in his own defense.

There are many arguments both for and against the integration of psychiatry's more refined conceptions of insanity into the law, but at the heart of the competency debate lie the values of dignity, reliability, and autonomy—ideals that have animated British and American law since the eighteenth century. Dignity, because a legal system that prosecutes a person who can't understand what's going on lacks that virtue. Reliability, because who can trust a trial whose defendant couldn't help defend himself? And autonomy, because it mocks the very basis of American law—a hands-off notion of rational individualism—if we fail to keep out of court the Fergusons of this world, people who are blatantly, scarily, and tragically out of their minds. ■

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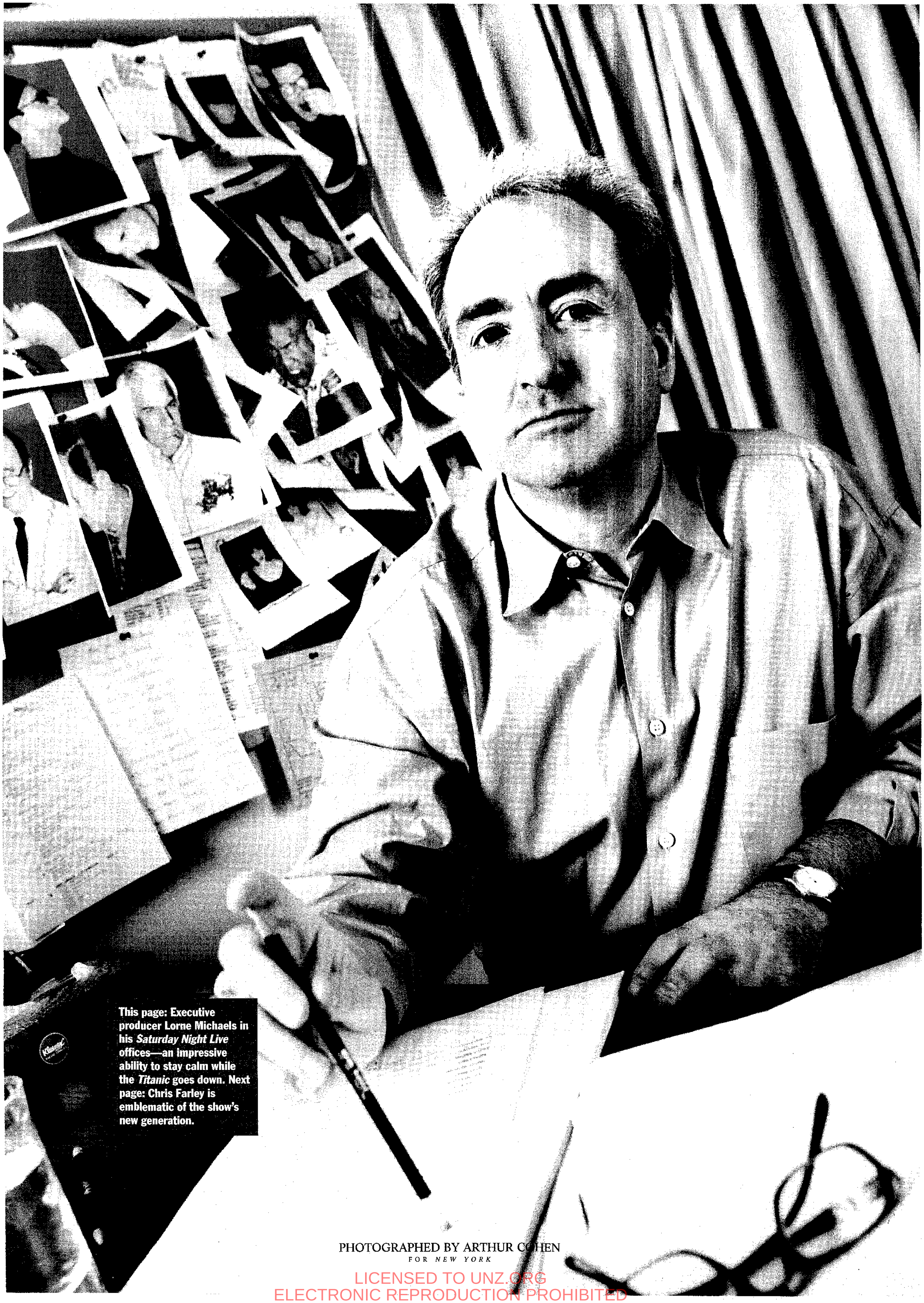


This page: Executive producer Lorne Michaels in his *Saturday Night Live* offices—an impressive ability to stay calm while the *Titanic* goes down. Next page: Chris Farley is emblematic of the show's new generation.

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ARTHUR COHEN
FOR *NEW YORK*

Comedy Isn't Funny

Saturday Night Live at twenty—how the show that transformed TV became a grim joke

By Chris Smith

IT'S FRIDAY NIGHT AT *SATURDAY NIGHT LIVE,* AND REHEARSAL LOOKS LIKE IT WILL DRAG INTO MONDAY. WEDGED INTO ONE CORNER OF THE LEGENDARY Studio 8H, where Toscanini made gorgeous music and Dan Aykroyd made cheeseburgers, is the jolly bulk of guest host George Foreman.

Foreman is rehearsing his role as Uncle Joe, a shy wedding guest who is being tormented by Kevin Nealon, playing the wedding reception's smarmy emcee. Nealon goads the reluctant Foreman into making a toast. Nealon wheedles the recalcitrant Foreman into singing a song. Nealon suggests that the annoyed Foreman toss the bouquet. Foreman threatens to slug Nealon. The five-minute sketch isn't particularly complicated—or particularly funny. Yet after an hour of rehearsal, Nealon is still stumbling over his lines. Then Nealon, in his record ninth season at *SNL,* accidentally steps in front of Foreman, blocking the camera and stalling yet another take. There's a metallic clatter as a stagehand knocks lighting poles to the floor. Five actors, fifteen extras, and four musicians sit silently, waiting for the disembodied voice of Dave Wilson, the show's director for most of its two-decade run, to give them instructions. Potbellied technicians jam chocolate-chip cookies into their mouths. A couple of *SNL* writers, waiting for "Uncle Joe" to finish so they can rehearse their own bit, snicker that the sketch should be renamed "Uncle Slow." Adam Sandler tries to cut the boredom, warbling "sing, sing a song . . ." in his trademark idiot-boy voice. At first, there are a few laughs. When Sandler continues into the third verse of the Carpenters song, and then the fourth, people start inspecting their shoelaces.

Standing in the darkness just beyond the set lights is a glum Janeane Garofalo. As *SNL* tried to rebuild from its disastrous 1993–'94 season, hiring the smart, sarcastic 30-year-old comic actress seemed perfect. Besides being funny—she is widely beloved from HBO's *Larry Sanders Show* and became something of a generational mini-icon in the movie *Reality Bites*—Garofalo added two qualities in short supply at *SNL:* She's hip and she's female.

Right now, though, Garofalo looks like a forlorn child trapped at her parents' dinner party. Barely over five feet tall, her lank hair pulled in three directions by pink and yellow baby-doll barrettes, Garofalo droops under the weight of her oversize plaid shirt-jacket, baggy homegirl jeans, and Doc Martens boots. Garofalo watched *SNL* as a kid (she was in fourth grade when it premiered), and after she signed on last summer, she called it a dream come true. Now her mood is as black as her fingernail polish.

"I COULD NOT TAKE ONE MORE FRIDAY NIGHT," SAYS EX-CAST MEMBER JULIA SWEE
BEVY OF GIRLS ON THE PHONE, MAKING SURE THAT STEVE MARTIN GOT THE FL

For the first three months of the season, Garofalo's largely been stuck in dull, secondary wife and girlfriend roles. In "Uncle Joe," she's a waitress, with a single line near the end of the sketch, and the scene keeps breaking down before reaching her cue.

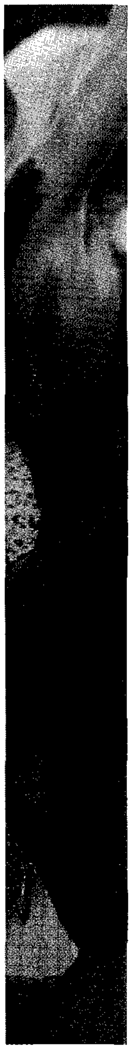
Finally, it's time for Garofalo to walk up to Foreman, tray of fake cocktails in hand. "Uncle Joe, just sing a song. Okay? Denise's getting upset," Garofalo says perkily. Two or three more takes and she's done. She dashes off to her dressing room.

Upstairs, in the pink-walled cubicle that belonged to Gilda Radner, Garofalo shakes one Marlboro out of a fresh carton and tries to describe how she's been treated on the show. "It's almost like hazing," she says. "Fraternity hazing. It's hard. It takes its toll on you. But I think you come out much better in the end. If nothing else, this experience has just toughened me up."

That's diplomatic—especially since Garofalo has told friends that *Saturday Night* has been "the most miserable experience of my life." What's gotten her through it?

"Cigarettes and Stoli," she says with a tight smile.

Later, a close friend who visited Garofalo in her hotel room after the Foreman show—the Los Angeles transplant never bothered to get an apartment in New York City—says the smoking and drinking didn't work: "You know how depressed she is? She's in her bed right now, just lying there. She's absolutely destroyed as a person. The show has beaten the shit out of her."



SURE *Saturday Night Live* IS BAD THESE DAYS. EVERYone from Judge Ito ("hasn't been funny in ten years") to original and recently deceased *SNL* writer Michael O'Donoghue ("It couldn't suck worse if it had rubber lips") says so.

None of the outside critics, however, has pinpointed *why*—why the show that two decades ago revolutionized TV comedy continues to fall on its face. Four weeks spent recently at *SNL* offered up a rare portrait of institutional decay—the gargantuan exertion of sweat, blood, fried food, and bluff self-denial that yields, for example, a mind-bendingly awful sketch about space aliens and rectal probes.

Certainly the loss of Dana Carvey, Jon Lovitz, Jan Hooks, and Phil Hartman, after long runs, has hurt. And even with world-class talent, creating 90 minutes of fresh sketch comedy is a daunting challenge.

But there's more ailing *Saturday Night* than any particular personnel defections: The show that once broke all the rules is now obsessed with maintaining its internal pecking order, from where people sit in meetings to how much airtime new cast members deserve.

What's really killing *SNL* is a deep spiritual funk. There's a lumbering heaviness about every part of the show, from an extravagantly expensive set for a *Wizard of Oz* sketch to the self-important attitude that squashes bold personalities to the marathon writing sessions that stumble past dawn. "You feel it as soon as you walk into the writers' room," says a young comedian who rejected an offer to join *Saturday Night.* "It's a depressed, kind of lethargic burnout."

The on-camera talent is more spirited; unfortunately, much of that is expressed as petulance. In the middle of a January show, Sandler and David Spade are in an office one floor above the studio, drinking beer and acting cute for a couple of models. "Don't you have a show to do?" someone asks Spade. "Not this week," he sneers. Fifteen minutes later, Spade appears briefly in a sketch, squinting into the middle distance to read his three lines from a cue card.

"They can't even fake forcing themselves to care," says a longtime *SNL* writer who's saddened by the show's decline. "When you watch the show on TV, that comes through—it really seems taken with itself. And when it's as bad as it can be, and people still act like there's nothing wrong, then it's sort of like a fuck-you to the audience—'We don't have to be good, because we're *Saturday Night Live*!' It's like the post office. 'What are you gonna do, deliver the mail yourself?' "

Internal squabbling and raging egos have always been a part of the *Saturday Night* ethos—"It was a combination of summer

Talent: (facing page, far left) cast member Ellen Cleghorne; (near left) writer and Stuart Smalley creator Al Franken; (this page) a rehearsal earlier this year for an O. J. Simpson sketch—gargantuan amounts of effort are put into preparing each show, to little effect.

YING TO GET IN TO SEE LORNE, OUTSIDE OF LORNE'S OFFICE, WITH THIS
ON HIS ANNIVERSARY, EVEN THOUGH HE'S BROKEN UP WITH VICTORIA TENNANT."

camp and concentration camp," remembers Anne Beatts, one of the show's original writers; now it's "a cross between *Love Boat* and *Das Boot,"* says Mike Myers, the *Wayne's World* star who recently left the show.

But as *SNL* lurches toward its twentieth birthday this October, the turmoil is producing far fewer laughs. For every bright spot—like Norm MacDonald on "Weekend Update"—there are a planeload of bombs, like an interminable October sketch in which Chris Farley and Tim Meadows simply screamed at each other. Last week, Garofalo fled *SNL* to make a movie. Writers phone their agents regularly, begging to escape. With ratings down 19 percent from two years ago, and NBC nervously watching the show's weekly budget climb to an all-time high of $1.5 million, executive producer Lorne Michaels still hasn't figured out how to put the *fun* back in *dysfunctional.*

As arrogant as *Saturday Night* can often be, there's something sad about the slow, woozy fall of a treasured pop-culture institution. For *SNL* fans who grew up on the Coneheads, E. Buzz Miller, Buckwheat, and Church Lady, watching the current incarnation of the show is like watching late-period Elvis—embarrassing and poignant.

ALL IS TRANQUIL AND PROSPEROUS IN LORNE MICHAELS'S NINTH-floor office at 30 Rockefeller Plaza. Postcard-size copies of *SNL's* colorized host photos form a celebrity quilt behind the executive producer's desk—there's Steve Martin! Sharon Stone! Uh . . . Nancy Kerrigan?

An off-white sectional couch and matching overstuffed chairs look expensive but not ostentatious. Elegant black-and-white photos of the current *SNL* cast line the stark white walls; unfortunately, the group has grown so large that the photo of its newest member, Mark McKinney, is propped against a table leg.

The office décor says taste, money, I'm-all-right-Jack serenity. Two floors down, however, a plastic surgeon is ripping hunks of flesh from the movie-star face of Jeff Daniels.

It's past midnight on a Friday in mid-January. In multiplexes across this great land, Daniels is farting and belching his way through Hollywood's No. 1 box-office hit. But he had to come to *Saturday Night Live* to get really dumb. Long gone are the days when Chevy Chase, wearing makeup no more complicated than a pricier necktie, could deftly skewer Gerald Ford. Tonight, Daniels was being fitted for a prosthetic nose and eyebrows, to help him impersonate Liam Neeson. But the mold used to create the prosthetics has stuck to Daniels's skin. A doctor has been trying to chip the gunk from the star's face, but after two hours of Daniels's screams, he's taking a break.

Michaels's face betrays no sign of the ordeal. "The show is in a transitional period," he says wanly. "I think it's better than last year, and not where it will be by next year."

A cold Amstel Light and a basket of popcorn are on the office table in front of him. Fresh popcorn heralds Michaels's every entrance. Whether he's about to arrive at his seventeenth-floor office at NBC, with its breathtaking view of the Empire State Building; the eighth-floor *Saturday Night* studio; this ninth-floor office

This page: Janeane Garofalo was brought in to give the show some Generation X cred, but she's been sadly underused. Next page: (left) cast members Laura Kightlinger and Tim Meadows; (right) old-timer Kevin Nealon.

NEW HIRE JANEANE GAROFALO HAS TOLD FRIENDS THAT SATURDAY NIGHT HAS B
THROUGH IT? "CIGARETTES AND STOLI," SHE SAYS. LATER, A FRIEND REPO

overlooking the studio; or his handsome Broadway Video offices a couple of blocks west in the Brill Building, a blond wicker basket of warm kernels precedes him, usually delivered by one of several blonde female assistants in their early twenties. Cast members call these high-strung women the Lornettes. (Nearly four years ago, the 50-year-old Michaels married one of these assistants, his third wife, a woman eighteen years his junior.)

"Ahhh! Just thinking of [the Lornettes] makes me so happy I quit," says Julia Sweeney, who left the cast last spring. "Because I could not take one fucking more Friday night, trying to get in to see Lorne, outside of Lorne's office on the ninth floor, with this bevy of girls, and their latest outfits and their magazines and their fingernail polish, on the phone, making sure that Steve Martin got the flowers on his anniversary, even though he's broken up with Victoria Tennant, and the hilarious note that Lorne wrote to Steve Martin that has to go with the flowers, which *must* be birds-of-paradise! They'd slip in and out of Lorne's office going, 'Shush! Lorne's in a very bad mood today.' "

Though his helpers may be tightly wound, Michaels is unflappable. And he's turned on his "charm beam," as Dana Carvey puts it, for the benefit of a visiting reporter.

"If your angle is going to be that the show is decadent and out of touch," Michaels says wryly, "we have that reduced to a press release to save time."

Michaels's patter is so smooth—his accent, widely imitated by acquaintances, is virtually British, though Michaels grew up in Toronto—that you're almost lulled into believing the peculiar theory he employs to explain the harsh criticism of the show. "I think reviewers hate staying up late," Michaels says. "On every other show, they get a cassette. They view it when they want to. With us, they have to stay up till one o'clock in the morning and then get the story in for Monday. The older ones get cranky."

He doesn't answer questions so much as smother them under a soothing poultice of words. He doesn't get angry. ("Talking to Lorne," says Rosie Shuster, an original *SNL* writer and Michaels's first wife, "is like talking to tundra.") His musings digress so widely that you don't even notice when Michaels slips in the news that he came very close to bringing Carvey back to the cast last summer—a move that would have telegraphed a loss of will for a program traditionally intent on breaking new talent.

Michaels crosses his legs and folds his hands in exactly the way predicted by an intimate of the late William Shawn. Michaels was fascinated by the old *New Yorker* editor, and he gave Shawn an office at Broadway Video, Michaels's production company, when Shawn was pushed out of the magazine in 1987. "I was amazed at how many of Shawn's mannerisms Lorne had," says the colleague of Shawn's. "And they had similar sensibilities: They're both sort of provincial guys with tremendous romantic ideas of sophistication and the city."

According to a longtime friend of Michaels's, the producer's Shawnophilia went beyond shared tastes: "Lorne had this weird idea that when Shawn retired, he'd be asked to run the magazine. He thinks of himself as the fundamental sophisticated New Yorker. It's one of the weird keys to Lorne's real personality."

One of Michaels's greatest talents is creating an aura of glamour about himself and *SNL*. But as the show sank last year, NBC began to wonder whether Michaels was spending too much time cultivating his urbane image. "You could always tell when the

Knicks or the opera were in town," says a recently departed *SNL* star. "That's the only time Lorne made sure the Wednesday-night script read-through started on schedule."

Network executives suggested Michaels increase his "focus" on *SNL* this year, but Michaels stammers when asked what he's doing differently. "Differently? Ahhhhm. Uhhhhmmmm. Just trying to keep people's—ahh, I don't know. Simultaneously sort of pushing people as hard as I can and trying to keep their spirits up."

By all accounts, Michaels is more visible around *SNL* these days—raising the already-therapy-caliber paranoia level. Michaels granted everyone at *SNL* permission to be interviewed for this story, but when I casually say hello to one veteran writer, he lowers his eyes and his voice. "I can't be seen talking to you," he mumbles.

"Lorne wants people to feel insecure," says an ex–cast member. "It's the same techniques cults use—they keep you up for hours, they never let you know that you're okay, and they always make you think that your spot could be taken at any moment by someone else."

Michaels also sends messages through the Brillstein-Grey Company. The powerhouse Hollywood management-and-production team, founded by one of Michaels's closest friends, Bernie Brillstein, handles eight of the fourteen *SNL* cast members as well as its executive producer. The connection makes spinning off movies much easier. "To your face, Lorne always wants to be the hero and Santa Claus. But if you try to do a movie that Lorne's not producing, Brillstein-Grey will let you know he's not happy," says an ex-*SNL* star who's had it happen to him. "Brillstein lets you know you're in the doghouse. Your sketches don't get on, or you get on in the last five minutes of the show.

"Lorne is nonconfrontative," Brillstein confirms. "Sometimes he asks us to talk to people."

Movie politics led to one of *SNL*'s biggest blunders this season. David Spade spent his summer co-starring in a Michaels-produced movie (*Tommy Boy,* which also stars Chris Farley and opens at the end of this month). To reward Spade in *SNL*'s season premiere, Michaels gave a sketch called "Buh-bye" a prime spot in the lineup. In "Buh-bye," Spade and Ellen Cleghorne play airline flight attendants who insult departing passengers. Not only did the sketch flop on the air, but because another "Buh-bye" sketch ran last spring, TV critics had a chance to bludgeon *SNL. Here they go again,* columnists wrote, *trying to flog another marketable catchphrase.* (Michaels, insisting the sketch was funny, pushed for another "Buh-bye" piece several shows later. Only when he learned that Internet chatters judged "Buh-bye" their "most hated" sketch in memory did Michaels take it off the schedule.)

Sarah Jessica Parker got a taste of the mind games when she was an *SNL* guest host in November. *SNL*'s workweek was disorienting enough, Parker says, but she also had to worry about why Michaels was ignoring her. "I'd come into his office, and he'd put his head down and not pay attention," Parker says. "I decided I wouldn't take it personally that he wasn't talking to me. If I had been my normal self, I would have really flipped out, because I would have thought, *He doesn't like me at all.*"

Veterans of *SNL*'s glorious first five years saw Michaels becoming aloof way back then. "Lorne always wanted to be admired—revered, even. Which is different from being famous. Different from being rich. And different from being sexy," says a man who knows Michaels well from those years. "He wants to be a legend, and he would have LEGENDARY tattooed in his underwear if it were possible." Each week, Michaels poses for dozens of photos with the guest host, adding to his enormous collection.

But there's a sadness, too, when the original crew talks about how Michaels has changed, and it isn't just obligatory nostalgia. "There's a real difference between running a kind of rebel outfit and running an institution," says one famous player. "Castro is not one of my main heroes, but I think I would rather have known him in the hills than in the palace."

Michaels waves off such complaints. He has millions in the bank and has survived more SATURDAY NIGHT DEAD headlines than he can count. His confidence seems genuine, and even when he says the show is "fighting for its life," the words sound more like what he's expected to say than like what he believes.

He takes solace in the fact that *SNL* is still the highest-rated show on late-night TV—*Letterman* included—and that the average rating for this season's first thirteen episodes is just a shade under the numbers for the critically acclaimed shows from the late eighties. As expensive as *SNL* has become to produce, NBC is surely making too big a profit from beer and blue-jeans ads to seriously consider dropping the show—though Fox and CBS, sensing an opening, are planning the first direct challenges to *SNL* in the fall.

"I have a contract for another two years," Michaels says. "The expectation is that I'll be here for another two seasons after this one." Then he's interrupted by a knock on his office door; it's one of the Lornettes. The doctor has returned with more anesthetic for Jeff Daniels's tortured face. Michaels politely excuses himself and strides off to comfort tomorrow night's host.

VERY LATE ON A THURSDAY NIGHT, MAY 1994: A punchy, sleep-deprived group of *SNL* writers and performers is fooling around in the seventeenth-floor writers' conference room. Cast member Rob Schneider has an idea for an imitation. He stretches out on a couch and closes his eyes. "This is Lorne sleeping," he says. "Okay, somebody wake me up." A writer tugs his shoulder.

"Uh!" he snorts, snapping to attention. "It wasn't me!"

Laughs all around. "My turn," says a senior writer. He settles onto the couch as sleeping Lorne and then is startled into consciousness. "Uhhhh—it was Jim!"

Even Jim Downey laughs. The producer and head writer of *SNL* for nine years, Downey, 42, joined the writing staff in *SNL*'s second season, in 1976. He left when Michaels quit in 1980, was head writer for the first year and a half of *Late Night With David Letterman,* then returned to *SNL* in 1984, a year before Michaels came back as executive producer. From "!?*Quien es mas macho*?!" to a commercial parody for the "First Citywide Change Bank," Downey has written some of *SNL*'s funniest and most famous sketches. And in April of last year, weary from holding together an increasingly ragged show, Downey had learned that NBC wanted to fire him.

HE MOST MISERABLE EXPERIENCE OF MY LIFE." WHAT'S GOTTEN HER
U KNOW HOW DEPRESSED SHE IS? SHE'S ABSOLUTELY DESTROYED AS A PERSON."

It was one of the few times that Downey, who has day-to-day responsibility for the show, had ever heard from NBC executives. "The network doesn't know who runs the show!" says a recent cast member. "The only way they'd know if Jim wasn't doing a good job is if Lorne told them!"

Downey, a moon-faced man with merry Irish eyes, has the distracted manner of an Ivy League liberal-arts professor (he majored in folklore and mythology at Harvard); when he's had a rare eight hours of sleep, he could pass for Dylan Thomas's younger brother. He claims there's a less sinister corporate explanation: Don Ohlmeyer, the recently installed president of NBC's entertainment division, simply checked the *SNL* staff list and decided to dispatch the most powerful person beneath Michaels. "We had a rough season; they wanted to make a change. It wasn't personal; it was just business," Downey says. "And Lorne said, 'Absolutely not, I forbid it.' " As he speaks Michaels's name for the first time in the interview, Downey unconsciously puts his right hand to his throat and pulls his shirt collar chokingly tight.

An ex–cast member says Downey was in a very different mood at the party after the final show of last season. "I went up to Jim and said, 'Jim, I want to let you know I think you're a genius. You're the funniest person I've ever known.' And he says, 'Well, I'm quitting.' And I go, 'What?' And of course he didn't quit! *Because Lorne and Jim are like an old married couple!* They can't quit!"

Indeed, Downey flew to Burbank in May to discuss his future with NBC executives. Michaels was there—and, Downey says, had already saved Downey's job. Michaels, however, neglected to mention the reprieve to Downey until *after* the writer's tense meeting with the suits.

"Jim is more sensitive than he is spunky," says a friend of Downey's, "and the more he's beaten up, the more he shrinks away."

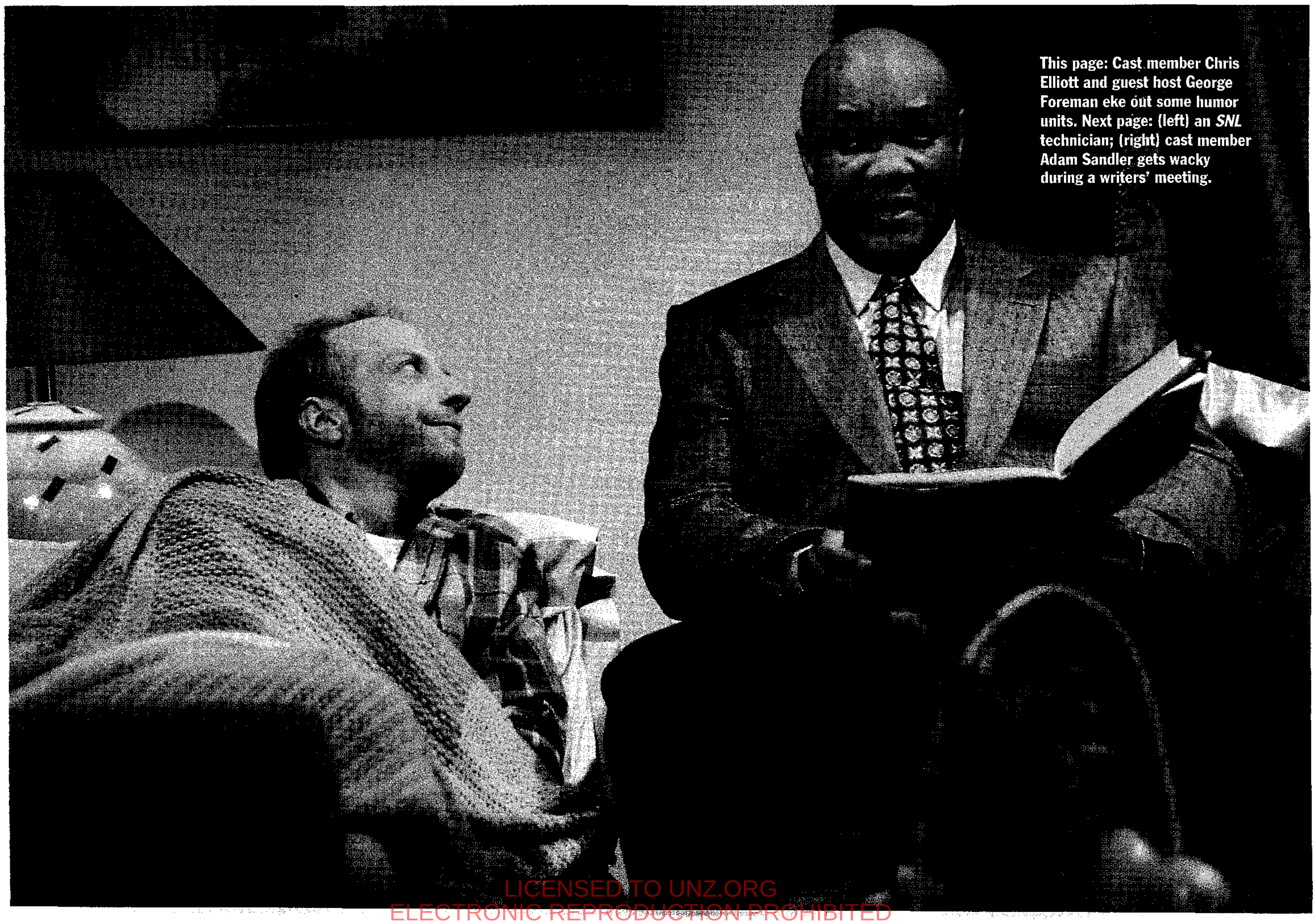
AS A JANUARY THURSDAY NIGHT SLOUCHES INTO FRIDAY MORNING, Downey is where he's been for nearly all of his adult working life. At 2 A.M., the sky is gray, the way it is in paperback detective novels. But no one in the *Saturday Night Live* writers' room could tell you about the weather. They don't glance out the seventeenth-floor windows or step outside the building. Many will sleep tonight on the couches in their tiny offices, if they sleep at all.

Thursday is rewrite night. Each week, the fourteen-man, three-woman writing staff stays up most of Tuesday night, churning out between 30 and 40 sketches, supplemented by a half-dozen or so written by cast members. Wednesday evening, about 50 people jam into the writers' room, everyone from Lorne Michaels to the network censor to members of the props department, to listen as the sketches are read aloud. Michaels, Downey, and the week's host then adjourn to Michaels's office and select about a dozen finalists.

The choices are often hard to fathom. Michaels frequently rejects pieces that he thinks are over the heads of *SNL*'s teens and frat-boys demographic. His preference is for the broadest likability, not the sharpest bite—amazingly, he's lately been trying to soften the dark humor of Norm MacDonald on "Weekend Update," one of the few new successes on the show.

Starting at about two on Thursday afternoon, the writers reassemble around the eight-foot-long conference table, where they dissect, line by line, each of the lucky sketches. Friday is for rehearsal and for another bleary-eyed whack at rewriting bits that still aren't working.

"I'D COME INTO [LORNE MICHAELS'S] OFFICE, AND HE'D PUT HIS HEAD DOWN AND
I WOULDN'T TAKE IT PERSONALLY. IF I HAD BEEN MY NORMAL SELF, I WOULD HAVE



This page: Cast member Chris Elliott and guest host George Foreman eke out some humor units. Next page: (left) an *SNL* technician; (right) cast member Adam Sandler gets wacky during a writers' meeting.

This has been, with minor adjustments, the schedule since the show was created in 1975. "Everybody then was on so much coke they didn't notice it was going on until four in the morning," wisecracks new cast member Laura Kightlinger. "We stay up, but we're too lazy to do the drugs."

Suggest that there must be another, less-punishing way to organize the week and you hear self-congratulatory speeches about putting the show on at all. "Look," Downey says, "you get a bunch of Swiss engineers to map out our show, describe to them what's involved, what needs to be written, designed, built, painted, scored, blocked, shot, rehearsed, mounted, and then trimmed, reconfigured, noted, and put back on its feet—they go, 'Okay, you're describing a twelve-day process, maybe ten.' And we go, 'Jeez, that's too bad, 'cause we have to do it in six.' So you just do it, and it involves incredibly long hours for everyone."

In the old days—even as recently as four years ago—this college-all-nighter culture worked because talented writers could rewrite sketches on their own. But since bulwarks such as Robert Smigel, Jack Handey, and Bonnie and Terry Turner began quitting, Downey has been forced to do more repair work during the group rewrite. The Thursday-night session is a brain-numbing test of endurance, punctuated by moments of giddiness and frequent deliveries of mountains of food. Writers drift in and out, languorously. There are seventeen writers on the payroll, but even that's not enough—alumni Andy Breckman, Bob Odenkirk, Smigel, and Handey have been called in regularly to prop up the staff writers, and NBC is leaning on Handey to return full-time.

saturday night live

Y ATTENTION," RECENT HOST SARAH JESSICA PARKER SAYS. "I DECIDED
' FLIPPED OUT, BECAUSE I WOULD HAVE THOUGHT, HE DOESN'T LIKE ME AT ALL."

At the moment, ten writers are perched around the table, but only four speak up regularly: Al Franken, 43, a holdover from the early years; Ian Maxtone-Graham, 35, a preppy triathlete in his third season at *SNL;* Fred Wolf, a skeletal stand-up comic and former *Chevy Chase Show* writer in his thirties whose jokes usually involve Satan or spewing bodily fluids; and Downey. Downey commonly works 80 hours a week. Now his eyes are puffy from a catnap on his office couch, and his graying hair is disheveled to the point where it might as well have been attached in random hunks.

Also staring at the script and tossing in a suggestion every 30 minutes or so are Lewis Morton, 24, and Steve Lookner, 23, both in their second year at *SNL,* and both graduates of the *Harvard Lampoon.* The *Lampoon* has been a bountiful source of *SNL* talent from the start, when Doug Kenney, a founder of the *National Lampoon* and a Michaels consultant early on, paved the way for fellow 'Poonster Downey to get a job at *SNL.* At the other end of the table are two rookie writers who go hours without making a sound: Brian Kelley, 22, and also a 'Poonie, and Margo Meyer, 29. There's also Norm Hiscock, 33, who was, until a year ago, head writer for *Kids in the Hall,* the Canadian sketch-comedy ensemble executive-produced by Michaels. Hiscock smiles gamely at his new colleagues, but as the night drags on, the grin can't disguise his growing bewilderment.

An ex–*SNL* writer who stopped by recently was stupefied. "I see Norm, who ran *Kids in the Hall,* sitting silently for eight hours, not saying a word because it's not worth it to him—he knows these sketches are beyond repair. What a waste!"

Pale, overwhelmingly male, and raised on comic books, the main writers are very short on experience in the world beyond pop culture. The most productive young writer, David Mandel, 24, still lives at home with his family. Mandel grew up worshiping the show, collecting old *SNL* scripts and memorabilia at bookstores, and memorizing dozens of sketches. He went on to Harvard, where he says he devoted more time to the *Lampoon* than to his academic work.

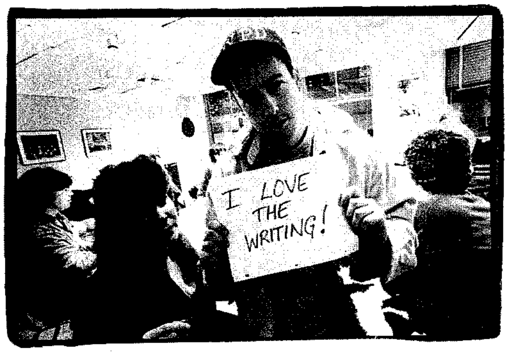
"There's only one writer who didn't go to Harvard or Yale or Cornell or Brown," Ellen Cleghorne says, overstating the case only slightly. "There's no black writers on the show—this is 1995, and I feel like I'm in a really bad sci-fi movie where all the black people already got killed, and I'm next. I'm not a separatist. I'd like to be able to jam with somebody who's had the same experiences I find funny."

Certain subjects—TV game shows, violent beatings, gay sex—come up again and again. In addition to the recent alien-anal-probe number, there was "Gay Stripper Theater" and a bit where Farley went to a gay bar and caught anal warts from Sandler. "They love the anal sex here," Garofalo says. "That's considered incredibly funny."

Bonnie and Terry Turner, the husband-and-wife writing team from Atlanta who scored big at *SNL* working on "Wayne's World" and Church Lady sketches, watch the show now and marvel at how its interests have shrunk. "They write less about relationships," Bonnie says. "Unless the relationship is between a man and his shoe, rather than actual people."

During the *SNL* season, the writers don't need to have much interaction with the outside world. As the rewrite session drifts on, they bark out requests for food, and an assistant, Lori Jo Hoekstra, phones them in. At ten o'clock, it's ten Quarter Pounders, eight Big Macs, four bacon double cheeseburgers, and heaps of fries; 90 minutes later, there's an equally hefty delivery of ribs and chicken; at 1 A.M., it's spaghetti, lasagna, and salads.

Meanwhile, they make grudging progress on a sketch written by Norm MacDonald. It's a parody of Andy Rooney—not exactly a fresh target. Rooney, played by MacDonald, is cleaning out his desk and finds a bottle of sedatives, empty except for cotton.


I LOVE THE WRITING!

"Should I mention cotton more than once?" MacDonald asks, and it's debated for ten minutes. No—just one cotton reference stays in, but now they can't decide whether the pills are for the treatment of "hallucinations," "mood swings," "dementia," or "NRA dementia."

"That's too much," Downey says. "It's his attitude that's funny, the fact that he's ignoring something that's obviously important."

MacDonald: "So I can say, 'I don't know what the pills are for—what I do know is, the bottle is mostly filled with cotton.' "

Franken: "And, 'I give the pills to Lesley Stahl. Then, when Lesley's passed out, I take her to the closet and rape her.' Or, 'That's why you never see Lesley until February.' Or, 'When she passes out, I put her in various positions and take pictures of her.' "

Downey: " 'Here's a picture of Ed Bradley.' "

MacDonald: "What if Rooney rapes Mike Wallace? And then says, 'I guess that makes me bad.' Is it funnier with a black guy? Or two old white guys?"

Franken: "What about, 'I drag Mike into my office and rape

Photograph: left, Norman Ng/Baskin Studio.

him. Right here! I guess that makes me bad.' "

The discussion sputters for another ten minutes. Then the writers lose interest and drift over to the newly arrived food. "C'mon!" Downey says plaintively. "Let's finish this!"

The sketches eventually get tighter and marginally better. Mostly, all this group writing produces a thin comedy mush. "It's now a much more fey, effete, overthought show," says Rosie Shuster, who did her third tour on the writing staff during the late eighties. "The cud is so well chewed before it goes on the air."

"Talent is essential, and hard work is essential, but there isn't any tight correlation between working your ass off and quality," a frustrated Downey says later. "It's so unfair. You're sitting around, and you just have a great idea—like 'Fred Garvin, Male Prostitute' literally took slightly longer to write than it did to read. It was just easy and fun. And you can stay up all night shitting out some other thing phrase by phrase."

THE MOMENTS OF INSPIRATION HAVE BEEN HARDER FOR DOWNEY and everyone else to come by. Lately, the extracurricular action in the writers' room has been more colorful than a lot of the writing.

The show hosted by Sarah Jessica Parker, in November, included a song contrasting love's higher and lower impulses. Michael McKean sang chastely to Parker, plunking an acoustic guitar; then Sandler cranked up his electric guitar to underscore sophomoric lines like "I'm gonna give ya the wood!"

During rewrites of the piece, Kightlinger jokingly suggested to the group that the song be made even more explicit—and found herself the target of a crude barrage. "A couple of them turned on her," says a close friend of Kightlinger's, "with these really vicious, mean sexual things. . . . She's one of the strongest people I know. Very tough to faze. And it made her cry."

Kightlinger, who wrote for *Roseanne* last year, has been reciprocally shocked by the thin skin of her new colleagues. "I've had to pare down my sarcasm big-time," she says, adding that she now feels "really positive" about *SNL*. "In the writers' room at *Roseanne,* you could shit on each other and everybody would laugh. But here, it's like, 'Wait a second—that's a piece I've worked on, dah, dah, dah.' It gets personal in a hurry."

In December, Ian Maxtone-Graham, a self-described antismoking zealot, complained about Norm MacDonald's lighting up in the writers' room. MacDonald shrugged it off. So Maxtone-Graham extinguished the cigarette by squirting MacDonald in the face with a water pistol. MacDonald punched Maxtone-Graham in the head, knocking him to the floor.

Tonight, sprawled on a couch a couple of feet from the table, Chris Farley and Adam Sandler alternately listen to the writers debate and cackle at some private joke. Sandler picks up a phone and makes prank calls, talking in a silly elderly woman's voice.

Now it's Farley's turn. Obese, sweating, dressed in a flannel shirt and a white knit skullcap that makes him look like a grunge Muslim, Farley dials. "Excuse me," he says into the phone, "did you hear that? Was it a clap of thunder?" Then he holds the receiver against his butt, unleashes a prodigious fart, and quickly hangs up. The writers laugh louder than they have all night. Except Downey, who's slowly wagging his head.

"Ah, Jim!" Farley exclaims. "That's been a big laugh since sixth grade! Belushi farted, didn't he? Bottom line, farts are funny!"

Downey seems unmoved.

"It'll never happen again," Farley says, but he can't contain a giggle. "It's the goddamn burgers! Lori Jo ordered up about 50 burgers! Jesus!"

"Well, Chris," Downey says, mock solemn. "Look around. All these people are laughing *at* you. Not *with* you. And they're your friends now, because you're the big clown. But they're gonna all go on . . . and you'll still be there, just farting away."

Farley starts kicking his legs like some demented Rockette, farting after each step.

"Someday, Chris," Downey continues, still in his deadpan mode, "your son will be in a library with a friend, and he'll pull down the *Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature.* 'Oh—January to March 1995. Hey, Dad's in this one!' 'What's it for? The 'Fatty Arbuckle incident'—where he had that incident with the girl, and he was tried?' 'No, this is the one where he farts!' "

The rest of the room is tense, silent, and Farley's face is reddening. Downey's joke, more barbed than anything that makes it on the air at *SNL* these days, refers to a 1994 incident where Farley allegedly groped a female extra. ("He never grabbed her in any sexual area, but he was touching her leg," says a witness who was in the limousine with Farley and the woman. "She was being nice about it, saying, 'Can you just stop now?' But she was annoyed. And we're yelling, 'Will you fucking stop it?' Farley's kind of laughing it off. Then he BA'd [bare-assed] some other limo driver.")

Downey's kidding about the possibility of Farley's being hauled into court (no charges were ever filed, and Farley claims he just told the woman she "looked purty"). But he's serious about shaming Farley into better behavior. And Farley is gasping.

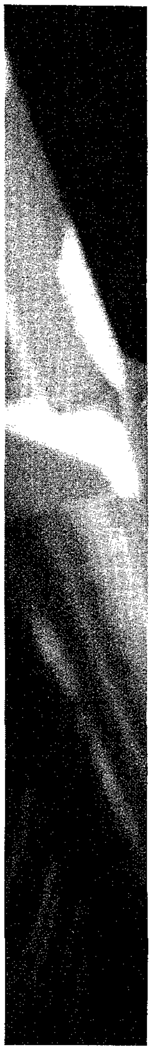
"Daddy was a naughty man," Farley finally says with a shrug. "C'mon—let's all take a break and go down to the Village! Go cattin' around!" He dances crazily, his mammoth belly wobbling. "Me and Adsy [Adam Sandler] are gonna go cattin' around!"

None of the writers move.

Downey clears his throat. "All right. So we were on Andy Rooney . . ."

Farley and Sandler strut out of the room. After a total of about 90 minutes, the Rooney sketch is put aside; there'll be still more tinkering tomorrow. But on Saturday, the sketch gets only weak laughs from the dress-rehearsal audience and is cut from the live show.

"EXCUSE ME," CHRIS FARLEY SAYS INTO THE PHONE, "DID YOU HEAR THAT? WA
UNLEASHES A PRODIGIOUS FART, AND QUICKLY HANGS UP. "THAT'S BEE



Unfunniness begets unfunniness: (this page) Sandler tries out his impersonation of comedian Bobcat Goldthwait; (facing page, left) "Weekend Update" anchor Norm MacDonald's dark humor is being blandified; (right) Michaels phones it in.

LAP OF THUNDER?" THEN HE HOLDS THE RECEIVER AGAINST HIS BUTT,
LAUGH SINCE SIXTH GRADE!" HE EXCLAIMS. "BELUSHI FARTED, DIDN'T HE?"

Lorne Michaels appears in the *SNL* writers' credits each week, though he hasn't really written a sketch in nineteen years. He has other ways of influencing the writing, however, some of which subtly drive a wedge between the other writers and Downey. "Lorne," says a current writer, "will say, 'You know, there's an enormous desire to make Jim Downey laugh. That's good—Jim Downey's a hard person to make laugh. However, we also need to have pieces that Jim hates on the show—because America likes them.' "

A former key writer, who stays in close touch with the politics at *SNL,* sees all the machinations building to an ugly finish. "I've been in L.A., and all I've been hearing is 'Jim Downey's fucking up.' That's the story all these agents and producers are hearing. But Jim's no different [than he ever was]. He's a very funny guy. But Lorne picked that guy for a reason, and he kept him for a reason: Jim is a guy who will internalize everything, will not fight, will just rationalize to himself—and in his heart, is just dying. But Lorne doesn't care. Jim's gonna take the fall. It's gonna be in the press"—the writer breaks into Lorne's semi-British murmur—" 'Well, Jim, as wonderful as he is, had allowed himself to get a little out of touch, blah, blah, blah.' Oh, it's gonna be beautiful!" (Indeed, a tough New York *Times* piece about the show last September depicted Downey as the primary source of *SNL's* problems.)

Downey admits he was deeply dispirited last spring when his father died and, three days later, he learned of his apparently imminent firing. But Downey seems more equanimous this time around. Friends say he expects NBC to come after his job again at the end of this season, and that his fate is out of his hands. "Unless the ratings improve or the press buzz turns around, he thinks it's going to be a matter of how much Lorne is willing to push to save him again," says one friend of Downey's. (NBC's Ohlmeyer declined comment.)

"Jim is incredibly important, because he's a truly original comedy thinker," Michaels says. "That's, you know, of great value to me."

Many of the current writers talk tough about quitting if Downey is fired. One of the writers closest to Downey says he'd have quit last year if Downey had been let go—but . . . "That's like saying, 'If I'd been in World War II, I would have been in the French Resistance, man, 'cause that's where all the cool stuff was. As far as collaborating, no way!' And then it comes down to doing it, and it's like, 'Well, you know, I've talked to these Nazis—they have a lot of plans, and this Vichy thing sounds great!' "

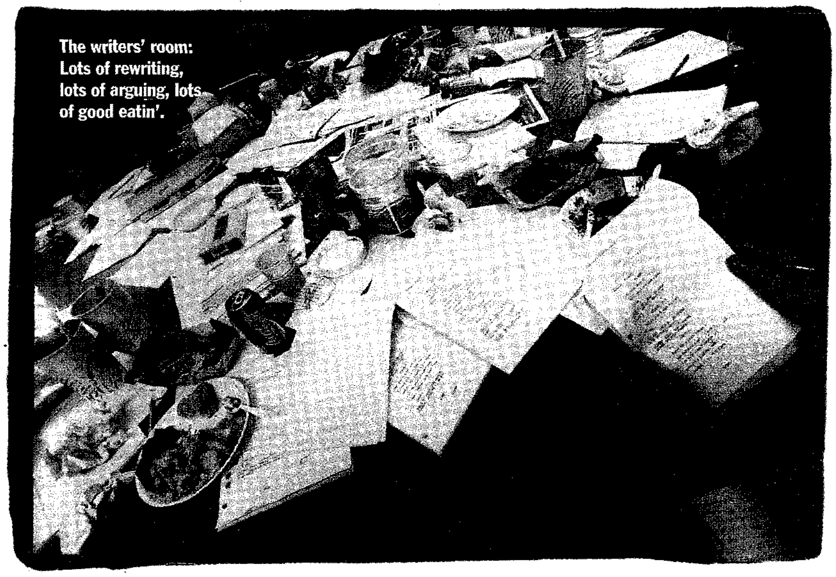
BILL MURRAY HAS COME TO BURY AND TO PRAISE MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE. Easily the nastiest and one of the funniest writers ever to work at *Saturday Night Live,* O'Donoghue died suddenly in November of a cerebral hemorrhage. Four nights later, as the Sarah Jessica Parker show slogs on uptown, a raucous party in O'Donoghue's Chelsea apartment celebrates his life. At the end of *Saturday Night,* Murray appears onstage and politely eulogizes his friend; at about three on Sunday morning, Murray stands on a chair in O'Donoghue's living room and delivers his better material.

"I got along with Michael O'Donoghue," Murray says slowly, "only after he realized that he should be physically afraid of me. Until that time, he was not fair. He was unkind. He was mean. And I finally let him know that I was gonna hurt him. He was kind to me when he knew I was gonna fuckin' hit him." When the laughter quiets down, Murray continues. “The thing about Michael that was interesting was that he taught you how to hate. He hated the horrible things in life, and the horrible people in life—he hated them *so good.*”

Other close friends tell anecdotes about O'Donoghue. Then Chris Farley peels himself off Duff, the actress and perfume spokeswoman, and takes the floor. “Uh, I didn't really know Michael O'Donoghue,” Farley begins, “and I don't really have a story about him, but I'm honored to be here.”

Murray, standing nearby, feeds Farley a meaty setup line. “Okay, what *would* you have said to Michael *if* you'd met him?”

Here's Farley's chance to make a roomful of his idols laugh. Instead, he whimpers. “That I loved him,” Farley says. “I loved everything he did. I loved him, I loved you guys, and it's why I always wanted to be on the show.”



The writers' room: Lots of rewriting, lots of arguing, lots of good eatin'.

“YOU'VE GOT THIS GIGANTIC SPLIT IN THE CAST,” DANA CARVEY SAYS. “YOU FAMOUS ALL OVER THE WORLD, AND COMPLETELY OBSCURE PEOPLE LI

It's a paradigmatic moment: Murray's cockiness devolved to Farley's pleading. “Right now the show doesn't have anybody who is compelling to watch,” says one of the best writers from the recent past. Mike Myers bailed out at the end of January—even though he had nowhere to go, since his “Coffee Talk” movie deal had collapsed. The mid-season shuffling continues, with the addition of stand-up (and Sandler pal) Molly Shannon two weeks ago; British comic Morwenna Banks joins on March 25, boosting the cast to fourteen.

Good chemistry is nearly impossible in so big a troupe. “You've got this gigantic split in the cast,” Dana Carvey says. “You've got 22-year-olds and 50-year-olds. You've got millionaires, and you've got paupers. You've got people who are famous all over the world, and completely obscure people like Jay . . . uh—see what I mean? I was gonna say Jay North. Jay *Mohr.*”

Michaels, though he goes on at great length about the overstuffed cast's being part of his strategy, admits that a big reason for the logjam is that a complete overhaul is too much work for him. He did it once, changing nearly the entire cast—including Anthony Michael Hall, Terry Sweeney, and Joan Cusack—after the wipeout season of 1985–'86, when *SNL* was on the brink of cancellation. “The, ah, task of replacing an entire cast was very hard,” Michaels says. “And I think that maybe the trauma of that had this impact, had this effect on me, the effect that I did not want to ever be in the position of having to replace everyone.” Never mind that when he did exert himself and bring in Carvey, Nealon, Jan Hooks, and Phil Hartman, the show rebounded almost instantly.

“After last year,” says one exasperated current writer, “all of America was waiting for a brand-new look, like ‘Hey, what is this show? Oh, it's *Saturday Night*! Wow, it's changed!’ And instead, it's ‘Hey, Julia Sweeney and Rob Schneider and Phil Hartman are gone! And wow, it's a black-and-white opening montage! *Wooooohoooo!* Break out the champagne!’ ” He sighs deeply. “The show's still slipping. You sort of want to say to Lorne and Jim, ‘Hey, guys, you're on the *Titanic*!’ ”

For someone so concerned with nurturing his power, Michaels casts himself as amazingly passive. “When the time is right for people to leave, they generally figure out that that's the time they want to leave,” he says, grabbing a handful of popcorn. “I think we'll probably have a smaller group next season. And I think it will become clear by the end of this season the direction that we're going in.”

Instead of making difficult decisions and narrowing the cast before the start of this season, Michaels added two recognizable faces—Garofalo and Chris Elliott, famous for his often hilarious, twisted cameos on David Letterman's NBC show—as well as the unknown Kightlinger, and has let the pack battle for scraps of airtime.

On such a rudderless ship, self-interest dominates. Franken, who last summer mounted a relentless and futile campaign to win the “Update” anchorship for himself, continually whines to Downey and Michaels about putting his twelve-step character, Stuart Smalley, on the show.

One Thursday in December, rehearsal is delayed as Sandler uses the studio to videotape a birthday song to Steven Spielberg. Sandler had mentioned Spielberg on the show the week before, in a very funny song; when Spielberg called to praise Sandler on the ditty, Sandler took the opportunity to ingratiate himself further and suggested the birthday greeting. Now several cast members are stewing as they wait for Sandler to clear the stage.

Later, Chris Elliott paces in his smoky dressing room. “You're going to hang around the show for two more weeks?” Elliott asks me. “How can you stand it?”

JANEANE GAROFALO WAVERED BEFORE JOINING *Saturday Night.* She'd heard all the horror stories, but her memories of the nights she'd spent laughing at the show won out. “There are people who have a blast here,” she says. “Dana Carvey, it looked like he had fun every second he was on the screen. Eddie Murphy, same thing.”

Garofalo was one of the few cast members to show up early for work, arriving in September to act in pretaped commercial parodies. She also made the mistake of being honest with interviewers when asked her opinions, telling the New York *Observer* she found *SNL* “unwatchable” last season and, in a Canadian newspaper, describing Sandler's characters as “childish.”

Neither was an especially earthshaking insight. But when Sandler arrived, he refused to speak to Garofalo, relenting several weeks later only to berate her. As the cast prepared for its first show of the season, hosted by Steve Martin, Garofalo made the mistake of objecting to a sketch as sexist. That brought down the wrath of Fred Wolf, who'd written the piece. Garofalo tripped over another unwritten *SNL* rule when she conscientiously attempted to memorize lines—so, unlike Farley, Sandler, and Spade, she could actually make eye contact with the other actors in a sketch. During one rehearsal, Garofalo hesitated while trying to recall a phrase and derailed another actor's cue. This enraged Al Franken.

“Al went shithouse,” says a witness. “ ‘Read the fucking cue cards!’ And afterward, he goes to Janeane and says, real condescending, ‘Um, Janeane, I *appreciate* that you want to memorize your lines. But do everyone a favor—just read the cue cards.’ Which is insane! He should be cheering her!”

Two months later, Garofalo chooses her words as if defusing a bomb; she can't say enough how sorry she is that she offended anyone. "That was one of the best things that ever happened to me, getting lambasted. I'd hurt people's feelings. Now it feels like I've got support. And I think they've got a lot of faith in me. I think."

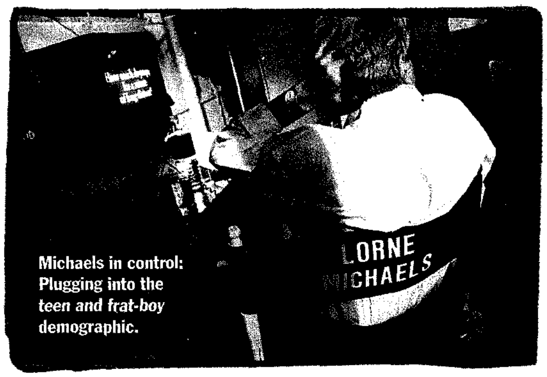
She blows out some cigarette smoke. Just talking about her first months at *SNL* seems to shake her. "It's affected my ego greatly. It's affected me in ways I never anticipated. A lot of it for the good, and a lot of it has made me gun-shy. Definitely gun-shy. It's always like you're kind of wondering, *Okay, who's mad at me today?*" She catches herself being blunt again. "I think the show is better, and I'm not just saying that 'cause I'm here. I truly do. But it doesn't mean I haven't cried—a lot—since I've been here."

It's impossible to work as hard as the cast and writers of *SNL* do and be completely objective, especially when the show is going poorly. But the insularity of the place creates a kind of echo chamber, where they all tell one another the show is funny, and soon they're beyond rationalization and long gone into denial. "I remember after the [November] John Turturro show," a friend of Garofalo's says, "she said, 'Hey, man, I think we got this one; this was a really good show!' I didn't say anything to her, but it wasn't a good show. And I remember thinking, *Oh, no, it's happening to her too! The pods have hatched!*"

Apparently the pods couldn't grab a secure hold on Garofalo. In December, newly re-demoralized, she tried going to Michaels with her complaints, and in the next show Garofalo appeared in half the sketches. But the parts quickly became scarce; when Bob Newhart hosted in February, Garofalo showed up just once in the first hour, in a weak *Baywatch* parody, wearing a bathing suit over fake boobs the size of nuclear warheads.

"There's no word for when you castrate a female," Rosie Shuster says. "But that's the feeling I get watching what's happening to Janeane."

Ask Melanie Hutsell, who was fired from *SNL* last spring after three troubled years, what kind of advice she'd give Garofalo, and she whistles. "That's a tough one. Any advice I would give, I already tried. Just don't let them take your soul away."


Michaels in control: Plugging into the teen and frat-boy demographic.

THE SHOW DOESN'T END WHEN *Saturday Night Live* leaves the air at 1 A.M. There's one more ritual to play out, one more twenty-year-old gesture. Cast and crew trundle off to a publicity-hungry, eager-to-be-cool restaurant—one week it's Planet Hollywood, the next it's Morton's, then Chaz & Wilson's—for a languid party. "They have the show," Chris Elliott cracks, "so they can have the party."

Tonight, after the David Hyde Pierce show, the low-intensity festivities are at Dolce. A fleet of limousines whisks everyone to the restaurant, only three blocks from Rockefeller Center.

The parties began, twenty years ago, with higher spirits and lower regimentation. "Most of us were living at the office in those days," Michaels says. "We naturally just ended up going out somewhere together." They quickly became the coolest, wildest, most important show-business parties in the city, especially when Belushi and Aykroyd bought a seedy joint near Canal Street that they named the Blues Bar—"no relation," Michaels says archly, "to the House of Blues. We would go to the party for the host and cast, and then we would end up at the Blues Bar—sometimes, more often than not, till the sun came up. But that was then and this is now."

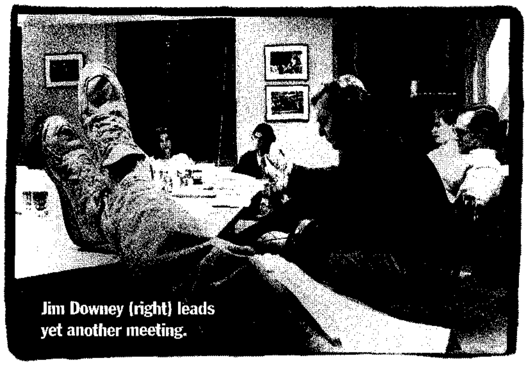
OT 22-YEAR-OLDS AND 50-YEAR-OLDS. YOU'VE GOT PEOPLE WHO ARE
Y . . . UH—SEE WHAT I MEAN? I WAS GONNA SAY JAY NORTH. JAY MOHR."

Inside Dolce, the mood is strangely stiff for a late-night bash full of comedians. Cast, writers, crew—everyone sticks to his or her table; there's almost no mingling. Kevin Nealon and his wife have brought a clutch of fellow PETA members and are chattering earnestly about "companion animals." Because the Dolce bar is still open to civilians, and the bar crowd is staring at the famous TV faces, the *Saturday Night* group feels like Party Village at a showbiz theme park. Unaffiliated celebrities don't drop in much anymore. Tonight's visitor is Patti Davis, ex-presidential daughter and -*Playboy* centerfold.

Seated apart from everyone else is Lorne Michaels. At these events he's always as remote as possible—invariably at the back of the room, preferably in a section of the restaurant raised above the rest of the place. A votive candle flickers light onto Michaels's face as he leans forward from the shadows, making him look mysterious.

Mostly, though, he looks lonely. Young staff members Marci Klein and Erin Maroney sit on either side of Michaels, their blonde heads tilted up toward him reverentially.

Across the room, Elliott, Hiscock, Garofalo and a college friend, and Mark McKinney are crammed into a banquette. Jim Downey, jocular, the pressure off for a minute, stops by on his way to the men's room. "Ah," he says with a smile, "the malcontents' table!"


Jim Downey (right) leads yet another meeting.

"Jim, you want a drink?" Elliott says.

"I can't keep up with you—you and your *vodka-and-tonics,*" Downey says, mocking Elliott in his renowned deadpan. "How many have you had?"

"It's my first!" Elliott says, feigning indignation. "I swear! These are my witnesses."

"One?" Downey says, comically overplaying his disbelief. " 'Cause it seems like you've had a fucking million!"

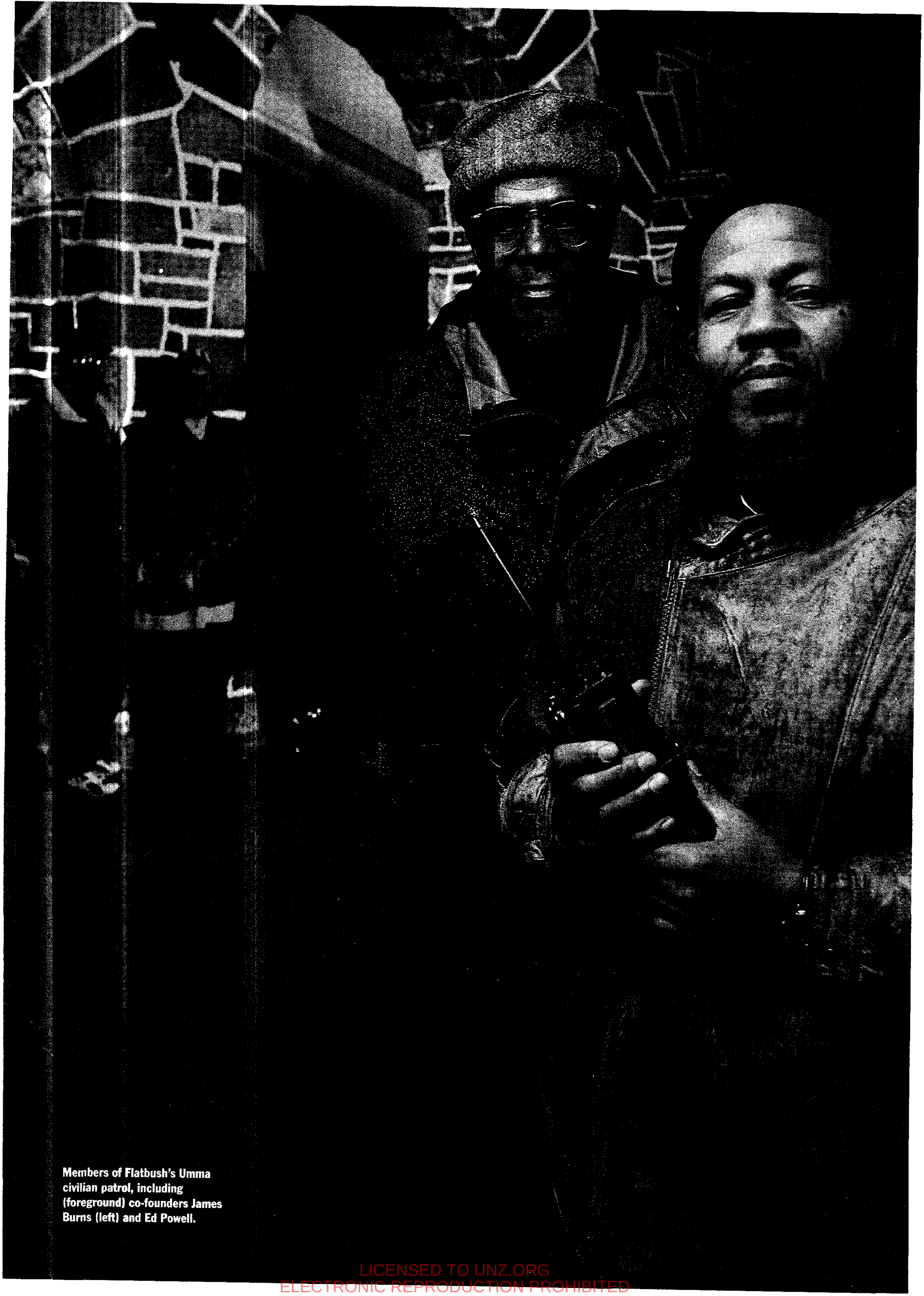
Everyone laughs, then Downey says, "Come over and say hi to my friends from Illinois. They'll say, 'What are you doing slumming with this show?' "

"*Suuuure,*" Elliott teases. "I'll come over, so your friends can go back to Illinois and say, 'Oh! I met Chris Elliott!' "

Elliott puts on a big act of giving in. "Awright, awright. Let me finish my drink, and I'll give your friends a little . . .," he says, making wildly insincere, goofily funny smiley faces.

Downey leaves. Garofalo is shaking with laughter. "That's why you say yes to doing this show, 'cause you think this could be the funnest thing—it *should* be the funnest thing in the world." She shrugs. "Doesn't always work out that way."

THE NEXT TIME GAROFALO GRINS SO BROADLY, SHE'S STANDING AT the very front of the *Saturday Night Live* stage. It's the end of the February 25 show, and it's the last one she'll do this season. In interviews, Garofalo says she's open to rejoining the cast in the fall. But as the credits roll, it's plain to see that Janeane Garofalo is waving good-bye as fast as she can. ▬



Members of Flatbush's Umma civilian patrol, including (foreground) co-founders James Burns (left) and Ed Powell.

LYDIA HOUSTON,* 41, IS NO ZEALOT. SHE LEADS AN ordinary middle-class Manhattan life: She spends her days as an aerobics instructor, her evenings at jazz concerts and Knicks games. And till a few months ago, most nights she was at her apartment window, shooting drug dealers.

By Jeff Blyskal

She got them with a Minolta 3Xi equipped with a 70-to-210-mm. Maxxum zoom lens. The photographs went into a dossier on the dealers who were invading her neighborhood; eventually, police from her local precinct would bust them. Houston's surveillance was so effective that she's been able to give it up. "We used to have twenty dealers on *one*

THUGBUSTERS

Mad as hell and not about to take it anymore, 36,000 citizen crime fighters in New York routinely thwart burglaries and assaults, turn prostitutes out of their neighborhoods, stop teen gangs from vandalizing, and close down drug dens. They are not vigilantes—the measures they use are legal and nonviolent. And this well-organized militia wants you.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JONATHAN LEVINE
FOR *NEW YORK*

Lisa Pete (left), Epic Security guard Manuel Suquilanda (right), and some of those contributing to J-H-12's patrol-car project gather in Abingdon Square.

After a killing on Jane Street, Lisa Pete turned fear into action. Within 30 days of their first meeting, her group of neighb had a security guard patrolling a three-block area in a radio car.

block," she says. "It was really, really unbelievable; they'd taken over. Now I rarely see one."

From Little Neck to the West Side, from Brooklyn to Riverdale, Lydia Houston and 36,000 other troopers in a virtually unpublicized citizens' militia are riding herd on prosecutors, judges, and parole boards to make sure they put crooks behind bars and keep them there as long as possible.

This is *true* community policing: These activists are strictly civilians, not part of the 4,282-member auxiliary police force. They are male and female; rich, middle-class, and poor; they are members of every ethnic, national, and religious group in New York. Why are they putting themselves on the line? Because they *must,* if they want a reasonable degree of security on their own blocks. Though the crime rate has dropped in the last two years—and one is tempted, speculatively, to attribute some of that diminution to the slow, incremental work of these citizens' groups—illegal activity is still ruining neighborhoods, overwhelming police, prosecutors, and the courts.

Queens district attorney Richard A. Brown has taken the lead in developing a sort of underground law-enforcement system in his borough that uses many tactics of the civilian-crime-fighters' movement. "Here in Queens in 1994, we handled 53,000 arrests. With numbers that high, we've got to focus on the murders, rapes, and violent crimes," he says. So, for quality-of-life crimes, "we're using nontraditional tools." That means his office is getting help from the many New Yorkers who are not afraid to get involved.

Statistics on the effectiveness of civilian patrols are hard to come by. But there is plenty of anecdotal evidence and a wealth of commonsense logic to support the claim that patrols work. "Based on my 32 years in the Police Department, I know that community involvement and civilian patrols do reduce crime," says Michael Markman, the NYPD's chief of personnel, who has run the Brooklyn South Patrol Borough, where the city's most sophisticated patrol, Umma ("community" in Arabic), has been on the alert for seventeen years. And Felice Kirby, a director of the Citizens Committee of New York City, a nonprofit organization that helps New Yorkers set up self-help groups (see box, page 47), points out that several studies by the National Institute of Justice have established a link between civilian patrols and a reduction in reported crimes.

Last winter brought spectacular confirmation of one Manhattan posse's effectiveness. The cops shut down a drug ring that had brought more than 400 pounds of heroin into the city each year. The official investigation was sparked by drug watchers from the West 47th/48th Streets Block Association in Hell's Kitchen.

Exactly how do civilians mobilize and get action? To find out, I got the street-smart advice of experts and activists in the trenches and gathered their tips into this primer for other New Yorkers who'd like to know how to get the thugs off *their* blocks.

**Names marked with an asterisk have been changed.*

Photograph by Saul Lieberman.

CIVILIAN CRIME PATROLS

It's 10 P.M. in Flatbush one night last winter. Ed Powell's GMC van quietly rolls up to St. Mark's United Methodist Church, where a burglar alarm is sounding and the front door is wide open. Powell, a crime-prevention consultant and head of the Umma patrol, radios in his location to base: "We're observing an alarm in a church at 2017 Beverly Road." Powell calmly gets out of his truck and walks over to three men in tuxedos—and discovers they'd triggered the alarm while setting up musical equipment for a wedding. "It's a code green," Powell reports.

That is as exciting as the civilian-patrol business gets on most nights.

A patroller's mission is to identify suspects and report by walkie-talkie back to volunteers at his base; they'll contact the police if it's necessary. Patrollers do not make citizen's arrests, and only in rare cases do patrollers physically intervene—when action would prevent immediate harm to a victim. "A few years ago, we stopped a rape in progress in Prospect Park," Powell says. "But you have to be careful. Once, when a guy was beating the life out of a lady on the street, we grabbed him and called police—and she turned on us."

Civilian patrollers have no police powers. Each precinct's community-affairs/crime-prevention office and the NYPD's eleven-year-old Community Policing Unit (CPU—essentially, local cops on the beat) provide a link between civilians and the police. Get the cops on your side, Umma suggests. Let the precinct's community-affairs office know that the patrol has goodwill toward the cops; ask for training. "When we got started, the police wouldn't respond to our calls. Now they respond in two to three minutes; they know we're there for fairness—for people in the community *and* for the police," says Umma cofounder James Burns.

Last fall, the blocks on Avenue K from Coney Island Avenue to East 17th Street were teeming with drug dealers, so an Avenue K landlord asked Umma to set up offices in his building. The group's reconnaissance work for the police triggered "very serious raids," Powell says. "A lot of people were arrested, a lot of drugs and weapons seized. This avenue used to be a shopping mart for drugs, and now it's relatively stable. And we now have regular patrols by the police." The hardest part, Powell says, is keeping a cleaned-up street free of dealers. So Umma is reaching out to residents of the rehabilitated blocks, looking for people who will do the kind of continual surveillance required to keep their street safe.

In 1977, when burglaries began getting out of hand in the Nottingham section of Midwood, Brooklyn, residents rounded up volunteers, walkie-talkies, and some cars to patrol the neighborhood. "A moving van would show up and a whole house would be wiped out," recalls science teacher Stephen Epstein (the neighbors call him the Sheriff of Nottingham). "But I can't remember when we had our last burglary."

Civilian crime fighting is effectual but low-key."A lot of patrol work is boring, because you tend to *prevent* things from happening rather than chase and apprehend suspects," Powell says. For instance, the summer before last, kids began congregating at night in Flatbush's Hudde Park, and area residents learned that drugs and guns were being brought into the playground. To head off major problems, Umma trained a local civilian patrol and got permission from the school and the police to padlock the park at ten every night. "A year and a half later," says Powell, "it's still safe."

The core group of neighbors who hold a civilian patrol together will likely spend at least four hours a day on the mission, while other volunteers might put in only an hour or less per day. Umma operates among the most interventionist of patrols, because it has earned the respect of the community, the police, and even some of the local toughs. That means Umma can solve a lot of quality-of-life crimes with talk rather than formal police action. James Burns, a six-foot-six, 235-pound immovable object, explains, "When I encounter a rowdy group of teens, I let them know how I feel about their activities and ask them to stop." (He is as impeccably polite as Mister Rogers.) "They know that if they continue after I leave, the police will be there next. We're not squealers, and we don't run to the police *every* time. Our ability to call the police is a club we can use, but we don't have to use it. So they listen to us."

But Burns and other Umma patrollers do much more than walk softly with a big stick. They are important parental figures who invest the time needed to get kids involved in wholesome child's play. "We set up a touch-football or basketball league to bring us all together on the same side, focusing on something positive," Powell explains.

"If there are no productive activities for young people to channel their energy into and no parental oversight, these kids are going to be attracted by bad elements," says the Citizens Committee's Kirby. "Disorderly behavior is a warning sign that the community must address the underlying causes of restless teens. Hassling them won't solve the basic problem." (But setting up a youth program might; see box.)

"We encourage property owners to donate basement space for youth programs—tutoring, recreation, peer counseling, leadership programs," says Burns. Umma's youth group gets kids involved in academics, military training, and sports. There are also field trips to museums and upstate New York. And a subgroup called Umma—The Next Generation brings teenagers into the patrol in order to show them the ropes.

PRIVATE SECURITY GUARDS

Two male lovers are in a fierce argument on Jane Street. Suddenly, a frightened parking-garage attendant appears with a shovel, hoping to scare them off. Before the dispute escalates further, a guard from Epic Security Corporation hired by the residents of Jane, Horatio, and West 12th Streets arrives to restore the peace. Nightstick at the ready, he orders the man with the shovel back inside, then sorts out the boyfriends' dispute.

Private security guards can be an effective alternative to a civilian patrol. A quality guard in a radio-patrol vehicle can be hired for as little as $25,000 a year, if he works only at peak-crime periods (say, 7 P.M. to 3 A.M. Thursday through Sunday).

Statistics kept by three midtown business-improvement districts (BIDS) in Manhattan show that the 110 private security guards they've hired have cut deeply into criminal activity. The guards have help, though—a cleanup crew of 120 that wipes out graffiti, picks up trash, fixes lights. "Shoppers pick up subtle visual clues that this is a safer place that attracts customers and keeps crooks away," says Dan Biederman, president of the three BIDS.

What's at work here is more than some kind of superficial Potemkinism. "When a citizen sees prostitutes, graffiti, rough-tailing panhandlers, and poorly maintained buildings, he concludes that things are out of control and he forgoes use of that street," explains Tom Reppetto, the Citizens Crime Commission's longtime president. "Where the level of public order is low, you have a higher level of serious crime, because the critical mass of law-abiding citizens declines and the critical mass of criminals rises." This is the not unreasonable rationale behind Mayor Giuliani's crackdown on quality-of-life crimes.

In the wake of the killing of John Reisenbach at a pay phone on Jane Street in 1990, chiropractor Lisa Pete supplied the leadership Villagers needed to turn fear into action in one three-block area. "We'd tried to organize to get a guard before, but there was an incredible lack of consensus," says Ken Sofer, co-owner of Benny's Burritos on Greenwich Avenue. "Lisa called a meeting, and everybody had different ideas. But she got them focused on one goal."

"I had read the *New York* article 'Nightmare on Jane Street' [September 17, 1990], and the reality that that was only five blocks away hit home," Pete says. She understood that excessive democracy (particularly in the Village) can paralyze or enervate any citizens' group. She didn't let that happen. At the first meeting, held in the lobby of an apartment building, she corralled only those among the 50 attendees who wanted to get a guard on the street right then. This culling gave Pete a galva-

Marjorie Cohen, of the Westside Crime Prevention Program.

Cops often seize a drug stash but don't arrest the dealer—which puts him into the drug-world "justice system," where there are no plea bargains.

nized, determined core group that was immediately put to work. Walking door to door, she counted 1,600 potential contributing households on Jane, Horatio, and West 12th Streets and drew a detailed map of the patrol route for presentations. Sofer researched security firms and marshaled support from business owners in the neighborhood, who agreed to recruit other businesses. "The businesspeople know and trust each other," Pete says. Attorney Michael Hourihan volunteered free legal services and did the paperwork to create the J-H-12 Neighbors Association, a nonprofit, tax-exempt group that could open a bank account.

In February 1991—30 days after she called her first meeting—a security guard in a radio vehicle was on duty, patrolling the streets five to six nights a week. Residents say the patrol has indeed improved security. "When a guy broke into a car right outside the lobby here," says the doorman at an apartment building on Jane Street, "the guard caught him two blocks away."

Be prepared to pay $15 to $17 per hour for a better-quality security-guard service, and ask what percentage of the hourly fee goes to the guard on the street; low-paid guards have less experience and training. Get references and talk to the guard. Under a new state law, all security guards must be registered with the state, go through a state background check, and have graduated from a state-run training program. Pay by the hour, and adjust the number of hours to your stream of contributions. Though lawsuits are rare, hire a firm that covers your association on its liability insurance.

West Village households are asked to pay J-H-12 $10 a month. Businesses pay more. The security service provides the manpower and equipment. J-H-12 Neighbors spends about $40,000 a year for the patrol, postage, and supplies. Pete doesn't wait for contributions to come in on their own; she sends out a monthly bill to members. The membership list is computerized and printed on peel-and-stick address labels, so invoices and return envelopes are easily put together for mailing each month. Neighborhood post offices can provide a listing of the carrier routes on your patrol's beat; with these you can buy from a variety of vendors the names and addresses of potential members.

Now that the group is in its fifth year, volunteer zeal has diminished; Pete and Hourihan do all the work. Though 50 percent of residents and 90 percent of businesses consistently contribute, wheedling money out of freeloaders is a constant annoyance. But this tedious maintenance work keeps a patrol alive.

THE MOST DRAMATIC VICTORIES IN civilian crime fighting have been scored by residents organized to report drug dealing. Their successes are all the more impressive because the media have built up drug merchants as criminals who brook no defiance. But in fact, drug watchers aren't expected to confront dealers or users.

"I've always been afraid to call the police, for fear the complaint will be traced to me," says one woman on the Upper West Side. "I feel more comfortable glaring at drug [dealers] on the street and saying, 'Get the fuck off my block.' "

"She's putting herself in danger," says Jay Kosack, the retired head of the street-narcotics-enforcement unit for the 24th Precinct in Manhattan. "The victims of reprisals you read about are individuals acting alone and constantly confronting dealers." Three precautions should keep you safe: Work as a group; try to stay anonymous; and avoid confrontations.

The techniques that will disrupt the street-scale drug trade are surprisingly simple, and I had no trouble finding success stories all over town. First, citizens learn the particulars of drug merchandising—almost everywhere, a steerer approaches passersby and directs prospective buyers to the dealer. "You may see no drugs or cash," says Kosack, "but both parties will look down at their hands, inspecting drugs, counting money. Then buyer and dealer hurry away in opposite directions."

The dealer will return shortly and get more drugs from the holder, who keeps the drugs hidden in a stash location—maybe on top of the wheel of a parked car, or in a paper bag in a garbage can.

The simplest disruption technique involves identifying the stash location and giving the information (about any kind of illegal drug) anonymously to the NYPD's Crack Hotline—374-5725. But the police response can be frustratingly uneven; it can take two minutes, or (as it did once for Lydia Houston) it can take an hour and a half. Once the stash location is known, the cops move in and simply seize the drugs. An arrest is not necessary, and it isn't made.

Photograph by Saul Lieberman.

This keeps the drug salesman out of the criminal-justice system, where he is relatively safe from serious punishment, and puts him into the much more dangerous drug suppliers' "justice system," where there are no plea bargains. "If the dealer gets arrested, he needn't pay for the lost drugs," says Kosack. "But if he loses them, he has to make good on the money."

"That hurts more than going to jail, because it causes internal conflicts between the people selling drugs," says Jose Torres*, whose drug-watch program created a lot of conflict among Manhattan dealers by getting the cops to seize more than 500 stashes over an eight-month period—an amazing average of two a day, every day. "There have been ten major internal confrontations among dealers in my building that resulted in people in the drug trade getting shot or killed. They're doing the work that the police are not allowed to do. It's a shame, but that's the only way you can get these people; the criminal-justice system does not work for us."

A second way to disrupt the business is with arrests that meet the gymnastic requirements of modern police procedure. "A lot of people are frustrated that the police don't just move in and make arrests at known drug locations," says Mark Rose, co-president of the West 47th/48th Streets Block Association. "But the public doesn't have a clear understanding of how the police have to operate."

The courts have ruled that cops can't stop and search a person for the hell of it, or even because the officer suspects the person has drugs. "Under department rules, an officer can't initiate his own drug investigation," says Kosack. "That's to avoid creating a corruption-prone situation. The only time an officer can take police action is if he has 'reasonable suspicion,' by personally observing illegal activity, or if you make an anonymous phone tip." (If a cop frisks someone for a weapon and feels ten crack vials, the New York courts say he can't remove them.) That tip must include a good head-to-toe description of the suspect, so that the police can pick the guy out of the crowd and have grounds for a stop-and-search.

A community group can prevent the dealer's quick return to the street after an arrest by writing a letter to the assistant district attorney explaining that the dealer is a serious problem in the community and that residents want *this* case—among thousands—to get special prosecutorial attention. Believe it or not, this get results. The A.D.A. then uses the letter to get stiffer sentences from judges, who miraculously get tough when under public scrutiny.

The more comprehensive the approach residents take to rid the neighborhood of drugs, the greater the reduction in crime. The West 92nd Street 200 Block Association augmented its drug watch by asking landlords to improve outdoor lighting on their buildings and put up gates on courtyards where people were smoking crack. A banner was hung across the street warning dealers and buyers that residents were watching. "Dealers aren't necessarily threatened by that, but the middle-class buyers coming in from the suburbs won't buy under a drug-watch banner," says Marjorie Cohen of the Westside Crime Prevention Program, a nonprofit community group that helps train West Side residents. Residents got NYNEX to eliminate incoming phone service to local pay phones. (As a final step, pay phones can be converted from Touch-Tone to rotary, preventing dealers from paging a runner's or customer's beeper.)

CIVIL ACTION

TWO OR THREE TIMES IN THE summer of 1992, when Lorraine Sitler,* a Wall Street banker, got off the subway from Manhattan and walked to her home in the Fort Greene–Clinton Hill section of Brooklyn, the cops had closed Fulton Street between St. James and Washington Streets because of shootings. Sitler also noticed a big increase in the number of crack vials in her neighborhood. She was picking up the cues seeping out of 1000 Fulton Street, a twenty-year-old central drug location selling crack cocaine.

The Citizens Committee developed the legal strategy for Safe Fulton, an association formed by Sitler and her neighbors. Two years ago, Safe Fulton met with the police, the city Housing Preservation and Development's Narcotics Control Unit, and the Brooklyn D.A.

In March 1993, an NYPD Tactical Narcotics Team and cops from the 88th Precinct swept into the building and arrested eleven people. Although drug activity resumed in April, the TNT arrests helped Safe Fulton concentrate its efforts on that building. Eventually, the group filed a civil lawsuit to close it down. First, Safe Fulton did a title search to find the owner, and the D.A. filed suit on the group's behalf in Kings County Housing Court. The case was heard and settled in October 1993. Among many stipulations in the settlement ordered by the judge, the landlord's attorney agreed to seal the building for six months, evict all occupants, and allow police to make regular patrols inside. In April 1994, the community, nervous because the six months was nearly up, insisted that law enforcement examine

Crimestoppers' Textbook

RUNNING DRUG DEALERS AND OTHER CRIMINALS OFF YOUR BLOCK IS THE SEXY side of civilian crime fighting. But you can't have the thrill of victory till you've put in the agony of organizing and maintaining a group that will have clout with the police, politicians, and government agencies.

Before you organize, check with your local police precinct, council member's office, or plugged-in neighbors to see whether an existing group already has a crime-fighting operation. The steering committee you form should develop a simple agenda and have someone comfortable with public speaking lead the meeting and keep it from dissolving into a gripe session. Seize the few fervent followers who will step forward at the meeting and put them to work; be ready with specific task assignments. Realists know that after the first meeting, only a handful of dedicated members will do the heavy lifting. So tap the less-committed for membership dues, petition signatures, and so on.

The group's success depends on the leaders' commitment of time, energy, and optimism. It's lots of work, and the group never maintains itself without constant refueling and, sometimes, hectoring from the leaders.

These organizations can give specific help, all without charge:

Westside Crime Prevention Program (WCPP), a nonprofit community group that helps organize and train West Siders from 59th to 110th Street (call 866-8603). It offers drug-watch, safe-haven, and conflict-resolution training programs, mentoring for at-risk youth, positive-parenting workshops, and forums on crime prevention. WCPP is willing to serve as a general problem solver for West Side individuals and community groups with law-enforcement concerns.

Citizens Committee for New York City. To get help organizing a neighborhood group, call the committee at 989-0909. There are fund-raising and leadership workshops, self-help manuals, and tip sheets, and the committee will even help groups apply for one of its small cash grants. Its Youth Unlimited program holds events for young people ("Take Back the Park"—from dealers—for instance) and offers technical-training assistance to groups interested in establishing youth programs. The Neighborhood Anti-Crime program will help set up citizen patrols. And the Neighborhood Resources program specializes in helping groups beautify the streets where members live.

Umma. If you'd like the help of the most sophisticated crime patrol in the city, call Umma, in Flatbush (718-253-4311). Its members help groups organize patrols. Help varies from martial-arts training to calling an organizational meeting in a building where drugs are being dealt. Umma is assisting civilian activists from the five boroughs to Hartford.

Working together in the South East Queens Community Partnership: Police; an assistant D.A.; civic-group representatives; Queens D.A. Richard Brown (right); and partnership leaders, including executive director Everett Hopkins (behind Brown).

Groups in Queens have created "customized law enforcement," in which disparate government agencies—*miracle!*—work together effectively.

the building to make sure the owner had complied with the stipulations. Because of community pressure, the stipulations were carried out, and drug activity in the building has been shut down.

Sitler was using a potent set of weapons—civil and agency actions to evict dealers and padlock buildings infested with drugs. These actions often strike more fear into the hearts of dealers than do criminal-justice actions. "I've seen kids who would do four to twelve years in prison standing on their head break down in tears in housing court when they see that their family will be evicted from their apartment because the kid was dealing crack in the lobby," says D.A. Richard Brown.

Sitler discovered civil remedies on her own, but now these legal tactics are at the disposal of anyone who reads *A Civil War: A Community Legal Guide to Fighting Street Drug Markets,* a 310-page book produced by a white-shoe Manhattan law firm, Cadwalader, Wickersham & Taft. (To get a free copy, call 504-6000.)

"There are many people you can go after legally when you have a drug-dealing problem in your neighborhood, but the dealer himself is sometimes the most difficult one to pursue," says Timothy G. Rogers, a partner at the Cadwalader firm. So a citizens' group can sue the landlord whose building houses dealers, using the public-nuisance or bawdy-house laws.

If a commercial-building owner is allowing drug dealing on its premises, citizens can initiate an Article 78 proceeding against the Department of Consumer Affairs, the Department of Health, the State Liquor Authority, or even the New York State Division of the Lottery, compelling them to revoke that business's licenses and permits. The community can also pressure law-enforcement agencies to use federal and state forfeiture laws to seize properties used in the drug trade (a dealer's BMW, for instance). And, of course, eviction proceedings and the bawdy-house law can be used to toss a dealer out of his apartment and onto the street. Details of how to proceed with each action, written in non-lawyerly language, are in the Cadwalader book.

Before taking action, residents should try to get the cooperation of the landlord. If he chooses not to cooperate, notifying him by certified mail about the problem creates a paper trail that will remove his "I didn't know what was going on" defense later, in court.

CRIME BUSTING IN QUEENS

TWO YEARS AGO, WHEN A PRIEST in Queens told drug dealers on the street in front of his church to move, they threatened to burn the church down. The priest went to the district attorney's office — and it swung into action. Surveillance by the Queens Narcotics Division found that the dealers lived in a dilapidated house whose owner was apparently mentally infirm. An undercover buy-and-bust action legally tied drugs to the premises.

Then a search warrant was issued. Drugs were found inside the house. Representatives of the state Mental Health Department examined the owner, determined that she needed psychiatric treatment, and helped get a civil court to appoint an administrator. The administrator allowed the city Sanitation Department to clean up the house and directed that it be sold to pay for the owner's care. A developer bought the house and renovated it. In the end, a drug location was knocked out and crime and fear on the block were reduced.

What's wrong—that is to say, right—with this picture? Several city and state agencies rapidly and efficiently coordinated efforts to give taxpayers palpable results. Their cooperation was set in motion by the Law Enforcement Agency Task Force in the Queens D.A.'s office—created and financed by the South East Queens Community Partnership, a coalition of civic and community organizations whose main focus is preventing drug abuse.

According to the partnership, the police were responding in a scattershot manner to drug-related killings and quality-of-life problems in the mostly middle-income neighborhoods of Springfield Gardens, Laurelton, and Queens Village. "The partnership wanted to create a presence to make the streets safe for our people—especially for our children," says the group's executive director, Everett Hopkins.

The partnership operates eleven civilian patrols, an extensive drug-watch program, and a program for kids at high risk. But its most innovative idea is the Law Enforcement Agency Task Force.

Each month, the partnership meets with task-force members from the D.A.'s office, the FBI, the state Division of Parole, the Queens Narcotics Division, and the community board; state and local police; State Liquor Authority; and other agencies that have overlapping jurisdictions but rarely work together effectively. Local residents alert the task force to the latest problem spots; the agencies develop a united response—using methods that cut across traditional law-enforcement lines. Cynics who expect inaction and excuses will be amazed at how this task force operates.

For instance, it compiles a list of bodegas in which there have been drug arrests, and the community boycotts the stores (it has forced some of them out of business). It tracks down bodega landlords and advises them to evict drug-dealing tenants, with help from the task force, to forestall forfeiture action against the property. (In the last year and a half, 17 out of 24 landlords have initiated eviction proceedings.)

And the state division of parole warns parolees that it would be a violation of their parole for them to be seen in certain known drug locations. Community police with photos of the parolees monitor the locations and report violations.

"This is customized law enforcement," says Queens assistant D.A. Kenneth Holder II. "People in southeast Queens initiated it. It's up to the individual communities to put this together if they want it in their area." And the partnership will help groups that want to do so (call 718-776-9500).

NOT ALL CRIME PROBLEMS REQUIRE DIRECT citizens' action against the criminal; sometimes the police simply need to be pressured into doing their jobs. Complaints by fed-up residents in the Village, for instance, prompted the cops to start seizing the cars of kids cruising with their radios blaring. And in the Hunts Point section of the Bronx, residents have gotten the cops to seize the cars of johns patronizing prostitutes. Sometimes the police simply need to be pushed. And New Yorkers, as everyone knows, are world-class complainers.

Perhaps the greatest benefit of joining the civilian war on crime is this: It returns your city to you. "Before I started doing this, I was a lot more scared than I am now," says Sitler, who helped eliminate that drug den on Fulton Street. "But now I know my neighbors; I feel more optimistic, because our group is having an effect. And I like my neighborhood again." ■

Photograph by Jonathan Levine.

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Perception

Rolling Stone's Jann Wenner has always lived the baby-boomer dream—making his own appetites, bohemian and otherwise, the source of his success. Where have his yearnings led him now?

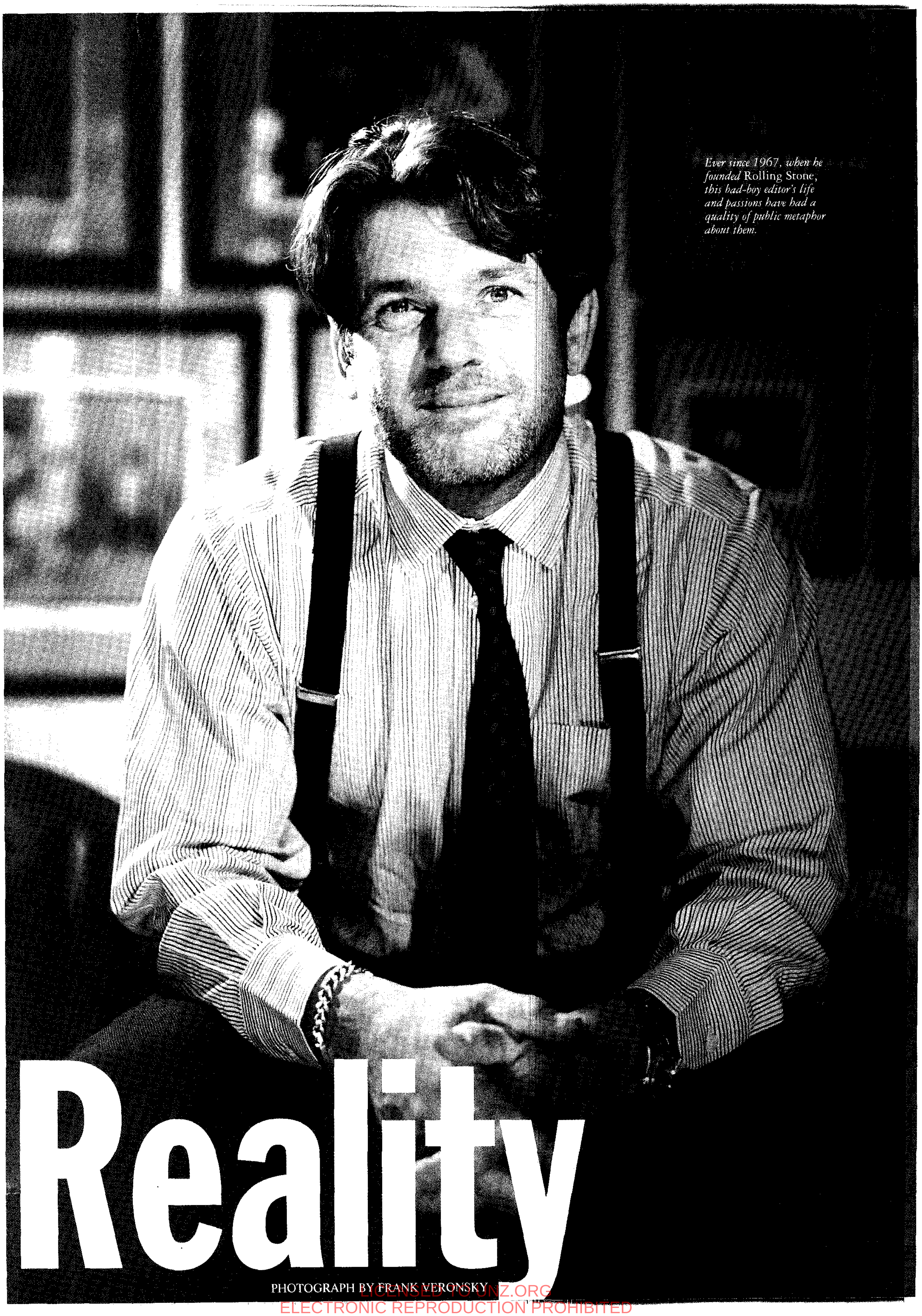
By Jeanie Russell Kasindorf

T WAS A SUNDAY AFTERNOON EARLIER THIS WINTER WHEN Jann Wenner and Matt Nye strolled into the uptown Barneys, down the gray-marbled-tile steps, and across the pale wood floors to a table at mad.61. They ordered lunch and sat and talked amid the starched tablecloths and the oversize buckskin-colored chairs and the black-and-white photographs of the likes of Christy Turlington and Linda Evangelista and Naomi Campbell.

They lingered; from time to time, Nye, a young blond Calvin Klein men's-wear designer, reached across the table to touch Wenner's hand or stroke his arm. When they were finished, the magazine mogul and his escort made their way across the room and up the escalator, pausing briefly at the cosmetics counter. There, a couple who had also just finished lunch and followed the two out of the restaurant overheard what Wenner had to say as he turned to Nye: "We'll probably be in Page Six tomorrow."

When it comes to predicting his own publicity, Jann Wenner is almost always right. And indeed, two days later, January 23, there it was: New York *Post* columnist Richard Johnson's item with both of them in it. Except they weren't exactly together. It was one of those classic coy snippets of gossip, bursting with things unsaid. Accompanied by a photo of Nye, it pronounced him "the man of the moment"—"Remember the name," it advised, because its bearer's friendships "with famous folk like Ross Bleckner, David Geffen and Jann Wenner" would make him famous.

The *Post* item was an early salvo in what was shap-



Ever since 1967, when he founded Rolling Stone, *this bad-boy editor's life and passions have had a quality of public metaphor about them.*

Reality

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRANK VERONSKY

Jann Wenner had always been secure in the knowle

worlds he inhabits. And somehow, this time, it has. Jann Wenner has changed ing up to be a shooting party—the media hunt for the sexual truths about a media *monstre sacré, Rolling Stone* founder-editor-publisher and baby-boomer incarnate Jann Wenner. The entire episode took slightly more than a month to unfold; it had actually begun a few days earlier and ended 31 days later, on February 23, when the *Post,* with what felt like a sigh of relief, finally outed the guy. Of course, in classic *Post* fashion, it did so sideways, by reporting that Wenner had been outed in a mainstream British publication.

at no matter what he did, it would become socially acceptable in the

es again.

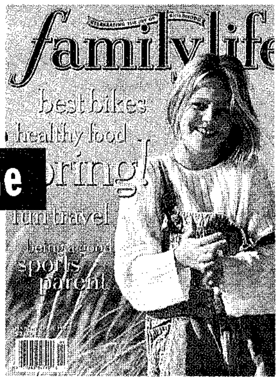
From Johnson's man-of-the-moment insinuation up until the actual revelation, the story—in the *Post,* in the *Daily News,* in New York *Newsday*–was characterized by the same weird, awkward, disingenuous obliqueness. There was one article in the non-trade, non-tabloid press—*Newsweek's,* on newsstands January 30—but it tiptoed around the story by treating it as business news: what it might mean for Wenner's company that he had separated from his wife. The piece made no mention of homosexuality, though it did allude to the *Post's* spotting Wenner with "a Calvin Klein executive." Not until last Friday, when the *Wall Street Journal* ran a comprehensive, analytic page-one feature by staff reporter Patrick Reilly, did any serious mainstream publication own up to Wenner's now-public gayness. By contrast, in the glitzy hothouse spots where New York's richest and most stylishly self-conscious converge in a dizzy *fin de siècle* scene all their own—from The Four Seasons to "44" to the Bowery Bar to private dinner parties—the conversations had been eagerly frank from the beginning. Even those with the good taste to express sorrow over the breakup of Wenner's 26-year-long marriage still seized on every detail. "I feel badly for both [Jann and Jane, his wife]," said one former *Rolling Stone* editor. "Yet I'm as anxious as the next person to find out what's going on." It was, simply, the talk of the town.

Here's what happened: Sometime during the first week of the year, shortly before his 49th birthday, Jann Wenner, whose $200 million magazine company, Wenner Media, publishes the monthlies *Men's Journal, Family Life,* and *US* as well as *Rolling Stone,* moved out of the five-story townhouse he shared with his wife and three sons and checked into a $500-a-night suite in the Mark Hotel with the 28-year-old former male model. The hotel is famous for keeping the press away from its celebrity guests, but it nonetheless took phone messages for both Wenner and Nye. Shortly thereafter, a Wenner Media spokesperson officially announced Jann and Jane Wenner's trial separation. On January 23, Nye and Wenner made another public appearance, this time at Nobu in TriBeCa, one of the trendiest fishbowl restaurants in town (Robert De Niro is a part owner) and sat alone at a table together. "Why," Jane sighed to a longtime friend in January, "after 30 years does he decide to go insane *now*?" It was a suitably dramatic denouement to a marriage that—with its ups and downs, its drugs, its alcohol, its unabashed seeking after celebrity, its merging of the personal and the professional, its flamboyant separations, its contrite reunions, and his openly talked about but never-before-reported omnisexuality—somehow managed to embody hyperbolically a quarter-century of well-to-do American family history.

But what made Wenner the object of such avid speculation, when there are so many other celebrities everybody knows—but never says—are gay? The answer, for the media elite and for his generation, is the historical importance of being Jann. (In the magazine world, of course, there's also the fact that this famous discoverer of talent has also been almost everyone's boss at one point or another.) Wenner, the bad-boy editor whose life had always been about pushing personal boundaries and being Mr. *Zeitgeist,* was pushing yet another limit, mirroring yet another moment in the evolution of our mores and style. Ever since the summer of 1967, when Wenner, a 21-year-old, acid-dropping, ferociously ambitious Berkeley dropout, co-founded *Rolling Stone* with music critic Ralph J. Gleason, his life and passions have had a quality of public metaphor to them.

There were those who saw this new phase as a ploy for attention. But those who know him best grasp that, hey, that's the way he is—never one to suppress his id or taste for fun, or at least not very well. He just happens to be extremely good at making a fortune off them. Robert Draper, author of Rolling Stone *Magazine: The Uncensored History,* sees the whole incident this way: "There is all this speculation about why he's doing this, what his motivation is, if it's all a stunt. But I think maybe this is what Jann says it is—Jann is really in love."

Perhaps the most remarkable aspect of the recent Jann Wenner story is what it says about outing celebrities—how the practice has devolved from a principled if somewhat dubious political stance espoused by ACT UP and a few raggedy gay magazines to a more confused and more mainstream journalistic issue. "Jann's outing was a foregone conclusion," says one daily gossip columnist. "There was never any question of *if* it would happen; the only question was when." In daring the world to write about him, by pursuing his affair so publicly—even as he telephoned various media acquaintances (including the editor of this magazine), seeking to keep his homosexual romance out of print—Wenner may have thought he was protected by an unstated policy deeming celebrity gayness the last taboo subject. But he was done in by the press's increasing impatience with the have-it-both-ways hypocrisy of it all. Not that Wenner had ever previously attempted to *hide* his extramarital fun. He had always seemed secure in the knowledge that no matter what he did, it would become socially acceptable in the worlds he inhabits. And somehow, despite his unprecedented efforts to micromanage the consequences of his actions, it has. Except insofar as his long-suffering wife owns part of the company, the business will surely not suffer from this new, unorthodox twist in his life. Advertisers are not and will not be abandoning his magazines en masse—even if, as the editor-in-chief of the media trade magazine *Folio,* Anne M. Russell, says, the looming divorce "makes advertisers and employees nervous." He will not be a pariah. Somehow Jann has changed the rules again.

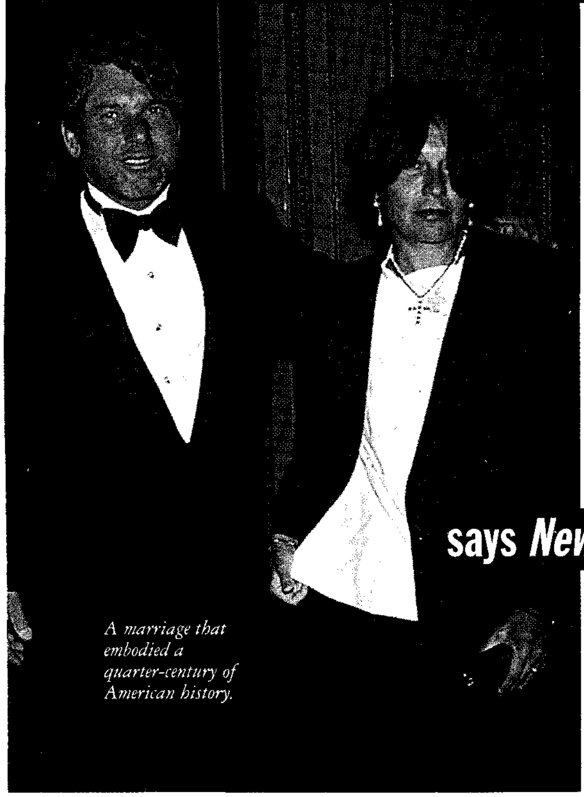


JANN WENNER WAS AN OUT-OF-WORK editor who, succumbing to the perverse logic of his era and his environs—San Francisco in the mid-sixties—considered the idea of being a mailman kind of cool (and actually briefly became one) but gave up the nobility of civil service to start a rock-and-roll magazine. He rented space in a storage loft in a down-at-the-heels neighborhood in San Francisco; he possessed $1,000 and raised about $6,500 more. Nearly a third of that amount came from the parents of Jane Schindelheim, his girlfriend, a dentist's daughter who had been raised in Manhattan and come to San Francisco to chase the chimera of the sixties. They had just met. He was 21. She was 19. She was working at lefty muckraker Warren Hinckle's *Ramparts* magazine, opening all the mail pouring in with checks for the Eldridge Cleaver Defense Fund. Wenner had been the entertainment editor of *Ramparts's* weekly edition, replacing his former mentor, Gleason, who had quit in disgust at hard-core politico Hinckle's failure to embrace psychedelia. She was a beautiful, slight girl with dark hair and exotic high cheekbones. He was a short, cute, pudgy, twitchy rock fan who had also been born in New York City,

nn Wenner and friends, ckwise from upper left: ith Jane Wenner, 1985; ith Keith Richards, 992; Ross Bleckner and att Nye, 1993; Wenner ith Jacqueline Onassis, 977; Barry Diller; enner with David effen, 1994; in 1972; ith Yoko Ono, 1992; ith Hunter Thompson d Jane, 1992. Center t: Richard Gere. Center ght: Wenner, actress bristine Elise, and Jason riestley, 1992.

Photographs: left to right, top to bottom, Adam Scull/Globe Photos; Kevin Winter/DMI; Patrick McMullan; UPI/Bettmann; Doug Goodman/*Advertising Age*; Andrea Renault/Globe Photos; AP/Wide World Photos; Lisa Rose/Globe Photos; Albert Ferreira/DMI; UPI/Bettmann; Marina Garnier.

then raised in Marin County, the son of a well-to-do businessman who owned a baby-formula company, and a mother with her own highly refined sensitivity to her times. When Jann's parents were divorced and he was shipped off to Chadwick, a private school south of Los Angeles, his mother became a 39-year-old hippie. "I wanted some action," she told Robert Sam Anson in his book on Wenner, *Gone Crazy and Back Again: The Rise and Fall of the* Rolling Stone *Generation.* She became a follower of a Berkeley used-car salesman turned sexual guru who ran an experimental community whose members said they could sustain orgasms for three hours at a time and significantly increase penis size. "When I first met his mother," one former *Rolling Stone* writer remembers, "he introduced her as his sister. It was his dig at her."



A marriage that embodied a quarter-century of American history.

Geffen, Bleckner, and now Wenner: "It's the newest gay euphemism," says *New Republic* editor Andrew Sullivan. "You're supposed to l

Jann Wenner has a puckish face that belies a heart-stopping mean streak. "He desperately wanted to be liked," his high-school girlfriend told Draper. "He just had no idea how to go about it." He is vain, abusive, inspiring, immature, menacing, vindictive, brilliant, impossible. At *Rolling Stone,* he soon became both the best and worst of bosses, flattering writers one minute, snubbing them the next. "Jann has a genius for finding somebody's Achilles' heel and sticking an ice pick in it," says one writer whom Wenner never forgave for leaving *Rolling Stone.* "That's why people are so obsessed with him."

Jane worked in *Rolling Stone's* circulation department during the early months of the magazine. After their marriage, she never worked in the office again—she seemed preternaturally shy and tended to stay home or shop. But she remained a major presence. "She was very insightful about people, very bright," says one *Rolling Stone* veteran. "She contributed a lot of ideas that people have never been aware of. She became really good friends with Annie Leibovitz and came up with a lot of the conceptual ideas for Annie's shoots. But you just wished she had worked at something. I would always say Janie is proof that the mind needs to be occupied."

Both Jane and Jann Wenner indulged in the excesses of the era, including a penchant for flirting. "When someone was hired, Jane would come in and check them out herself," one writer remembers. "She'd flirt with you and engage you." Jann would come on to women and men alike. "There was a broad-based understanding around the office that Jann was gay," says a *Rolling Stone* staff member from those early days. During a sales conference at an elegant resort in the late eighties, according to both a male staff member and one of his immediate superiors, Wenner called the employee at three in the morning and asked him to come over to Wenner's room. He didn't. [Asked about this incident, a Wenner Media spokeswoman replied, "It is ridiculous to have to deny, but we are unequivocally denying this gossip. It is a sad day in journalism when *New York* Magazine would ever consider publishing such malicious innuendo."] Jann and Jane Wenner had been together about five years when they separated for the first time. Jane got involved with Sandy Bull, a handsome Chase Manhattan heir who was a great guitarist and a heroin addict. At one point, all three lived under the same roof in the Wenners' house in San Francisco and even traveled together to the Woodstock-wannabe Isle of Wight Festival. She moved out of their house and lived for a while in Bull's flat on Portrero Hill. One writer, who wanted to rent the apartment after Sandy and Jane moved out, visited the flat and found Bull's empty hypodermic needles.

"Jann went around crying and crying about the separation," another *Rolling Stone* writer of the period says. Wenner even went to the magazine's art director and said he wanted to put Jane's picture on the cover with the cover line JANIE, COME BACK. The art director said, "Jann, that's not the way to get her back."

After Jane moved back home, Jann told friends they would never separate again because it would threaten *Rolling Stone.* "He was very open about telling people that they would never break up again because if they divorced, they'd have to divide their assets in the magazine," one early *Rolling Stone* writer says. "He would say, 'We'll always hang together, because if we split up, it would diminish everything.' "

JANN WENNER WAS ALWAYS a shrewd, tough businessman. Once the magazine began to flourish, Wenner moved to ensure that he and Jane would have total control of the company. By 1986, a series of tender offers had brought the couple's amount of stock up to more than 90 percent. Once they reached that magic number, they were able to invoke a Delaware state law (the company was incorporated in Delaware) that enables a stockholder with more than 90 percent of the shares of a company to petition the court to force the minority stockholders to sell the rest of the shares to him. That October, Jann and Jane Wenner and their children (whose shares are kept in trust) became sole stockholders of Straight Arrow Publishing.

IN THE MID-SEVENTIES, THE WENNERS DEcided to move themselves and their magazine to New York City. The couple already had a Manhattan apartment, but now they moved into a big place on Central Park West and bought a 1912 Georgian cottage in East Hampton. They later traded up to a $4.2 million townhouse formerly owned by Perry Ellis, a soaring Ward Bennett house on the Amagansett beach, and a second Hamptons mansion—and a $5.6 million Gulfstream jet.

Jann Wenner had always yearned to be near famous people, to hang out with them backstage at the Fillmore, to hang out with them in East Hampton. It was always said that he created *Rolling Stone* so he could meet Mick Jagger and the Beatles. In New York, his star-seeking reached new heights. He kept company with Jackie Onassis, Lee Radziwill, Truman Capote, Andy Warhol. He went on a hunting trip with John F. Kennedy Jr. He became friends with the hugely accomplished people associated with what would later become known as the Velvet Mafia–men such as David Geffen and Ross Bleckner.

The Wenners separated for the second time three or four years after moving to New York. This time, according to someone close to both of them, it was simply because "Jann was being impossible." Jann moved into his friend Richard

Photograph by Kelly Jordan/Celebrity Photo.

Gere's apartment in the West Village while Gere was away shooting a film. This time, Jane went to see a divorce lawyer.

Jane and Jann reconciled after several months. They had been trying to have a child; they adopted a son. She gave birth to their second son in 1987 and their third in 1990. Normality seemed to prevail at last. Even those who have been badly burned by Jann Wenner say he is a terrific parent. "He's really a great dad," one former *Rolling Stone* writer says. "He loves his kids. It's always been a priority with him. This person who's been extremely difficult for years becomes a pussycat when he's around them."

IN THE MID-EIGHTIES, JANN WENNER ALSO began expanding the Straight Arrow (later renamed Wenner Media) empire. In 1985, he bought *US* magazine and struggled to turn it around; it is no longer a big money loser. In 1992, he came up with the idea for *Men's Journal,* an outdoorsy magazine for aging boomers like himself, during a hike at Canyon Ranch; its commercial prospects look promising. In 1993, he launched *Family Life,* a magazine for boomer parents that has never been profitable; Wenner Media has been considering selling it, and there have reportedly been several bids. Although hiking and parenting may be Jann Wenner's new passions, they will probably never sell as well as his first passion, rock and roll. Besides, *Rolling Stone* makes the company some $15 to $20 million a year. "That magazine is what keeps that company going," one former company executive says. "It's like a little oil well sitting over a gusher."

Will a divorce force Jann Wenner to give up part of his empire? All Wenner's spokespeople will say is that their internal financial arrangement is "private information." But since all the stock other than Jann's first ($1,000) investment was acquired after the marriage—Jane told at least one friend she now owns 49 percent—it is subject to equitable distribution under New York law. However, "in a divorce," says Harriet Newman Cohen, a leading New York matrimonial lawyer, "judges usually don't force the sale of a family-owned company. A judge is not going to make one or the other party give it up, because the money is needed to support the family. But there are statutes under corporate law that allow disgruntled shareholders to force some kind of action to sell a company. In a bloody enough fight, you could see that taking place."

One source who has been very close to both Jane and Jann Wenner doubts it will ever come to that: "When they separated in the early eighties and Jane went to see a lawyer, she said that she would do nothing to upset the business. They have had their battles, but they have been together since they were kids, and they had had this intense dialogue all these years. In the end, I don't think either one would do anything to really destroy the other." Indeed, Jane has told a friend that as distraught as she feels, for now she is biding her time, considering her options.

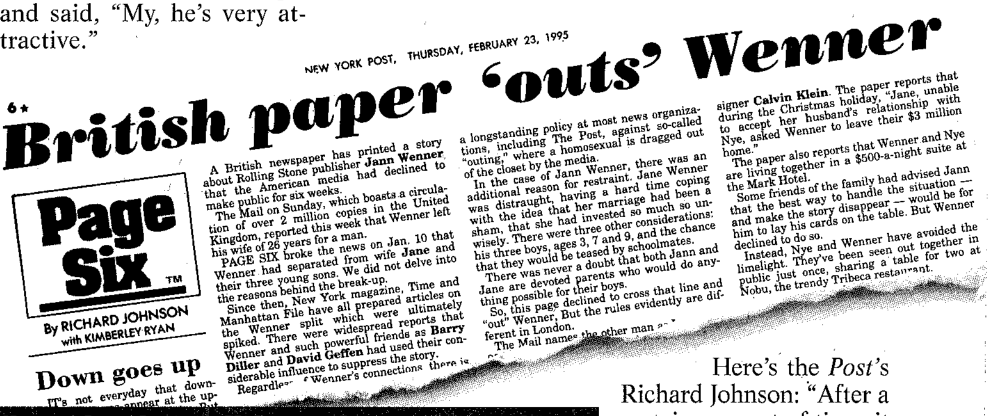
ACCORDING TO ONE ACQUAINTANCE of both men who was there at the time, Wenner met Nye at a Christmas party in 1993, on the voguish French Antilles resort isle of St. Bartholomew. Nye is the kind of husky, handsome, well-connected poster boy close acquaintances don't worry about calling "a boy toy of the Velvet Mafia." He was accompanying the painter Ross Bleckner; he was the artist's assistant and apparently his boyfriend. Spotting the young man (Bleckner told one source), Wenner came up to Bleckner and said, "My, he's very attractive."

In other words, a bit of cruising that turned into a crush that turned into an affair has turned into a business story and a media phenom. As the tabloid stories snowballed, things quickly grew peculiar. Actually, the very first publication to out Wenner was *Advertising Age,* in the issue dated January 30; the linking of Nye and Wenner occurred offhandedly, in a tiny item buried in the gossip column. *Advertising Age,* however, apparently wasn't considered important enough to warrant direct tabloid action. Around the same time, the editors of *Hits,* a music-industry magazine, discovered that a two-line item they thought they had spiked had resurfaced in the publication. Though 900 copies had already been distributed to Los Angeles record companies, the magazine sent staff members out to repossess every single one. The issue was scrapped and reprinted one day later, minus the Wenner reference.

The biggies soon felt the need to weigh in. *Newsweek's* one-pager treated what was, after all, only a potential event—Wenner Media's breakup—with surprising length, at least for a newsweekly. Preliminary reporting was begun on a *Time* article, though it never ran. "We didn't think our readers would be interested in this little media company," says *Time* spokesman Robert Pondiscio. Maynard Parker, *Newsweek's* editor, claims he "never even considered" the sexual angle: "We're not in the business of outing people." All the same, he did allow that seemingly irrelevant item to creep in: "Last week the *Post's* gossip brigade noted that [Wenner] dined with a Calvin Klein executive in the same popular Manhattan restaurant as media mogul Barry Diller and painter Ross Bleckner." As Andrew Sullivan, the openly gay editor of *The New Republic,* quips, this particular list of celebrities has become "the newest gay euphemism. You're supposed to look at all the names and think, 'Hmm. What do they all have in common? Are they . . . *Jews?*' "

In the past week, the press's self-justifications and self-flagellations have begun pouring in.

"There was never any question of if *it would happen," one tabloid columnist says. "The only question was when."*



NEW YORK POST, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 23, 1995

6★

British paper 'outs' Wenner

Page Six™

By RICHARD JOHNSON
with KIMBERLEY RYAN

A British newspaper has printed a story about Rolling Stone publisher **Jann Wenner** that the American media had declined to make public for six weeks.

The Mail on Sunday, which boasts a circulation of over 2 million copies in the United Kingdom, reported this week that Wenner left his wife of 26 years for a man.

PAGE SIX broke the news on Jan. 10 that Wenner had separated from wife **Jane** and their three young sons. We did not delve into the reasons behind the break-up.

Since then, New York magazine, Time and Manhattan File have all prepared articles on the Wenner split which were ultimately spiked. There were widespread reports that Wenner and such powerful friends as **Barry Diller** and **David Geffen** had used their considerable influence to suppress the story.

Regardle Wenner's connections there is a longstanding policy at most news organizations, including The Post, against so-called "outing," where a homosexual is dragged out of the closet by the media.

In the case of Jann Wenner, there was an additional reason for restraint. Jane Wenner was distraught, having a hard time coping with the idea that her marriage had been a sham, that she had invested so much so unwisely. There were three other considerations: his three boys, ages 3, 7 and 9, and the chance that they would be teased by schoolmates.

There was never a doubt that both Jann and Jane are devoted parents who would do anything possible for their boys.

So, this page declined to cross that line and "out" Wenner, But the rules evidently are different in London.

The Mail names the other man a

signer **Calvin Klein**. The paper reports that during the Christmas holiday, "Jane, unable to accept her husband's relationship with Nye, asked Wenner to leave their $3 million home."

The paper also reports that Wenner and Nye are living together in a $500-a-night suite at the Mark Hotel.

Some friends of the family had advised Jann that the best way to handle the situation — and make the story disappear — would be for him to lay his cards on the table. But Wenner declined to do so.

Instead, Nye and Wenner have avoided the limelight. They've been seen out together in public just once, sharing a table for two at Nobu, the trendy Tribeca restaurant.

Down goes up

IT's not everyday that down-

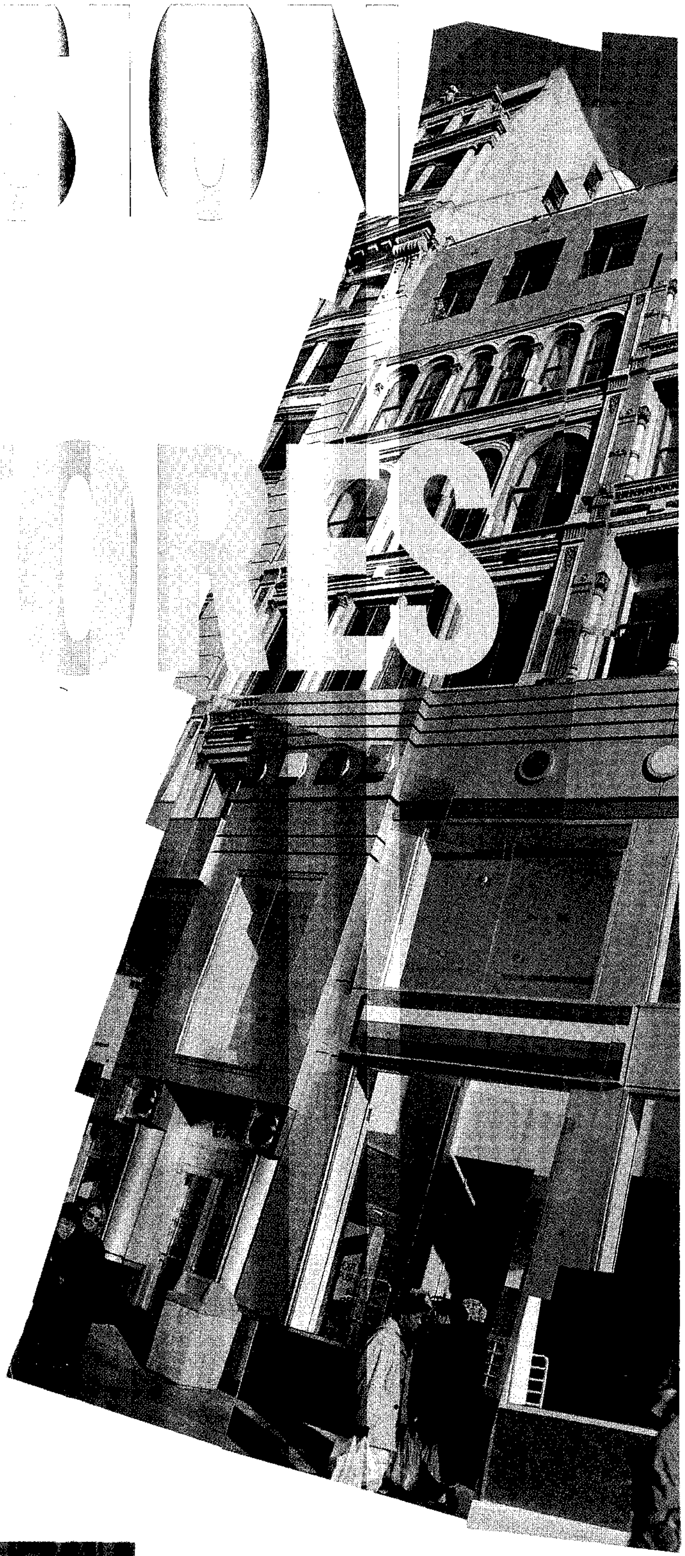
the names and think, 'Hmm. What do they all have in common?' "

Here's the *Post's* Richard Johnson: "After a certain amount of time, it became painfully obvious that there was a double standard." So why didn't he out Wenner earlier? "I didn't want to be responsible for causing pain." *Newsday's* Liz Smith, whose column alluded to the *Newsweek* article in such an odd, pussyfooting way you couldn't tell whether she meant to praise or sneer, says, "Gossip is out of control. We're living inside a Victorian hangover." Even Michael Musto, *The Village Voice's* manically gay "scene" columnist, has publicly apologized for failing to run the item. "The real homophobia is the media's presumption that gayness shouldn't be reported about," he says.

Wenner himself has been breaking with recent tradition to make regular appearances in his office. He's become accessible—"he's carrying on," said editor Nancy Evans, who founded *Family Life* for Wenner. "He's still there every day, and he gets back to you about manuscripts, and he still strolls the halls." He's been smiling a lot, *Rolling Stone* and *Men's Journal* employees report. "He's never been happier," a *Rolling Stone* staff member says. "We wish he'd come out years ago." ▬

Additional reporting by Maer Roshan.

THE INVASION OF THE SUPERSTORES



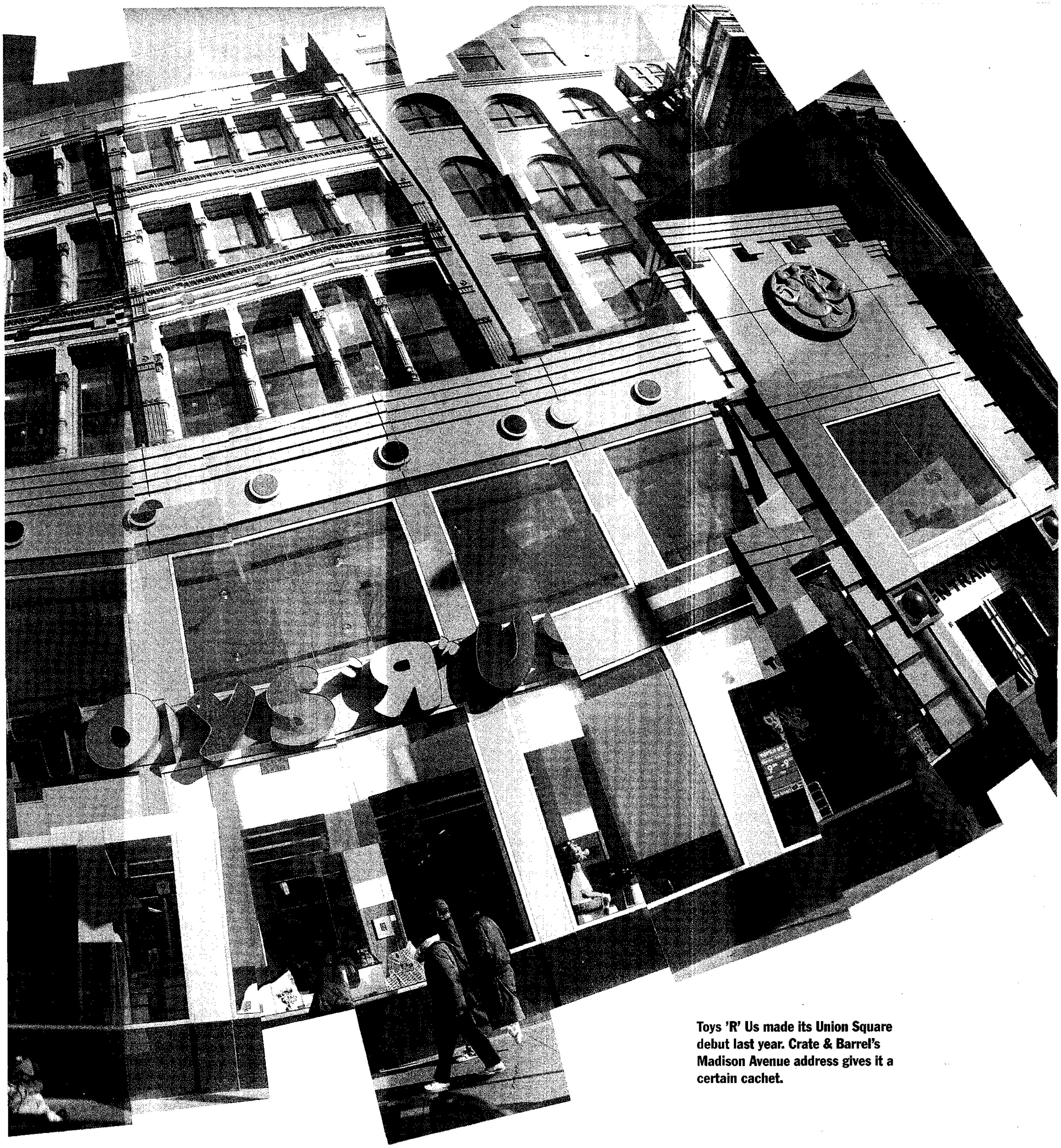
THE REST OF AMERICA HAS THEM—WHY SHOULDN'T WE? FROM BRADLEES TO TOYS 'R' US ALL THE WAY UPSCALE TO CRATE & BARREL, NEW YORK IS BECOMING THE LAND OF THE GIANTS

BY SARAH FERGUSON

ON THE CORNER OF 59TH STREET AND MADISON AVenue, in the heart of Manhattan's poshest retail district, Gordon Segal stands like Jonah inside his cavernous new Crate & Barrel superstore. "New Yorkers don't need another boutique," the Chicago-based housewares-and-furniture chain's president and founder says, scrutinizing the 54,000-square-foot polished-pine showplace. "If you're coming into this city, you have to come in *big.*" Still wearing pancake makeup from a quick guest spot on CNBC an hour earlier, the 56-year-old Segal is getting some funny looks from the construction workers racing to finish before the store's March 8 opening, but he's too keyed up to no-

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SCOTT FRANCES
FOR *NEW YORK*

MARC
LO
Crate



Toys 'R' Us made its Union Square debut last year. Crate & Barrel's Madison Avenue address gives it a certain cachet.

Barrel
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CONVIN
THE MA

Barnes & Noble has helped to revitalize Ladies' Mile.

tice. "There are a lot easier places to make money than in New York City," he admits. "But there's no better place for national—even international—exposure."

Segal isn't the only merchant eager to plant a giant flagship in the city. New York is experiencing a full-fledged superstore invasion. Mall development has slowed, suburban rents are getting higher and higher, and finding vacant land isn't as easy as it used to be. The megaretailers need fresh blood. Lured by the buying power of an enormous untapped market and the prospect of increased visibility among the Wall Street investment community, a number of large all-American retailers have already muscled their way inside the city limits, and more are arriving every day. Even the final frontier—space-poor Manhattan, with its pricey rents and tortuous zoning procedures—is no longer invulnerable.

Is the EZ-ness of America finally coming back to New York City? Maybe, just maybe, it's about time. After all, should our cosmopolitan perversity oblige us to turn our backs on low prices and convenience? There's been something missing in the city that has it all, something the rest of the country has taken for granted for years. Superstores typically charge anywhere from 15 to 45 percent less than their smaller, non-super counterparts.

In November 1992, drawn by the large spaces and relatively low rents (up to $40 a square foot), Bed Bath & Beyond became the first of the so-called category killers (no-frills, low-priced, focused-assortment stores with huge inventories) to colonize the formerly moribund stretch of Sixth Avenue between 18th and 23rd Streets, kicking off the revitalization of what a century ago was known as Ladies' Mile. "It looked more like a war zone than a retail area," recalls Bed Bath & Beyond president Leonard Feinstein, who has since expanded his store to 82,000 square feet. Barnes & Noble, Staples, and Today's Man followed, and a commodified bargain hunter's mecca was born. Later this year, discount clothing stores Filene's Basement and T. J. Maxx will join the Ladies' Mile crowd.

Crate & Barrel's debut this week in an attractive space on Madison Avenue (at a rent that ranges from $40 to $250 a square foot) is an indication that no section of the city is immune to the superstore phenomenon. By the end of the year, Kmart—which already has stores in the Bronx, Queens, and Staten Island—will open its largest store in the continental United States at One Penn Plaza, diagonally across the street from Macy's. The four-level, 140,000-square-foot store will swallow 27 individual spaces, including the former Woolworth's at 34th Street and Sixth Avenue. The company is rumored to be moving into the once-elegant Wanamaker's building at Broadway and Astor Place as well. A Kmart in the Village?! Can an Upper West Side Wal-Mart be far behind?

If Mayor Giuliani has his way, all this is just the beginning. Convinced that megaretailing is a cure for New York's less-than-robust economy, the mayor recently announced a major rezoning proposal that would allow stores of up to 200,000 square feet (roughly the size of five football fields) to move into areas formerly reserved for manufacturing. The plan, which has yet to be approved by the City Council and the City Planning Commission, would clear the way for chains like Wal-Mart and Price Club that require huge chunks of land (often ten acres or more). Quoting a study prepared by Coopers & Lybrand for Brooklyn developer Forest City Ratner, the mayor said New Yorkers spend $3.1 billion a year shopping outside the city. Keeping that money in the city, he maintained, would generate tax revenues and create thousands of new jobs.

The mayor's pro-development initiative could revolutionize the way the city does business. It could also, critics argue, sap the health of existing commercial areas, debase pieces of intricate cityscape, and destroy the mom-and-pop urban élan that distinguishes New York from so much of the rest of the country.

Where are all these giant chain stores coming from? Not these parts. Those interested in the future of New York retailing should be prepared to call places like Bentonville, Arkansas (Wal-Mart); Troy, Michigan (Kmart); Braintree, Massachusetts (Bradlees); Sacramento, California (Tower Records); and even London (Virgin Megastores). "No matter how committed they say they are, out-of-town businesses still commit a kind of

Superstore Update

Barnes & Noble
BROADWAY AND 82ND ST., *opened 1993;*
SIXTH AVE. AND 21ST ST., *opened 1994;*
UNION SQUARE, *opening this year*

Bed Bath & Beyond
SIXTH AVE. AND 19TH ST., *opened 1992*

Bradlees
UNION SQUARE, *opened 1994*

CompUSA
FIFTH AVE. AND 37TH ST., *opened 1994*

Crate & Barrel
MADISON AVE. AND 59TH ST., *opening March 8*

Filene's Basement
BROADWAY AND 79TH ST., *opened 1993;*
SIXTH AVE. AND 18TH ST., *opening this year*

Kmart
SEVENTH AVE. AND 34TH ST., *opening by December*

Staples
SIXTH AVE. AND 41ST ST., *opened 1988;*
SIXTH AVE. AND 20TH ST., *opened 1993*

T. J. Maxx
SIXTH AVE. AND 18TH ST., *opening this year*

Today's Man
SIXTH AVE. AND 18TH ST., *opened 1994*

Tower Records
FLAGSHIP STORE, BROADWAY AND 4TH STREET, *opened 1983*

Toys 'R' Us
BROADWAY AND 34TH ST., *opened 1990;*
UNION SQUARE, *opened 1994;*
THIRD AVE. AND 80TH ST., *opening by December*

Virgin Megastore
TIMES SQUARE, *opening this year*

T MEGARETAILING IS THE CURE FOR NEW YORK'S LESS-THAN-ROBUST ECONOMY,
ENTLY ANNOUNCED A REZONING PROPOSAL THAT WOULD ALLOW STORES OF UP
,000 SQUARE FEET TO MOVE INTO AREAS FORMERLY RESERVED FOR MANUFACTURING.

economic strip-mining," says Burt Flickinger III, a retail analyst for A. T. Kearney Consultants.

The administration's rezoning proposal may be "the first meaningful economic development in over 25 years," says Flickinger, but "they have to be very careful in their economic analysis. Ideally, locally owned and operated chains that are successful operators giving consumers the lowest-common-denominator price points should be given preference."

Giuliani's welcome mat to the big national retailers, complains Manhattan borough president Ruth Messinger, is far too generous. "The tail is wagging the dog," she says. "The issue is not how does the city accommodate the superstores, it's how does the city improve its economy? Ladies' Mile was an extraordinary example of adaptive reuse, and it was all done by special zoning permits, under existing regulations." Messinger proposes that the city use "sensitive, targeted rezoning" to protect existing commercial areas and preserve some manufacturing land for future use.

"Ruth has a point," says Flickinger. "But unless Giuliani and [Deputy Mayor John] Dyson do this for the whole city or at least the four contiguous boroughs, it's an economic opportunity that might evaporate. The city is almost compelled to do an economic master plan. Otherwise, the process will get screwed up by special-interest groups and dragged out by hearings."

"Part of the purpose of the plan is to *prevent* the craziness of spot zoning," agrees Kevin Davitt, spokesman for the Department of City Planning. "We also wanted to do away with the middlemen, the process jockeys who are making a fortune lobbying the Board of Standards and Appeals [for zoning variances]. There are no city moneys involved in the mayor's proposal, and we're expecting it will recapture $1.5 billion in sales. That will give the city an additional $50 million in tax revenues. People are going to spend their money anyway. They might as well spend it in New York."

Dealing with national discount chains may be a new issue in New York, but the city is no stranger to big retailers. By the turn of the century, huge department stores were a thriving part of metropolitan life, a trend that continued over decades of merger mania. But as recently as ten years ago, new stores in search of big spaces were still rare, says Benjamin Fox, partner and executive vice-president at New Spectrum Realty Services, a retail-brokerage firm: "In the mid-eighties, a tenant looking for 7,000 to 10,000 square feet was considered a big deal." When Tower Records opened its first Manhattan store, on Broadway and 4th Street, in 1983, it "single-handedly reshaped the lower Broadway corridor in the Village," recalls Fox. "Tower was the catalyst to developing the entire NoHo shopping area—and they kicked the shit out of Sam Goody." The modern age of hardball category-killer retailing had begun. The word *superstore* hadn't entered the collective vocabulary yet, but by the time New Jersey–based Toys 'R' Us unveiled its 80,000-square-foot Herald Square store just before Christmas 1990, the retail community was beginning to sense a trend. "Their success brought others," says Alan Millstein, a retail consultant. "It showed there was gold in midtown Manhattan."

With their generic, low-cost design and construction, the "big box" retailers (those with more than 55,000 square feet of selling space) are often more warehouse than showplace, built less for atmospherics and one-off aesthetic charm than to move as much merchandise as quickly as possible. So far, the current crop of superstores have leased existing buildings, making organizations like the National Trust for Historic Preservation very happy. "The best thing about Bradlees isn't the schlocky merchandise but the fact that it took away an eyesore—the abandoned May's was like a fallen woman," says Millstein. "They could have put up a big neon BRADLEES in twenty-foot letters across the front," adds Rob Walsh, executive director of the 14th Street–Union Square Local Development Corporation. Instead, the Bradlees façade was designed to echo the arched windows of a neighboring landmark, the Lincoln Building on Union Square.

But who needs Bradlees, die-hard, funk-loving New Yorkers complain, when we've already got everything we need on 14th Street? Can a city accustomed to bodegas and friendly (or at least familiar) neighborhood retailers find happiness succumbing to the more generic, shopping-is-not-always-an-adventure sensibility of the superstores? Millstein is unconvinced. "New Yorkers like to grab their arugula at the corner deli," he says. "It's exhausting to shop those huge stores." New Spectrum's Fox, on the other hand, thinks New Yorkers may be more prepared for the superstores than they realize. "The Woolworth's we all grew up with was the neighborhood megastore," he says. "New Yorkers are getting back something they had and took for granted." The way he sees it, stemming the tide of the superstores is as futile as trying to stuff a genie back in a bottle. The superstores are already ringing the city. Why should they stop now? "What's that they say?" asks Fox. " 'Where does an elephant sit? Anywhere he wants.' " ■

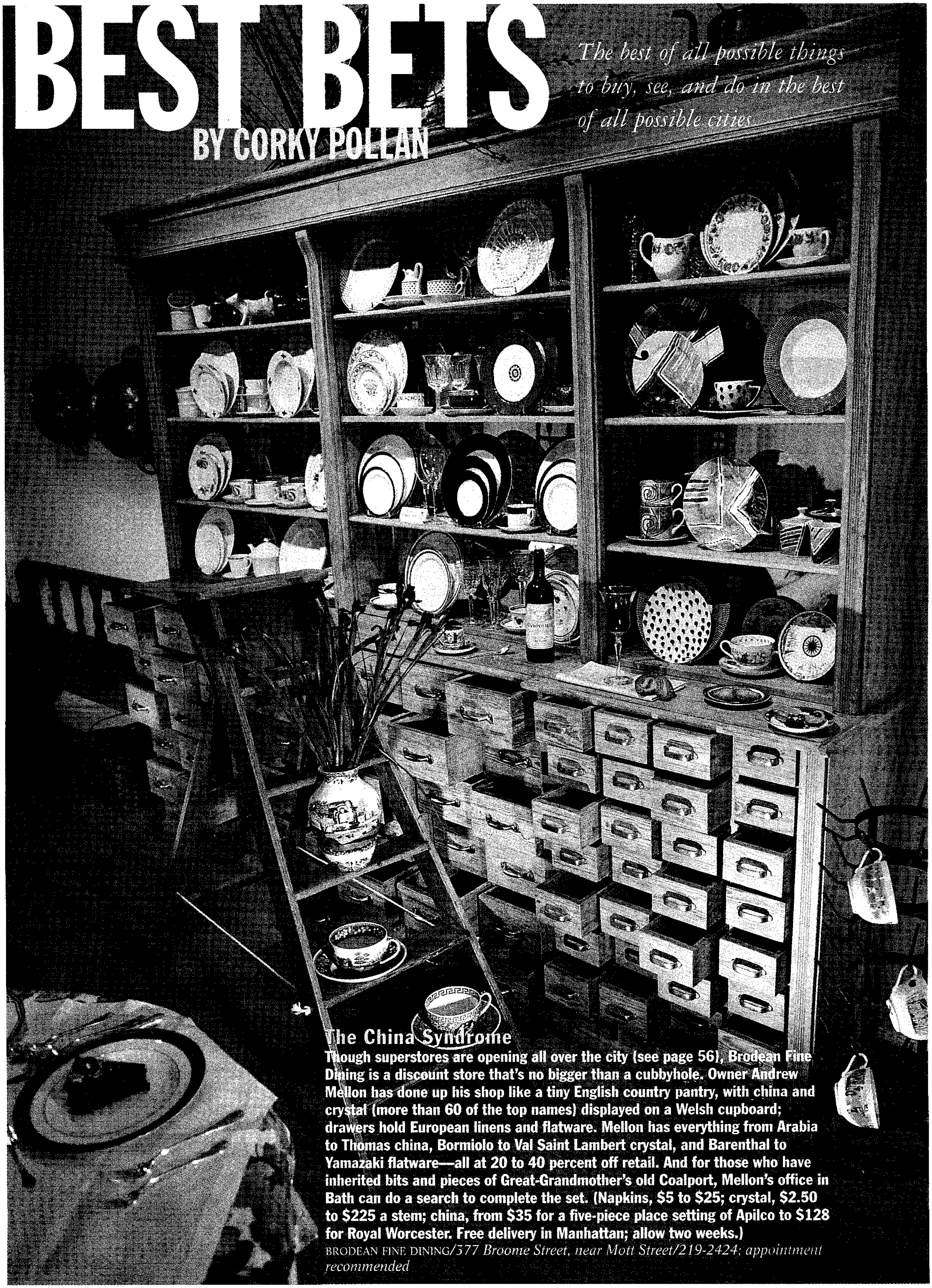
Crate&Barrel

Inside Crate & Barrel's 54,000-square-foot quarters.

BEST BETS

BY CORKY POLLAN

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities



The China Syndrome

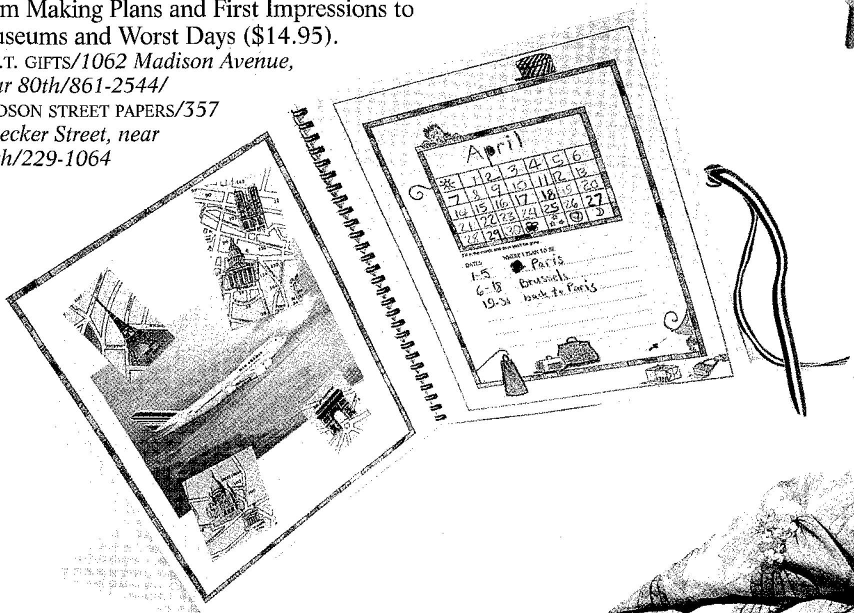
Though superstores are opening all over the city (see page 56), Brodean Fine Dining is a discount store that's no bigger than a cubbyhole. Owner Andrew Mellon has done up his shop like a tiny English country pantry, with china and crystal (more than 60 of the top names) displayed on a Welsh cupboard; drawers hold European linens and flatware. Mellon has everything from Arabia to Thomas china, Bormiolo to Val Saint Lambert crystal, and Barenthal to Yamazaki flatware—all at 20 to 40 percent off retail. And for those who have inherited bits and pieces of Great-Grandmother's old Coalport, Mellon's office in Bath can do a search to complete the set. (Napkins, $5 to $25; crystal, $2.50 to $225 a stem; china, from $35 for a five-piece place setting of Apilco to $128 for Royal Worcester. Free delivery in Manhattan; allow two weeks.)

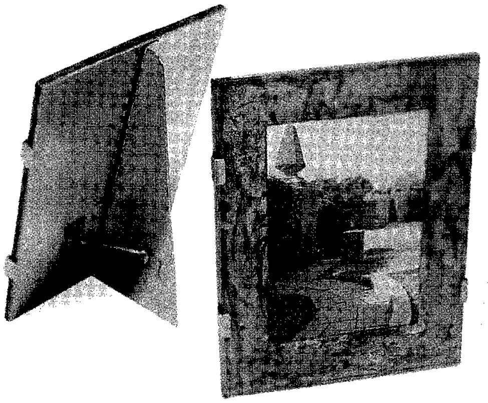
BRODEAN FINE DINING/*377 Broome Street, near Mott Street/219-2424; appointment recommended*

What a Long, Strange Trip It's Been

Angela Hederman has traveled from Bora Bora to Finland with her five kids, but never found a proper journal in which they could write about what they saw and what they thought. The only books available were activity books (with games and puzzles to keep kids busy) or blank books (a bit austere for children, and sure to cause writer's block). So Hederman, with Ann Banks and Adrienne Hartman, came up with the Children's Travel Journal. It's scrupulously child-friendly, with pages to record everything from Making Plans and First Impressions to Museums and Worst Days ($14.95).

E.A.T. GIFTS/*1062 Madison Avenue, near 80th/861-2544/*
HUDSON STREET PAPERS/*357 Bleecker Street, near 10th/229-1064*





Frames of Reference

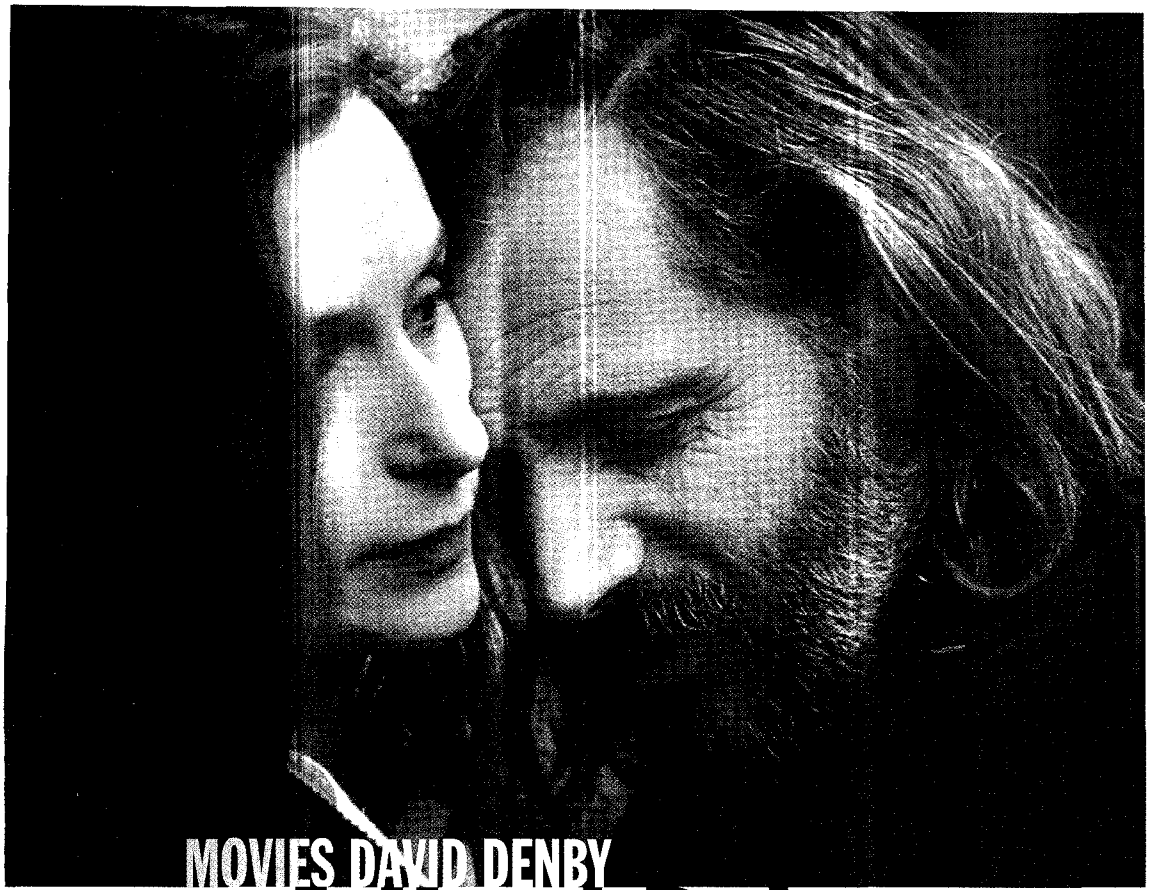
Italian artist Laura Buonomo likes to combine ancient techniques with modern industrial materials. So she mixes pigments with lacquers and varnishes, applies this concoction to glass, covers it with gold leaf, then backs the whole thing with stainless steel to produce these splendid neoclassic frames ($225).

HENRI BENDEL/*Frank McIntosh/Second floor*

The Comforts of Home

In the seventies, down comforters were a popular solution for working people who had neither the time nor the inclination for making beds. But earlier generations had their own means of covering up unkempt beds. One was comforts, puffy coverlets that were popular from the 1840s through the 1930s. Unlike patchwork quilts, comforts were made from entire lengths of sophisticated upholstery fabrics, often reversing to a quite different, yet compatible, pattern. Tiny rosebuds, early chintz florals, chinoiserie, and bold William Morris designs were among the wide range of prints that were used ($295 to $895).

LAURA FISHER ANTIQUE QUILTS/*1050 Second Avenue, at 56th Street/Gallery 84/838-2596*



Katrin Cartlidge (above left) and Rade Serbedzija: Lovers about to be separated by Macedonia's violence.

Photograph by Alex Bailey/Gramercy Pictures.

MOVIES DAVID DENBY

A Hard Rain

'Before the Rain' depicts the anguish of imminent civil war; 'Exotica,' the angst of inexplicable sexual longings.

Before the Rain, A FILM FROM TINY, LANDLOCKED Macedonia, has both poetic immediacy and a frightening premonitory force. Writer-director Milcho Manchevski has lived in New York for years, making commercials and music videos, but he was born in Macedonia (part of the former Yugoslavia), and this movie—his first feature—represents his dark view of the way his homeland is going. *Before the Rain* is an anguished portrait of a country on the verge of civil war. As a movie experience, however, the picture is almost completely elating. Manchevski, 35, has superb visual skills; he also has the unforced volatility that marks a natural-born director.

Manchevski tells three interconnected stories. The first and third are set in a mountain village in Macedonia, the middle one in London, and all three are seething with the Christian-Muslim hatreds that tore apart Bosnia and Herzegovina. As in *Pulp Fiction,* the stories are placed out of sequence chronologically, and the movie ends by recapitulating its beginning. What goes around comes around—in this case, violence, paranoia, and the destruction of the elementary bonds that hold communities together. In the mountain village, people one can only call moral cretins, armed for the first time in their lives, shoot off guns as if they were toys. But sane and intelligent men and women are caught up in the struggle as well. Neighbors who have gotten along for years are now at one another's throats.

The first story is set in a monastery high in the mountains, where a slender, handsome young monk (Grégoire Colin) with wide-open eyes and a trusting face—a boy happy in his piety—walks into his room and discovers a frightened girl. Shorn and bruised, she looks like a hungry animal; the two face each other silently, in the dark, each reacting to the other's tiniest movements with a start. The next morning, Christian militia from a nearby village turn up, looking for the girl: She is both a Muslim and an Albanian (there is a sizable Albanian minority in Macedonia), and they call her "whore" and insist she killed a member of their family.

Up to that point, the episode has a fairy-tale look to it: Unnaturally bright stars and a huge painted moon hang over the monastery; the monks are massively bearded, quiet, and dignified; and the boy and girl, with their odd, mutual wariness, seem like matched partners in a fable. Avoiding the militia, they are expelled from the monastery, and they walk out into the golden mountains like Adam and Eve. For a moment, we hope they are entering paradise, not leaving it, but that illusion dies quickly. In all, the surreal clarity of the night scenes and the sun-baked splendor of the day are reminiscent of the crystalline, aching purity of the images in the Taviani brothers' masterpiece *The Night of the Shooting Stars.* As in so many of the Taviani movies, extreme delicacy and the most violent brutality exist side by side.

In the London section, Anne (Katrin Cartlidge, from Mike Leigh's *Naked*), another hurt, wary woman, works in a news-photo agency; her lover is the agency's star combat photographer, Aleksandar, a Macedonian. The photographer is played by the formidable Yugoslavian actor Rade Serbedzija, a bearded, shaggy, full-bodied man who looks like he's been around. Aleksandar has known war and violence, and he's disgusted by his own role in recording it. Serbedzija gives the character immense sexual authority and a restless, antic humor, as if Aleksandar were past making sense of the world and wanted only to amuse himself. Returning from assignment in Bosnia, Aleksandar quits and tries to take Anne home to Macedonia with him. In a remarkable scene between these two in a taxi, Manchevski jumps from emotional peak to peak, exposing the tangled feelings of two highly complex people at a moment of crisis. The sequence leaves one exhausted. When Anne refuses to go with Aleksandar, she stumbles into violence in London. The terror is spreading everywhere.

There is another virtuoso sequence, at the beginning of

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the third section. Aleksandar returns home—and home, of course, is the same mountain village that the Albanian girl and the militia are from. As the globe-straddling photographer—his name is clearly meant to echo that other Macedonian's, Alexander the Great—enters the village, eager to make contact with his friends, fragments of the Balkan pathology flash before him: children with guns, ruined houses that spill their insides, stares of blank-faced hostility. Aleksandar is cavalier and flamboyant, but he also thinks he can restore rationality by evoking the roots that they all share. The villagers have their detailed, furious grievances, however, and the civilized man has nothing to offer but his own sense of how life should go. When a director allows his hero to represent his own conscience, there's always a danger of self-love, but Serbedzija is such a lionlike, charismatic actor—Kris Kristofferson with ferocious eyes—that he effortlessly carries the burden of rage and grief.

Not all the loose ends are tied up, and Manchevski indulges in a few fancy touches, but the movie is a triumph; the oddities of structure pay off. It takes us a while to realize that parts two and three take place before the first story, but by the end we sense that the skewed chronology makes a point the same device could not make in the sardonic and mocking *Pulp Fiction*—that in these ethnic and religious struggles, violence is always in the air, that murder in such situations doesn't have to follow logically (as in a chronological story), that there is no beginning or end when both sides conceive of themselves as victims. *Before the Rain* is an expression of sorrow for a war that hasn't yet begun.

In brief: ATOM EGOYAN'S **Exotica** ALSO HAS A convoluted structure, but this movie doesn't really come together in your head afterward. While you're watching it, however, *Exotica* is quite an experience. Egoyan, who is of Armenian descent but was raised in Canada and continues to work there, sets much of *Exotica* in a lush, palm-treed, pasha-palace strip club, where mysteriously significant rituals are enacted for our amazement. A spectacular young table-dancer (Mia Kirshner), opening her schoolgirl's white shirt, works for her special "client" (Bruce Greenwood), teasing and rubbing up against him. Yet he is forbidden by the rules of the place to do anything more than suffer. For most of the movie, we don't know what their hold on each other is. Their relationship is sex but not sex, love but not love. Egoyan uses the erotic for rapt moments of suspension, and for some of the niftiest jokes in years. A customs inspector, examining an incoming passenger through a one-way mirror, later seduces him and examines him a lot closer. In the morning, he confiscates his bed partner's smuggled goods—some rare macaw eggs. *Exotica* is a rare egg itself, odd, speckled, and precious. ■

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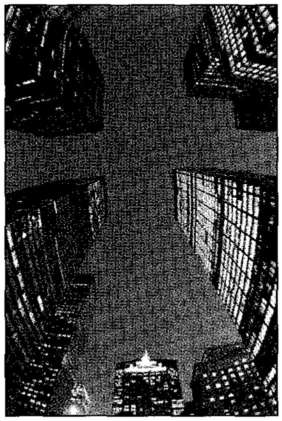

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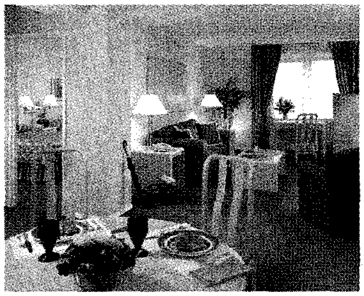

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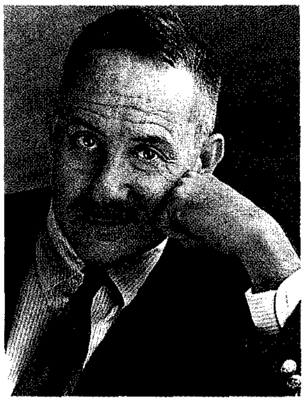
BOOKS WALTER KIRN

Worst and Darkest

In James Ellroy's new novel, Camelot's courtiers are handsome, dashing, efficient, and as nasty as they come. Everyone, even JFK, is the moral equivalent of Oswald

American Tabloid
JAMES ELLROY
Knopf; 576 pages; $25

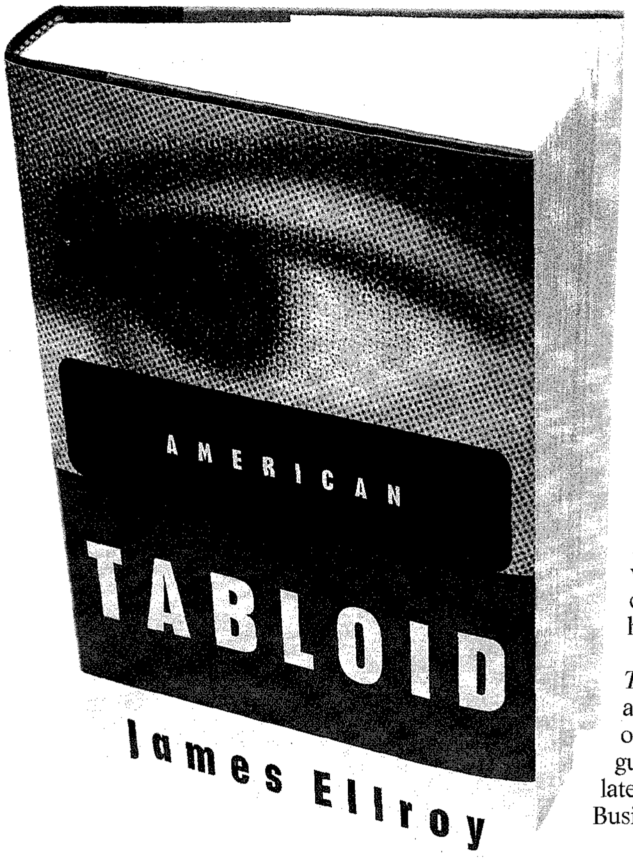


JAMES ELLROY'S *American Tabloid* is a cartoon tumor of a thriller, a black oozing abscess of pop paranoia. Set in the Rat-Packy early sixties, when men were men and women were whores, the novel compacts all the period's bad cells—Hoover, Hughes, Hoffa, the Kennedys, Castro, the mob—into a dense, indivisible malignancy. Maximum cynicism coats every sentence. Nostalgia gets stamped out at every turn. While others (Don DeLillo, Oliver Stone) have played with the same assassination plotline and murky cast of Cold Warriors and crooks, Ellroy's revisionism is more radical. He's not chiefly concerned with who killed the president—he's determined to change our feelings about the crime.

Other artists (Don DeLillo, Oliver Stone) have depicted the Kennedy assassination as a fall from grace, but in Ellroy's world, there was no grace from which to fall.

Specifically, he wants us to wise up and stop crying. What sensitive souls Stone and DeLillo took as writ—that JFK's assassination marked an American fall from grace—tough guy Ellroy dismisses as baloney. There was no American paradise to lose, and the president had it coming. Though we flatter ourselves by framing his death as tragedy, his era belonged to Spillane, not Shakespeare. Ellroy's prologue spells it out. "The real trinity of Camelot was Look Good, Kick Ass, Get Laid. Jack Kennedy was the mythological front man for a particularly juicy slice of our history. He talked a slick line and wore a world-class haircut. . . . It's time to dislodge his urn and cast light on a few men who attended his ascent and facilitated his fall."

In *American Tabloid,* the nation is a rape-ocracy. Instead of good guys and bad guys, there are the violated and the violators. Business screws labor screws government screws the mob, and the only action that really counts is male on male. What money is to economists and matter to physicists, sodomy (both actual and symbolic) is to Ellroy. Vicious reamings make the world go round, be they financial, sexual, or political, and every man gets his turn on the bottom.



Starting out on top are Kemper Boyd, a suave G-man, and Pete Bondurant, a brutish ex-policeman. Both men serve perverted, lonely bosses. Boyd takes orders from J. Edgar Hoover, whom Ellroy caricatures as a Peeping Tom in charge of history's biggest blackmail ring. Hoover is an omniscient *Über*creep; all roads and phone lines lead back to his dank lair. Like most pulp Mr. Bigs, he seldom appears, and the phone voice we get to know him by is a genre cliché: hypergrammatical, ominous, clipped: "You have no political convictions, which adds to your efficacy in situations like this. Continue." Pete Bondurant's paymaster is Howard Hughes. Ellroy's Hughes is an impotent hermit dope fiend—we've met this ghoul before. His twin obsessions are avoiding process servers and running a (fictional) *Confidential*-style scandal magazine, *Hush-Hush,* whose Hollywood "skank" he shares with Hoover. The presence of these two overlord-voyeurs implies that the best way to dominate the rape game is by settling into sicko-celibacy.

Hoover's war on the Kennedys, Robert Kennedy's war on the mob, and, ultimately, the mob's war on Castro are the novel's main events. It doesn't take long for the double and triple crosses to become opaquely thick. Boyd, a southern aristocratic smoothie, infiltrates the Kennedy campaign. He's seduced by JFK's patrician charm. Simultaneously, he makes deals with the Mafia, the CIA, and his own personal hit team of anti-Castro Cubans. Boyd's motto is "compartmentalize," and he wants to turn a profit from every conflict. At first, he's held out as the model G-man playboy, a Best and Brightest killer-elite type with a chilled-martini conscience. He takes harsh beatings close-mouthed and administers them dry-eyed. Ellroy makes Boyd the man men wanted to be back then, a streamlined Nietzschean with Rolex timing.

Ellroy's not-new theme is wolf-pack manhood, but he applies it at every possible level with unprecedented thoroughness—from the Miami barrio to the Oval Office—and the wild consistency is exhilarating. To highlight agent Boyd's alpha status, there's a bumbling protégé, the unsubtly named Ward Littell. Not surprisingly, Littell eventually gets big, outgrowing and outwitting his mentor, which makes the book *A Star Is Born* with shoulder holsters. What fuels Littell's growth spurt is pain and disillusionment. Humiliation builds strong bodies. When Littell's face is disfigured by thugs, he peers in the mirror and finally likes his looks. When he learns that his heroes, the Kennedys, are one more gangster clan, it's a purifying rev-

Photographs: top, Marion Ettlinger/Outline; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

elation. He's freer than ever to bite and strike and smash. "Littell reloaded and fired, reloaded and fired, reloaded and fired. Forty odd rounds took the wall and rear ceiling beams down. . . . He vomited splinters and scotch. He coughed up gunsmoke and black phlegm. He dug through wood heaps and lugged the safes over to his duffel bag."

At times, Ellroy's prose seems cinderblock crude, but it's really a triumph of manic craftsmanship. He takes the pulp style to crackpot lengths, cramming more consonants into his sentences than an old Icelandic poet, never using straight English where slang will do, breaking down violence into freeze-frame stage directions. He doesn't conceal his presence in the action; he stands right out front, barking orders. He's an amphetamine hipster bard, perpetually telling us to "dig" some scene, and lounge-lizard talk permeates the pages like the stale, fruity odor of spilled cocktails. So packed and unexpected are certain sentences, they seem like palindromes, tongue twisters, word games: "Losing blood kin in a flash was no picnic." "Pete chained a cigarette butt to lip." "Mobile bird dog jabs jazzed him." Ellroy plays with typography too. It's the century's most annoying writerly habit, but Ellroy has perfect pitch for cheap tricks: "Pete saw $$$'s—like a 3-across slot-machine jackpot."

It's a style so hard-boiled it scorches the pot. You wonder at times how seriously to take it, and unless you consume it in bursts, you risk burnout. The same goes for Ellroy's violence, which proves that books can still out-gore movies by incredible margins. Shotgun shells are taped inside mouths and ignited, preventing dental identification. So many point-blank head shots are fired, they sound like the *pfft* of beer cans after a while: no big deal. There's torture by jumper cables. Acts of hyperbolic mayhem alternate with understated maimings. Ellroy uses murder the way other writers use paragraph breaks, as a pacing device.

His cynicism is total, too, which gives the novel its comic purity. Ellroy smears the era uniformly, destroying every marble status and rebuilding it in cheese. The debunkings aren't news when taken singly—Bad JFK is half the myth, and Anti-Hughes is the only Hughes we know now—but they have a strong effect in symphony. When every conversation's a conspiracy, everyone a criminal, and success a Peter Lawford party stocked with gin and bimbos, the higher mind shuts off. Transcendent pessimism sets in, and you feel rue and amusement, not devastation. In *American Tabloid,* the Dallas shooting is calmly awaited by most of the characters, their drinks half raised, their TVs already tuned. They know that rat packs, wolf packs, and nations are run by vulgar displays of dominance: mansions, cash, Cadillacs, assassinations. The only thing that surprises these men, and Ellroy, is that anyone thinks it could be otherwise. ▬

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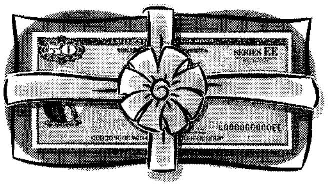

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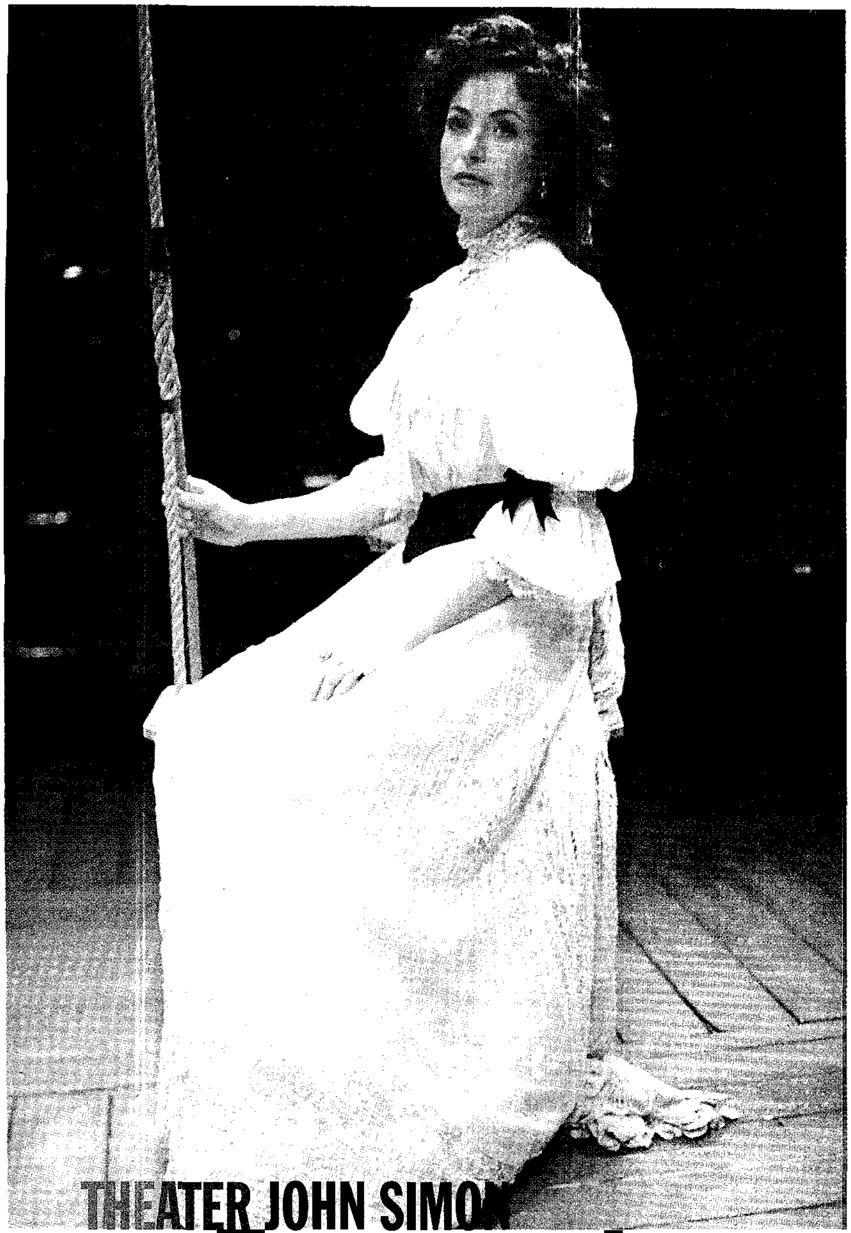

Amanda Donohoe is the unhappy Yelena in *Uncle Vanya.*

THEATER JOHN SIMON

Fast and Furious

This 'Uncle Vanya' is in too great a hurry; 'Raised in Captivity' could leave us more breathing space.

“WITH **Uncle Vanya,**” WRITES ONE OF Chekhov's translators, Ronald Hingley, “we shall do better to look neither for tragedy nor comedy, but to realize we have entered a strange anti-climactic, anti-romantic, anti-dramatic world such as had never existed on the stage before . . . with its own laws, its own dimensions, its own brand of humor.” But another translator, Alex Szogyi, could say with equal right about this anomic, paradoxical play, “*Uncle Vanya* is Chekhov's neatest masterpiece.”

It is certainly the shortest. The current Circle in the Square revival lasts 127 minutes, including a lengthy intermission. Staged by the British director Braham Murray, it trims some of the longer speeches and omits some less obvious references; it also goes in for brisk pacing. I don't see this as a gain: We must feel the inactivity and boredom of a Russian country estate; here the emotional outbursts come so thick and fast as to make the characters seem even more neurasthenic than they are. We could have used a little more inactivity made palpable.

The production, in Jean-Claude van Itallie's serviceable translation, gets certain things right; while catching some of the obvious wistfulness, it does not overlook the humor Chekhov always wanted emphasized. It is, however, hard to convey correctly an extended stasis: that all the outbursts of misdirected passion, hysterical weeping, bored frustration, and quizzical humor cannot change an iota in the lives we are inexorably locked into. But laughs are duly gotten at Circle in the Square.

Take, however, the Vanya of Tom Courtenay. This fine British actor plays him as a drunken near-derelict, shuffling and stumbling, the words plangently staggering out of his mouth. I never thought to encounter a Vanya as bad as Wallace Shawn's in the recent movie, but this one almost matches him, even if coming from an incomparably better actor. Dr. Astrov is played by another British star, James Fox, unsurpassed in portraying upper-class English twits but not quite right as the idealistic yet pragmatic, and above all witty, Russian doctor. Fox, looking like a cross between Strindberg and A. E. Housman, also does funny things with his mouth, as if trying to dislodge food particles stuck between his teeth. Anyone who saw these parts played by Ralph Richardson and Laurence Olivier, respectively, will know just what is missing.

As the vain, superficial, hypochondriacal Professor Serebryakov, Werner Klemperer has the toughest assignment: He must show what makes Serebryakov so appealing to women—and to men who don't really know him—even though that side of him is underwritten. The actor struggles manfully, and almost successfully, with the problem. As his much younger, beautiful, unhappy wife, Yelena, Amanda Donohoe, another Brit, is alert, highly attractive, and accomplished; but she also conveys a tough levelheadedness that the writing does not really support. Kate Skinner's Sonya is on target until the end, when she does not carry off the great final tirade of hope against hope, of despair transfigured by religious faith. In supporting roles, Elizabeth Franz, Bette Henritze, and Gerry Bamman do nicely, but Bamman, as the ludicrous Waffles, should not look like the professor's twin.

Loren Sherman has had the good idea to make the theater's walls part of the scenery, but neither he nor the director can overcome the insuperable sight-line problems with which theater in the round has saddled us. Murray's direction does, moreover, muff some climaxes, and I don't think that Sonya should throw herself onto a table as if it were a swimming pool.

Photograph by Gerry Goodstein.

I DID NOT CARE FOR NICKY SILVER'S *Pterodactyls,* but **Raised in Captivity** is more entertaining. It is a weird, fruitcakey play that finally comes to nothing; but it is also funny, original, imaginative, and possessed of a furious energy that makes it spin like a top, go off in all directions like a Catherine wheel, and leave your mind gasping for breath. It is irritating with its endless monologues, infuriating with its inconsistencies, opaque about its meaning, if any. But it is also full of wittily prickly lines and riotous exchanges, and it uses the stage in splashily irreverent ways that can be exhilarating. You escape from its nonsensical brilliance to the slightly less demented real world with a sense of relief, only to find that many of its clouds have a Nicky Silver lining.

The play is about a mad pair of siblings. The flighty, homosexual Sebastian Bliss leaves his adoring therapist Hillary MacMahon despite her begging him to stay; falls epistolarily in love with an imprisoned murderer, Dylan; and has his throat slashed, near-fatally, by a male whore, Roger, only to receive cold comfort from a vision of his dead mother, killed by a loose showerhead. His quixotic twin sister, Bernadette, is married to the mighty peculiar Kip Dixon, a disgruntled dentist about to become a painter and Africa explorer, whom Bernadette, who never stops talking, loves less than her baby and her baby of a brother. Meanwhile, the rejected therapist, in self-loathing for having failed Sebastian, blinds herself and wanders about in stinking rags, thus achieving saintliness and finding God. And that is only the half of it.

David Warren has given *Raised in Captivity* the funnily furibund direction it needs, and James Youmans (sets), Teresa Snider-Stein (costumes), and Donald Holder (lighting) have provided the slyly twinkling look that enhances it. Peter Frechette is the ideal Sebastian, bristling with slings from within and arrows from without; Patricia Clarkson, annoying in other kinds of roles, is perfect as the maddening Bernadette. Leslie Ayvazian switches effortlessly from a demented psychologist to a dead but still carping mother; Brian Kerwin, as the tooth-haunted dentist, has a sweetly distracted quality; and Anthony Rapp is equally effective as a philosophical convict and a murderous hustler.

If you read the interview with Nicky Silver in the *Times,* you realize that almost everything in the play has a basis in his archly preposterous persona and eccentric existence. Silver, however, resents it when his plays are called autobiographical. I can think of only one solution: Write a different kind of play. But this seems unlikely and unnecessary; if we can live with his plays, he can live with our reviews.

MAYO SIMON'S **The Old Lady's Guide to Survival,** an insipid mound of mawkish clichés from which I fled at intermission, rates no review. Its perdurable star, June Havoc, may, however, deserve a letter of condolence. ■

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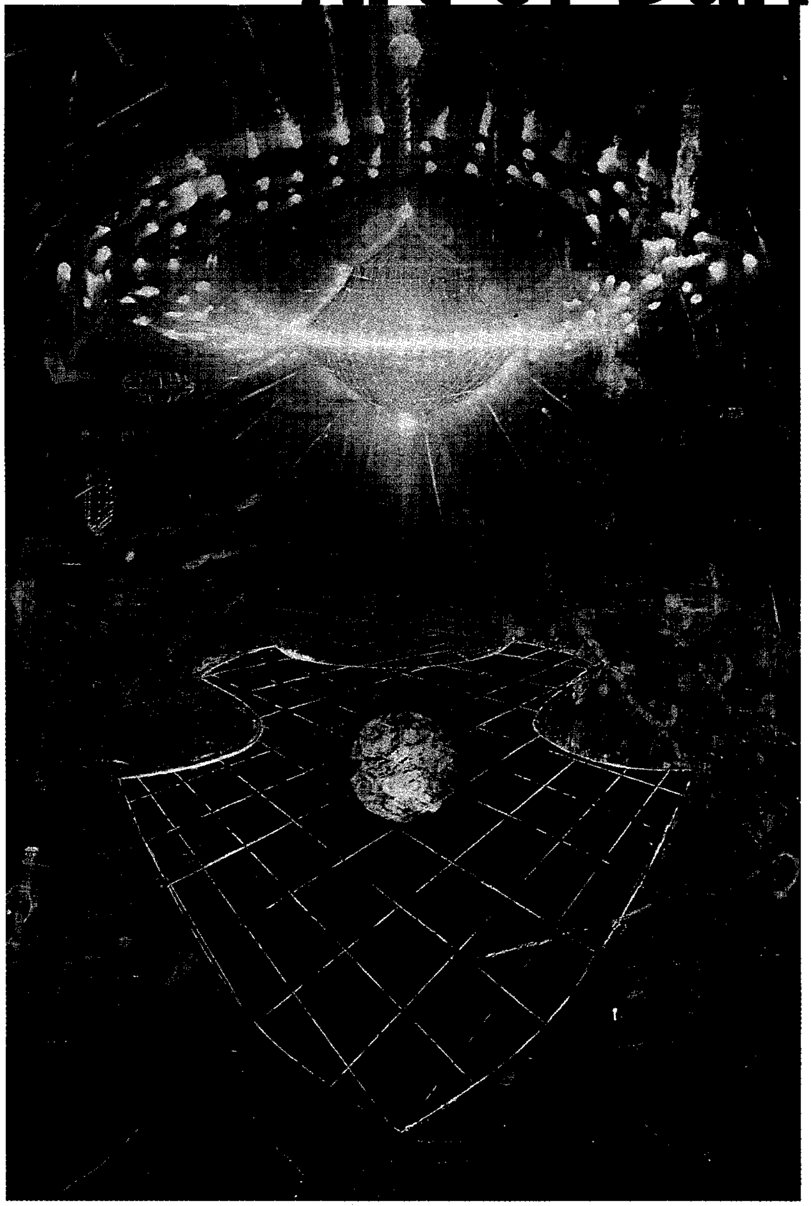
Art of Darkness

Is Ross Bleckner a celebrity hound? Well, at the very least, his aspirations are unusual.



Ross Bleckner's *The Fifth Examined Life,* 1989.

Ross Bleckner IS A PAINTER WHO IS ALSO A DOWNtown socialite with prominent friends in show business. The retrospective of his work at the Guggenheim Museum therefore opens with an unusual amount of ballyhoo. Among others, the David Geffen Foundation and *Vanity Fair,* which ran a flattering profile of the artist, are financial supporters of the show. Not surprisingly, the celebrity machine offends many people. They are inclined to treat Bleckner as a shiny fraud, a master of hustle and hype.

This atmosphere—of both inflation and deflation—creates a lousy environment for looking at art. It matters little whether Bleckner himself is hounding after glory and reputation; too many significant artists of the past have knelt before the bitch goddess to make moralizing simple. What matters is whether Bleckner's art is superficial. Any appraisal should begin by acknowledging that, at the very least, his aspirations as a painter are unusual. Many artists today have spiritual ambitions, but they typically shun postmodern strategies. Bleckner has attempted to bring a spiritual temper to the ironies, conceits, and historical self-consciousness of our moment.

The current exhibition, which was organized by Lisa Dennison, includes about 70 paintings. Like many postmodernists, Bleckner, who is 45, is a jackdaw intellectual: He picks about among bits and pieces of style and look. He makes use of minimalist grids, symbolism, Op Art, and Venetian painting; he likes neon implications, Whistlerian grays, Hollywood kitsch, and funereal images of urns and candelabras. Most pictures are crepuscular: Twilight blacks predominate. Some suggest the night sky, with luminous dots evoking the stars.

Bleckner gives his art its whispering spiritual tone mainly through his handling of paint and light. A painter-chef with a lush touch, he makes his own paints and is a devotee of glazes. He often blurs and softens edges, which suggests the relaxation of the self into some larger domain of the spirit. His light is often a brilliance muted, like the halo of street lamps in the fog. In *Throbbing Hearts* (1994), one of his most seductive works, lozenges of a blurry bloodred gleam—throb—in a field of moody gray.

Many of his paintings refer to AIDS. In one, he actually wrote the names of artists who have died of the disease. In general, the dark coloring and the luminous lights, the lugubrious urns and the portrayals of hummingbirds flitting about like angels, create the atmosphere of a memorial; one can almost smell the decaying flowers. At heart a *fin de siècle* symbolist, Bleckner also has something in common with the playwright Tony Kushner, in the way he passes in the blink of an eye from darkness to light, from the smart joke to angels ascendant.

Still, there must be something truly strict in an art of serious spiritual aspiration or it devolves into pleasantly moony hokum or heavenly grandstanding. In Bleckner's art, some will argue, the postmodern angle serves this purpose by adding ambiguity and reserve. He cannot be easily accused of sentimentality, for example, when he is not only using kitschy funereal imagery but also "quoting" it from other sources. Yet postmodern smarts are not particularly well suited to spiritual rigor, or to an art that aims so directly at the heavens. The title of one series of paintings is *Architecture of the Sky*.

Bleckner's painting radiates too much self-importance to be metaphysically just. His forms cannot sustain the inflation of his feeling; his oblique ironies convey too much pride; his soft blacks are too charming. (Everyone wears black.) Postmodern critics steeped in art history will admire Bleckner for reviving disparaged styles, such as Symbolism, as a fresh way of expressing our contemporary darkness. And Bleckner does capture an important contemporary strain of melancholy. It is a characteristic weakness of critics, however, to overvalue the contemporary—and of historians to overvalue a knowing way with history. (Through May 14.) ■

Photograph by Zindman/Fremont.

CLASSICAL MUSIC **PETER G. DAVIS**

Flub-a-Dub-Dub

More and more of the Met's archive of broadcasts is becoming available. But the latest videos reveal that there's a high-tech doctor in the house.

FEW MAJOR MUSICAL INSTITUTIONS HAVE ROMANCED the sight-and-sound media longer or more vigorously than the **Metropolitan Opera.** The affair began on January 12, 1910, when Acts II and III of *Tosca* with Olive Fremstad were relayed from a rooftop transmitter through telephone lines to a few hundred local listeners, some as far away as Newark. That was just a pioneering experiment, but since 1932, when radio broadcasts became a regular feature that continues today, more than a thousand Saturday matinees have been preserved in one form or another. Then, in 1977, the Met began videotaping selected performances, and this season's *Arabella, Madama Butterfly,* and *Simon Boccanegra,* to be seen shortly on PBS, bring the total number of telecasts to 75.

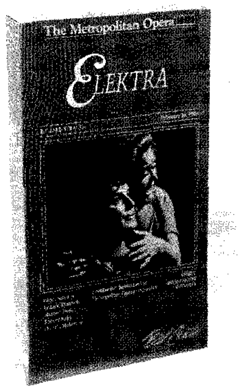
For many years, whoever wanted to reexperience parts of this extraordinary legacy, or even own it for himself, could usually find a way. No doubt to the Met's chagrin, bootleg transcriptions of broadcasts have always circulated, and they are now more plentiful than ever despite the company's vigilance in keeping these compact discs out of New York record stores. They are easy enough to find in Europe, though, where more than 100 complete performances are available on numerous small labels, treasures from the thirties and forties featuring such operatic collectibles as Flagstad, Bjoerling, Pinza, Lehmann, Melchior, Martinelli, Tibbett, Rethberg, and Ponselle. Although the Met has never found a practical way to market its own historic past in quantity (a handful of broadcasts is available from the Met Opera Guild with a $150 contribution), many more recently filmed performances may now be legally purchased over the counter.

The earliest telecasts already have a historic patina, since they preserve the work of important singers no longer active in opera, sopranos like Joan Sutherland, Birgit Nilsson, and Leontyne Price. What makes these documents even more valuable is the fact that the performance one sees and hears is exactly as it happened. Each videotape from the early eighties prints the performance date on the box along with the assurance that "no material was taken from rehearsals, other performances, or remake recording sessions." In those days, "Live From the Met" meant precisely that. It's no secret that telecasts after 1987 (most no longer transmitted live) are doctored to a greater or lesser degree, necessitating a change in the "Live From the Met" logo to the more accurate truth-in-marketing seal "The Metropolitan Opera Presents."

Just how the tapes are assembled, and how many reputations have been saved in the process, will probably remain classified information until the man who directs most of the opera films from the Met and around the globe, Brian Large, writes his memoirs. By drawing upon the best bits from various sources and using the latest electronic equipment, Large can theoretically make all sorts of fancy audio and video splices, sweeten a soprano's tone, adjust balances, and pass an assortment of technical miracles that can correct most anything except the fear in a singer's eyes as the next tricky high passage approaches. Few viewers are likely to notice, since it is done with such skill, sensitivity, and knowledge of the work at hand. After watching dozens of opera films overseen by Large (and having read his marvelous studies of Czech composers Smetana and Martinu), I would say that his musical sophistication more than matches his professional expertise.

Even at that, I prefer the spontaneity and greater immediacy of Met opera videos before they lost their innocence, back in the days when Large shared the directorial duties with an equally adept colleague, Kirk Browning. Hearing Joan Sutherland sing the first words of Donizetti's mad Lucia with a frog in her throat is unsettling, but she then goes on to give the performance of her life. That took place on November 13, 1982, and just in

Above: Hildegard Behrens overdoes it in the Met's latest production of Strauss's *Elektra,* recently televised on PBS. Below: The preferred 1980 *Elektra,* with Birgit Nilsson.



Photographs: top, Beatriz Schiller; bottom, Jonathan Gross.

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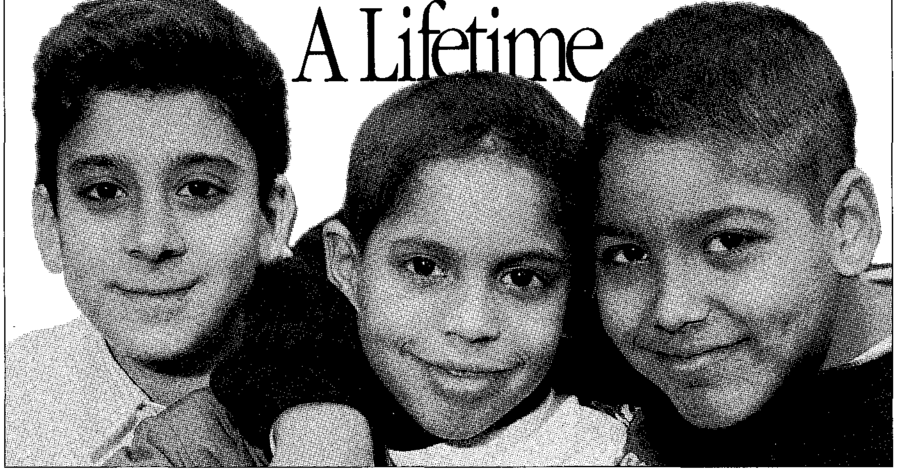

time—subsequent video documentations of this vocal phenomenon came too late and scarcely do her justice. Taped on March 24, 1984, Leontyne Price also emits a lot of strange sounds while singing Leonora in *La Forza del Destino,* gusty whoops and scoops that give a whole new meaning to the term *portamento.* Still, there is more than enough quality left, in her voice and generous stage presence, to explain why audiences continued to adore her so.

Comparing two productions of Strauss's *Elektra,* both conducted by James Levine, was even more instructive. The first, dating from February 16, 1980, has a cast headed by Birgit Nilsson, Leonie Rysanek, and Mignon Dunn, and is available from Paramount Home Video. The second, put together from a series of performances given in January 1994, features Hildegard Behrens, Brigitte Fassbänder, and Deborah Voigt. It is not yet for sale, but the tape was shown over PBS last September, and anyone with a VCR who wanted to, of course, could make a copy at home.

There are too many problems with each performance for either one to be a wholly satisfying representation of this psychological thriller, but I would still stick with the first. Nilsson's clarion brilliance never struck me as the right sound for this dark, brooding psychopath, but the strength, clarity, and accuracy of her singing is awesome, and her portrayal of Elektra's obsessions, if bland, is at least sensible and avoids embarrassment. Behrens, on the other hand, is too sorely pressed to make any meaningful expressive points, getting by mainly on sheer muscle and grit, while her acting verges on the comical—that final, zany dance of triumph looks as though it had been choreographed by Richard Simmons. Nilsson also gets strong support from Dunn, an unusually glamorous Klytaemnestra, and the classic Chrysothemis of Rysanek (a great singer maddeningly underrepresented in Met videos). They are both preferable to their counterparts, although collectors of operatic camp may be amused by Fassbänder's outrageously overcooked Klytaemnestra. Never happy with Strauss, Levine at least conducted the score less brutally in 1980 than in 1994.

For all its faults, the earlier version communicates the sense of a real performance happening in real time, unlike most recent Met videos, which give the impression of a cleverly synthesized artificial product. Of course, the Met could argue that it is producing idealized performances in much the same way that audio-only opera recordings have been made ever since magnetic tape came into use 50 years ago. And certainly no one is making any false claims. In the end, of course, for all the documentary value of the Met's vast and ever-growing sight-and-sound archive, nothing can replace the experience of actually being there. ■

IF IMAGINATION AND CREATIVITY ALONE MADE ART, WE COULD ALL BE ARTISTS

Many of us paint and dance and sing or play the guitar. Others of us restore cars, do needlepoint and cook wonderful dinners. And we use our imagination and creativity to do it—the same way artists do. But there are real differences in the creative work we do and the art produced by an artist. The important one lies in the intent of the process. A work of art has ambitious intentions. Artists aspire to create new forms, reveal emotional truth, explore the unexplored. They long to reach an audience at the deepest levels of meaning with their work.

It takes an awesome imagination, a gifted talent, an original mind and consuming desire to overcome the seduction of technique, materials or craft—to make art. Some art is controversial. Some unfathomable. Much of it is beautiful and sensitive and makes us feel deeply. Few people like it all, nor should they. Art is too personal for that. But if what we make does not intend to be art, we can still share in the experience of imagining and creating with every artist. What a remarkable process creating is—giving back more, the more we risk.

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Piana Forte

MOST OF THE MEN'S WEAR IN THIS MADISON Avenue men's boutique is imported from Italy, including suits, in men's sizes 36S–52L, by such designers as Loro Piana and Valentino Uomo. Now the store is cutting its already-below-retail prices of spring and year-round clothing even further. Wool single- and double-breasted year-round suits by Ermenegildo Zegna, Loro Piana, and Cerruti 1881, retail $825–$950, now $385; leather dress shoes, sizes $7\frac{1}{2}$–12, were $135–$149 per pair, now $79; cashmere/wool overcoats in sizes 36–48 from Loro Piana, retail $850, here $249; wool sport jackets by Valentino Uomo, sizes 38–46, retail $625, now $395; cotton dress shirts by Villa Finzi, sizes 15–18, solids and stripes, were $49 each, now four for $100. Complimentary alterations; A.E., D.C., M.C., V. accepted; all sales final. *Riflessi, 260 Madison Ave., near 39th St. (679-4875); Mon.–Fri. 9:30 a.m.–7:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. noon–5 p.m.; through 3/31.*

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THIS SHOWROOM HAS OPENED ANOTHER floor, giving it twice the space for its many one-of-a-kind furniture floor samples from such makers as Lane; Councill Craftsmen; Leathercraft; and Hickory Chair's Historical James River, Mt. Vernon, and French Collection lines. A Maitland-Smith steel-and-brass queen-size canopy bed with lions' heads and paws, manufacturer's suggested list $4,190, here $1,995; three-bay cherry-veneer wall unit, including an entertainment center with pocket doors and glass-front curio cabinet with light, mfr's. sugg. list $4,478, here $2,025; Bridgewater oxblood leather sofa, mfr's. sugg. list $4,650, here $2,325; Hickory•White English country dining-room set, including 71-in.-by-44-in. parquet dining table with two leaves, four side chairs, two armchairs with rush seats and chair pads, and 62-in. china hutch, mfr's. sugg. list $13,134, here $5,995; Mark Hampton wicker-and-tapestry chair and ottoman, mfr's. sugg. list $1,428 and $724 respectively, here $714 and $362. A.E., M.C., V. accepted; checks as deposits only, merchandise held until they clear; all sales final; everything sold as is; delivery arranged at additional cost. *Seminole Furniture Shops, Inc., 44 E. 32nd St., third floor (683-6464); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6 p.m., Sun. till 4 p.m.; through 3/17.*

DO NOT PHONE: *Send suggestions for "Sales & Bargains" to Leonore Fleischer,* New York *Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale.*

The Sporting News

SPORTSWEAR AND -GEAR FOR MEN AND women are on sale at this bustling three-story downtown sporting-goods shop. Reebok ladies' Freestyle aerobics sneakers, sizes $5\frac{1}{2}$–10, were $52.99, now $39.99; Keds ladies' canvas sneakers, sizes 5–10, were $23.99, now $14.99; cotton/poly Russell sweatshirts and -pants, sizes S–XXL, were $15.99 each, now $11.99; skiwear in women's sizes XS–XL and men's sizes S–XXXL, now 20–50 percent off (most ski jackets are 50 percent off); skis and ski boots, now 40 percent off; men's and women's new Nike runningwear, now 20 percent off; selected cycling apparel by Pearl Izumi, Bellwether, and others, now 20 percent off; bike helmets by Bell, Giro, and Specialized are 20 percent off; Tunturri 700-Stepper, was $399, now $249; also, $5 off every pair of Levi's jeans. A.E., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; mail order available; refunds and exchanges possible. *Spiegel's, 105 Nassau St., at Ann St. (227-8400); Mon.–Fri. 9 a.m.–6:30 p.m., Sat. 10 a.m.–6 p.m.; through 3/18.*

Rhapsody in Bleu

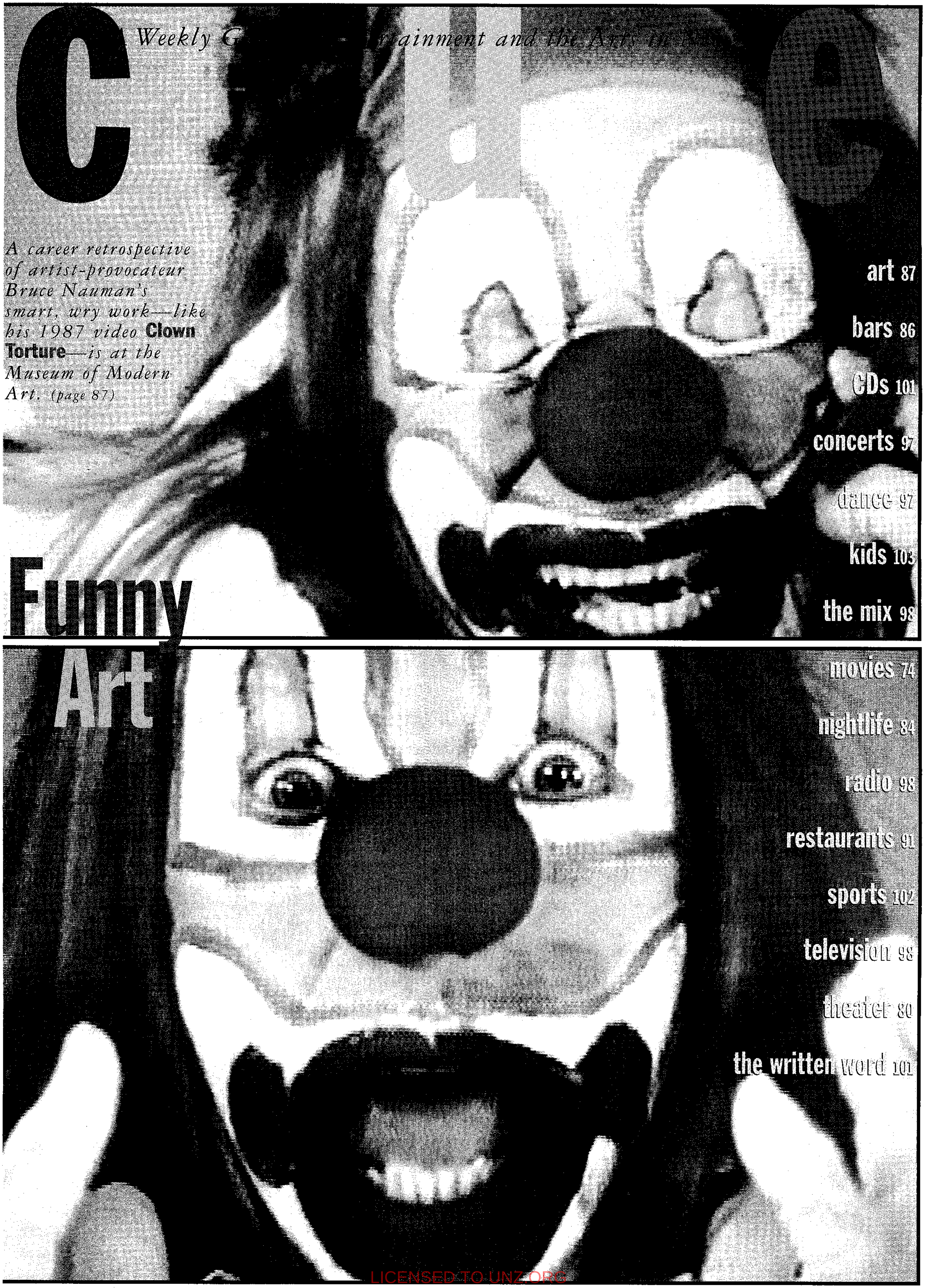
FOR THREE DAYS ONLY, THIS SMALL CATERING-and-takeout establishment in Forest Hills Gardens is offering 20 percent off all its prepared foods, and 15 percent off all catering booked for any party held before May 31. The chef is a Cordon Bleu graduate, and his specialties include three fresh soups (such as New England clam chowder, split pea with ham, and potato-leek) every day, were $7 a quart, now $5.60; baked Brie, was $28 per kilogram, now $22.40; antipasto platters, were $35 and up, now $28 and up. Main courses include pot roast or boeuf bourguignonne, was $6 per serving (four-serving minimum), now $4.80; roast pork tenderloin, was $6.25 per $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., now $5; fresh roast turkey (10- to 14-lb. minimum), was $5.50 per lb., now $4.40; herb-roasted potatoes, were $1.90 per $\frac{1}{2}$ lb., now $1.52. Desserts include 8-in. apple pies, were $10.75, now $8.60; 6-in. chocolate-mousse cake, was $20, now $16. Checks accepted; no credit cards. *Lucien's Market on the Square, 13 Station Square, near Austin St., Forest Hills Gardens (718-544-7474); Thurs.–Fri. 10 a.m.–8 p.m., Sat. 11 a.m.–7 p.m.; 3/9–11.*

Through the Looking Glasses

THIS MIDTOWN FULL-SERVICE OPTICAL shop is offering 30 percent off contact-lens packages and every frame in the store with the purchase of lenses, such as Giorgio Armani black tortoiseshell and tortoiseshell frames, were $305, now $215; Armani dark tortoiseshell or blond tortoiseshell frames, were $225, now $159; Calvin Klein tortoiseshell frames with antique-gold or -silver finish, were $225, now $159; Ralph Lauren/Polo blond or tortoiseshell frames, were $165, now $117; Perry Ellis tortoiseshell frames with gold, were $155, now $110; one-of-a-kind Swaggy Australian Optical multicolor frames for adults and children, were $225, now $159. There is a lab on the premises and an eye doctor present at all times. A.E., D.C., Disc., M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final. *Sterling Optical, 795 Lexington Ave., near 61st St. (755-8927); Mon. and Thurs. 9 a.m.–8 p.m., Tues.–Wed. and Fri.–Sat. till 7 p.m., Sun. 11 a.m.–5 p.m.; through 4/6.*

Cue

Weekly G [illegible] rtainment and the Arts in N [illegible]



A career retrospective of artist-provocateur Bruce Nauman's smart, wry work—like his 1987 video **Clown Torture**—*is at the Museum of Modern Art.* *(page 87)*

Funny Art

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Shooting His Way to the Top…Outbrea

New Films

★**Before Sunrise**—A young American, Jesse (Ethan Hawke), and a French student, Céline (Julie Delpy), meet on a train and spend a night in Vienna talking about the droopy subjects—parents, boredom, love affairs, death—that self-serious young people always talk about. Charming and often funny and sweet, this meeting of privileged soul mates, directed and written (with Kim Krizan) by Richard Linklater, has a grave delicacy, evoking Eric Rohmer at times, but with a softer, warmer American hopefulness. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 40 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd St. West Triplex; First and 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

Before the Rain—See review. (1 hr. 56 min.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Boys on the Side—Whoopi Goldberg, a rhythm-and-blues singer without a job, and Mary-Louise Parker, a real-estate agent fleeing personal troubles, leave New York in a minivan, heading west, and pick up along the way Drew Barrymore, a lovable boy-crazy ninny. For a while, it seems almost as exhilaratingly funny as *Thelma & Louise.* But then the three arrive in Tucson, and the movie sinks into a bog—endless scenes about AIDS (an international tragedy but virtually unusable as movie material), endless prim lectures about female bonding. Parker is wonderful, and Drew Barrymore's innocently dirty-minded style is beginning to jell. But Whoopi Goldberg does not triumph in the unplayable role of a lesbian who mothers everybody and never gets laid. When will this talented woman actually do something in the movies? Directed by Herbert Ross. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 55 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Brady Bunch Movie—The squeaky-clean clan—groovy clothes and wholesome attitude intact—is dropped smack-dab in the Los Angeles suburbs of the present. You don't want to like it, you don't need to see it, and yet you can sing the opening song of this flick without batting an eye. With Shelley Long as Mom. Directed by Betty Thomas. (1 hr. 29 min.; PG-13) *Waverly; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Embassy 1; Movieplex 42; 1st and 62nd St. Cinema; UA East; 84th St. Six.*

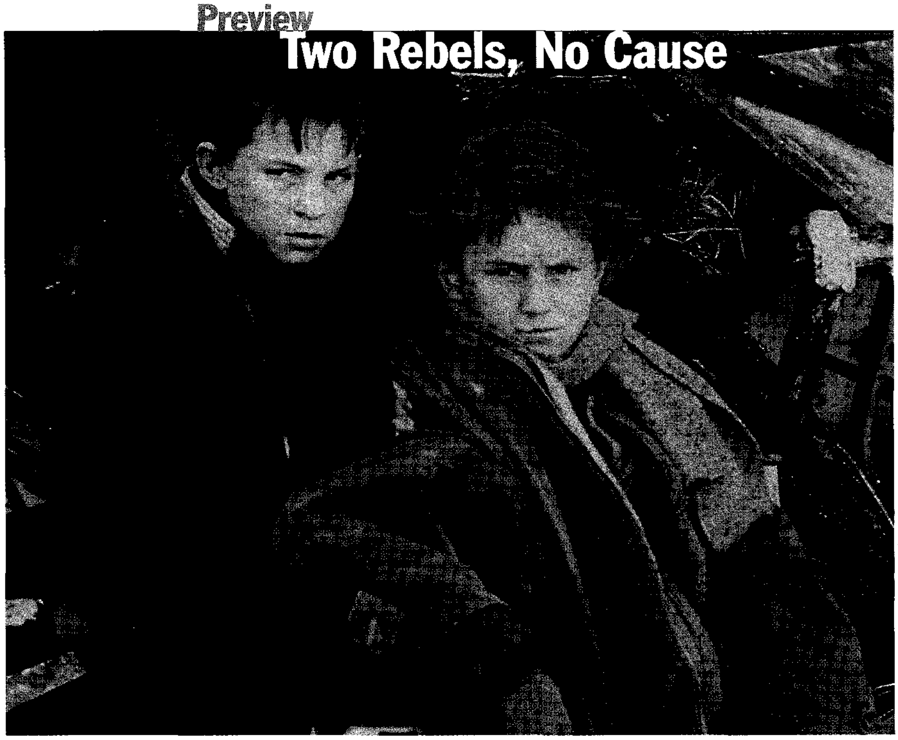
Bullets Over Broadway—Some of this beautiful-looking twenties comedy is very funny: Dianne Wiest gives a classic performance as the boozy, aging Broadway diva Helen Sinclair; but it's not a satisfying movie. John Cusack, the nominal hero—an eager young playwright with a tin ear—is a sellout. Why care about this guy? What's fatally missing from the movie is any love for the way of life being mocked. There's too much contempt—contempt joined strangely with self-exculpation. If we believe what Allen's saying, any kind of stupid behavior can be justified as necessary in the service of art. What can't be justified, however—not even by Woody's sleight of hand—is bad art. With Chazz Palminteri and Tracey Ullman. Cinematography by Carlo Di Palma. (Denby; 10/17/94) (1 hr. 39 min.; PG) *Waverly; 34th St. East; Beekman; 86th St.*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby…A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element…Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing.

Preview

Two Rebels, No Cause



For some reason, only French movies take children seriously ('The 400 Blows,' 'Au Revoir Les Enfants,' etc.). The tradition continues with the fine drama 'Son of the Shark,' about two brothers who terrorize a small town. Opening March 10.

Clerks—In Kevin Smith and Scott Mosier's defiantly and at times hilariously low-rent Jersey comedy, two hyperarticulate guys waste their days at a convenience store. The guys are guys and nothing but guys. They play roller hockey and curse a lot, and they talk coarsely of women, whom they nevertheless desperately need. A series of blackout comedy sketches shot mainly from the customer's point of view, *Clerks* is naggingly funny, a kind of talented-slacker demo tape. (Denby; 11/7/94) (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Village East.*

Exotica—See review. (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

A Great Day in Harlem—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Documentary, this is an amiable if unremarkable documentary about an *Esquire* photo to shoot in the summer of 1958 that gathered together every notable jazz figure in sight. The historic photograph that resulted has seemed like a miracle—how else to explain one picture that groups together Count Basie, Dizzy Gillespie, Charles Mingus, Thelonious Monk, Sonny Rollins, Coleman Hawkins, Lester Young, and many, many others? This film explains how it all occurred. While it doesn't answer some basic questions (where were some of the missing giants that day, and why didn't they make it?), or conduct terribly insightful interviews, or even look very good, it does boast rare performance clips and snatches of marvelous music. And the sheer wealth of talent identified in the photo is simply overwhelming. A pleasant little riff for jazz aficionados. (1 hr.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Heavenly Creatures—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Original Screenplay. Based on the true story of the Parker-Hulme affair, this is the story of two girls who meet in New Zealand and develop an intense friendship that goes dangerously awry. Written and directed by Peter Jackson, it's an exceptionally ambitious movie that takes wild visual leaps when delving into the imaginations of the two girls and succeeds almost every time. It captures the vivid unreality of their insular and ultimately murderous world. One of the best-reviewed movies of the year, with stand-out performances by Melanie Lynskey and Kate Winslet as the girls. (1 hr. 38 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Hideaway—Jeff Goldblum stars as a man who narrowly escapes death, only to find himself somehow linked to a psychotic killer in ways no one can understand, but which put his wife (Christine Lahti) and daughter in danger. Doesn't it seem about a hundred years ago since Goldblum was a fine actor on top of the world with *The Fly,* as opposed to a star with a shtick (see *Jurassic Park* and anything else he's made in the nineties)? Based on the novel by Dean R. Koontz. Directed by Brett Leonard. (1 hr. 52 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; Chelsea Cinema; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

★**Hoop Dreams**—Nominated for an Academy Award for Best Editing. An extraordinarily detailed and emotionally satisfying piece of work about American inner-city life, American hopes, American defeat. Two African-American teenagers stand at the center of this documentary, two boys who both want to be NBA players. That is their only desire. They have no fallback position, no middle ground, nothing else they would settle for. The movie fol-

"Cue" cover photograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

lows them through the ups and downs of their high-school years and then into college, and much of it takes place off the courts, among coaches, parents, and friends who apply an annihilating pressure on the young men to succeed. Though graced by much sweet struggle and several euphoric moments, *Hoop Dreams* is nevertheless tragic in its implications. America is interested in making these boys into stars but not into men. (Denby; 10/24/94) (2 hrs. 51 min.; NR) *Quad Cinemas; Chelsea Cinema; Baronet/Coronet; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Hunted—Christopher Lambert (hot off *Highlander—The Final Dimension*) stars as a businessman traveling to Japan and caught in the middle of a pitched battle between ninjas and samurai. Lambert must do awfully well in video or foreign or *something*. In a shocking indication of how few roles are available to Asian actors, it co-stars John Lone and Joan Chen. Directed by J. F. Lawton. (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Art Greenwich Twin; Chelsea Cinema; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; National Twin; 86th St.; Olympia Cinemas; 62nd and Broadway.*

Immortal Beloved—No movie about Beethoven—or Homer or Michelangelo or Shakespeare—is likely to be anything less than kitsch, since the genius's work is sure to outclass whatever interpretive context the filmmaker can provide for it. Some subjects really should be left alone. Having said that, it should also be added that this movie (written and directed by Bernard Rose) is nothing like such florid miseries as Song Without End (the life of Liszt). Parts of it are stirring, even moving, and Gary Oldman is a fiery, sullen Beethoven. This is kitsch of a high order. (Denby; 1/9/95) (2 hrs.; R) *Plaza; Lincoln Square.*

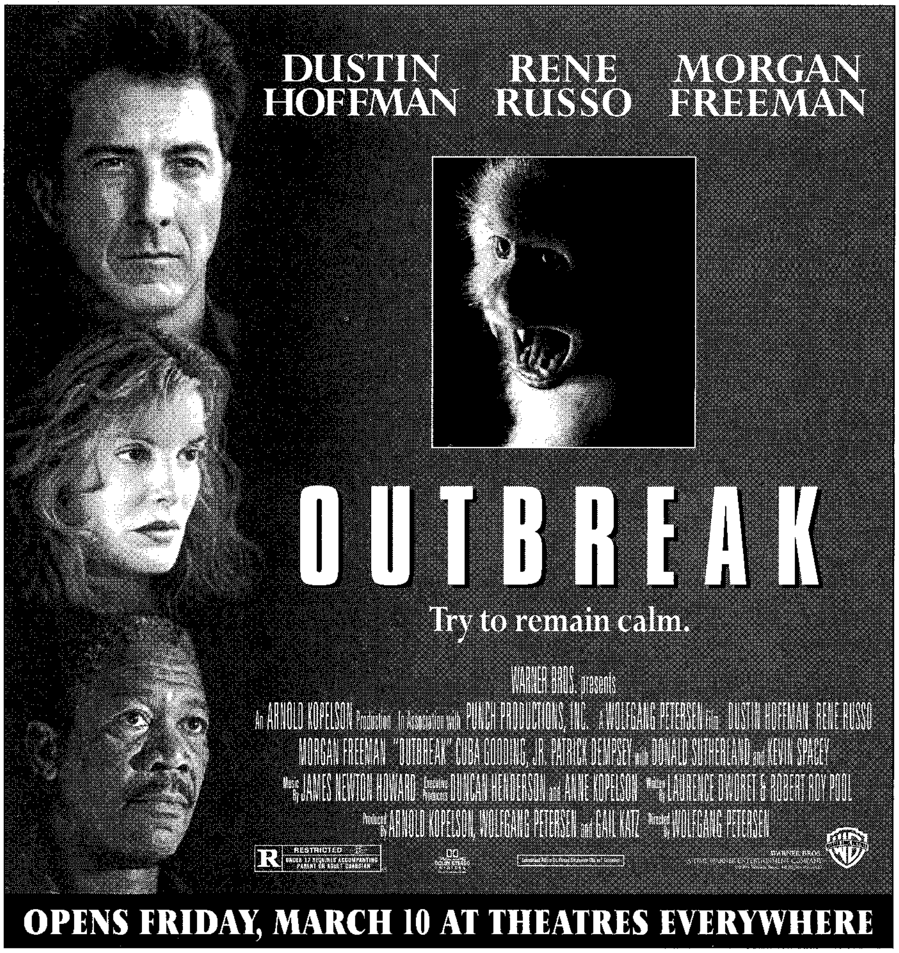
Just Cause—Director Arne Glimcher follows his unembarrassing but unsuccessful debut *The Mambo Kings* with this thriller starring Sean Connery, Laurence Fishburne, and Ed Harris. (2 hrs.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema.*

★**The Last Seduction**—The new neo-*noir* thriller directed by the talented John Dahl (*Red Rock West*) moves with the devastating energy of its viciously inventive dark lady—a lying, cheating tramp named Bridget Gregory, played by the amusingly tough Linda Fiorentino. Before it goes sour at the end, most of this little movie is fast and exhilarating—not radical in form like *Pulp Fiction* but erotically ravenous, exceptionally witty, and impressively knowledgeable about all the dirty deals and low maneuvers that keep a corrupt world going. (Denby; 10/31/94) (1 hr. 50 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; Sutton.*

Legends of the Fall—Edward Zwick of *Glory* directs this very old-fashioned tale from a Jim Harrison novella. It tells the story of three brothers—Brad Pitt, Aidan Quinn, and Henry Thomas—who all fall in love with the same woman (Julia Ormond, which makes it understandable). Their passion is played out against the backdrop of World War I and a towering, daunting father (Anthony Hopkins) who fights against conformity and embraces nature. The sort of movie where decades pass and everyone looks virtually the same; it's marked the box-office coming-of-age for Pitt. (2 hrs. 13 min.; R) *Ziegfeld; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

Little Women—Filled with generosity and high ethical and feminist sentiment, this latest adaptation of Louisa May Alcott's classic novel is about a mother and four daughters surviving in hard times; it's about the endurance of goodness; and it's so beautiful that one wishes it were more interesting. If only the longings of the March family were shaded by darker impulses; if only the feminist consciousness of the mother (Susan Sarandon) were sullied by doubt or error; if only the men (including Christian Bale and Gabriel Byrne) weren't always so gentlemanly. It's a lovely movie, but also a complacent one. But Gillian Armstrong cast the right actresses, especially Winona Ryder (nominated for Best Actress) as the ardent and ambitious heroine, Jo. With Trini Alvarado, Samantha Mathis, Christine Dunst, Eric Stoltz, and Claire Danes of *My So Called Life*. (Denby; 1/9/95) (1 hr. 50 min.; PG.) *Chelsea; Cinema 3.*

★**The Madness of King George**—This marvelous movie, a full-scale historical re-creation based on Alan Bennett's play, is about the very human George III—the George of schoolboy jokes, the one who reigned for 60 years, taxed the colonies so unpleasantly, and occasionally went out of his head. Nigel Hawthorne renders the king as a virile, fiftyish



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An ARNOLD KOPELSON Production In Association with PUNCH PRODUCTIONS, INC. A WOLFGANG PETERSEN Film DUSTIN HOFFMAN RENE RUSSO
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Music by JAMES NEWTON HOWARD Executive Producers DUNCAN HENDERSON and ANNE KOPELSON Written by LAURENCE DWORET & ROBERT ROY POOL
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sport with a bullying voice, a frantic gait, and sudden, convulsive movements. As George drifts off into madness, director Nicholas Hytner's movie moves off in two directions at once—outdoors, to the lawns and heaths around the royal castles, where George rages like a Lear beset by sunshine instead of storms; and indoors, into a greater physical intimacy with the king, whose fits and starts and digestive turmoils are subjected to the high quackery of the royal physicians. The flesh is tormented, the spirit harrowed, and something like poetry takes over. Nominated for numerous Academy Awards, including Hawthorne as Best Actor. (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; 19th St. East; Baronet/Coronet; Lincoln Plaza.*

The Mangler—Robert Englund stars in yet another horror/slasher series. One would think he'd be tired of Freddy Krueger and its ilk, but apparently he'd simply like another tentpole to take shelter under, now that *Nightmare on Elm Street* has reached a dead end. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; 19th St. East; Astor Plaza; Crown Gotham; Movieplex 42; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Man of the House—In the first act of his post–talk show career, Chevy Chase chose to star in this Disney comedy about a federal prosecutor who marries Farrah Fawcett and has his hands full dealing with her recalcitrant son . . . not to mention some mobsters who like him even less. Directed by James Orr. (1 hr. 38 min.; PG) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; Embassy 1; Sutton; 86th St. East; 84th St. Six.*

Miami Rhapsody—Writer-director David Frankel, who's worked extensively in television, has delivered a flagrant copy of mid-period Woody Allen, but that's the least of what's wrong with it. Imitativeness is a pardonable fault in a new director. A more pressing difficulty is that the picture isn't very good. Gwyn (Sarah Jessica Parker) has a cute boyfriend (Gil Bellows) who wants to marry her. But everyone in Gwyn's family—her mother, father, sister, brother—is cheating, and Gwyn is too dismayed by all these infidelities to get hitched. Parker makes self-deprecating remarks and delivers her lines clearly and with a comic's emphasis, but the jokes just pop out as if they had nothing to do with her. They sound like . . . lines. One thing happens and then another, and none of it matters emotionally, so the petty narcissism grows rancid and trivial. With Kevin Pollak; Paul Mazursky; Mia Farrow; and Antonio Banderas, the only grown-up among them—and he isn't even photographed well. (Denby; 2/13/95) (1 hr. 35 min.; PG-13) *Village East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Lincoln Square.*

Mina Tannenbaum—An awkward, unsteady film about the friendship (or lack thereof) between the severe and demanding Mina (Romane Bohringer) and the shy but friendly Ethel (Elsa Zylberstein). They meet in ballet class at age 7 and the movie follows them for the next 25 years. Except for some amusing moments of teenage uncertainty about their looks and the prospect of dating, it's essentially a rather dark and serious story. But writer/director Martine Dugowson uses such jarringly whimsical devices as guardian angels to tell it. Increasingly uninteresting as it goes along. (2 hrs. 8 min.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza.*

Mr. Payback—An interactive movie in which the audience determines the course of action at various stages of the narrative. The future of cinema? A profitable spinoff, akin to video games? Or a gimmick that will join the likes of Sensurround in movie-history books? You be the judge. (20 min.; NR) *19th St. East.*

Muriel's Wedding—A broad comedy about an ugly-duckling Australian gal named Muriel who dreams of a fabulous, flashy wedding that will somehow prove to her snotty friends and hack-politician father that she's made something of herself. Swept that country's equivalent to the Academy Awards, winning Best Picture, Best Actress, and Best Supporting Actress. Lots of ABBA music, all of which seems two years too late, but maybe that's only meant to emphasize Muriel's out-of-touchness. Directed by P. J. Hogan. (1 hr. 45 min.; R) *Village East; 19th St. East; Beekman; Lincoln Plaza.*

★Nobody's Fool—An affecting chronicle of life in a dim burg where people stay forever, grimly attached to the boarded-up houses, the old bar, the lone diner. Paul Newman (nominated for Best Actor) is Sully, forever unsettled, a lifelong screwup who lives as a boarder in the house of his former teacher (Jessica Tandy) and flirts with the wife (Melanie Griffith) of his sleazy, deadbeat boss (Bruce Willis). The movie is set Thanksgiving-to-Christmas, the season of joy, and Sully comes to terms with his past, forgiving his long-dead father and accepting forgiveness from his son. Director Robert Benton, displaying a gentle yet steady touch, achieves the mix of acerbity and sweetness, wit and sentiment, that eluded him in such earlier down-home films as *Nadine* and *Places in the Heart.* (Denby; 1/16/95) (2 hrs. 30 min.; R) *23rd St. West Triplex; 34th St. Showplace; Tower East; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinema.*

★Once Were Warriors—Based on the novel by Alan Duff, this is a powerful new movie from New Zealand. Jake (Temuera Morrison), a massive Maori with short hair and piercing eyes, gets laid off, goes on the dole, and starts an endless party with his mates that moves from a huge bar to home and back again. His wife (a magnificent actress named Rena Owen) adores him, but he beats her and ignores the children, who are drifting toward chaos. Beth's rough life doesn't bother her; she revels in it, enjoying the rude, hard-drinking parties as much as anyone. But when Jake boils over—slams her against the wall and pummels her face—she's in danger of losing her life. Owen shows love fighting back rage, and then shame and despair tearing away at love. Her performance is classic, but Morrison doesn't have material of the same richness. Jake is little more than an unreachable brawler, and he's unnecessarily diminished when his self-hatred as a Maori is used against him to explain why he beats up the woman he loves. Director Lee Tamahori seems split in his feelings about this, but split in an interesting way. The Maori live on the wrong side of the freeway, on streets littered with junked cars, rubble, and graffiti, and Tamahori revels in the lurid, angry rawness. Yet he also uses red and brown earth colors whenever he can, as if the old communal land of New Zealand were calling the Maori away from their disastrous city life. The movie is a work of pop culture driven by a strong anti-pop animus. (Denby; 3/6/95) (1 hr. 48 min.; R) *Angelika Film Center; Paris.*

Outbreak—A deadly virus has escaped and scientists must race against time to find a cure . . . or the government might just decide to blow up the town that's been contaminated, rather than risk a plague of national proportions. *Not* based on *The Hot Zone* by Richard Preston, another "escaped virus" movie that went into production at the same time and was going to star Robert Redford. It might still be made, they say, but probably not any time soon. This one stars Dustin Hoffman and Rene Russo. Directed by Wolfgang Petersen. (2 hrs. 10 min; R) *Village Theater VII; 19th St. East; 34th St. Showplace; Criterion Center; New York Twin; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

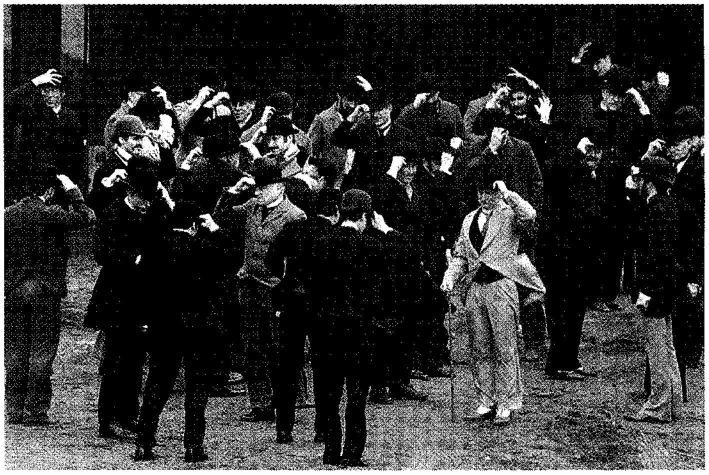
★Pulp Fiction—Two petty thieves sitting in a diner (Tim Roth and Amanda Plummer) announce a stickup, pull out their guns—and the episode breaks off. That's the beginning of the movie, and we return to them at the end, though what appears in the interim isn't all flashback. Some of it takes place before that moment, some after. The chronology of the three stories is daringly skewed so we can see people in the midst of different yet connected actions. Call it collateral narration. What goes around comes around. The two principal characters are hit men in black suits: John Travolta, overweight, puffy, with long hair falling from a knot in strands, and Samuel L. Jackson, lean, curly-haired, and with a mean tongue. They work for a local crime boss who sends them on a job to kill some yuppie punks. The two cross paths with boxer Bruce Willis, a stoic, Hemingwayesque loser paid by the crime boss to take a dive. There's much

Talent

A Weegee-cum-Wilder Wannabe

As with most unions connected to the film industry, getting into Local 644 (a local for cameramen and still photographers) isn't easy—in the past two years, only four new members have been admitted. Most of them come from a fashion- or commercial-photography background, and got their foot in the door with fabulous, slick portfolios. But Gene Page, who was a photojournalist for eight years before he tried his hand at location photography, is more likely to include pictures of plane crashes in the work he shows. "On one movie, I had to photograph dead bodies," says Page, who was elected into the union this year and is regarded as one of the trade's hot new talents. "I've covered more shootings than I can count, and I've had blood on my shoes plenty of times from crime scenes. It was kind of nice to realize it's all fake and that the kid's going to get up and walk away." Page has worked on eleven films in two years, ranging from low-budget 16-mm. projects to his latest, *If Lucy Fell,* a romantic comedy starring Sarah Jessica Parker, Ben Stiller, and Elle Macpherson that's currently filming in Manhattan. Like everyone else, *he wants to direct.* Page has several story ideas registered with the Writers Guild and hopes to shoot a ten-minute short this summer. He already has the requisite auteur hubris. "I'm not about to take that kind of money"—meaning a feature-film budget—"and do it until I feel I'm absolutely ready. It could be five years; it could be sooner. But I'm going to do it. No question."

MICHAEL GILTZ



Page took this 'Age of Innocence' shot while visiting the set.

Photograph by Gene Page.

more, and the whole is bound with words—anecdotes, debates, rococo profanities, biblical quotations. Nominated for seven Academy Awards, including Best Picture. (Denby; 10/3/94) (2 hrs. 29 min.; R) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2–4; 57th St. Playhouse; First & 62nd St. Cinema; 84th St. Six.*

Queen Margot—Isabelle Adjani stars in this bloody tale of passion, romance, and the seductive power of revenge. Directed by Claude Berri. With Vincent Perez and Daniel Auteuil. (2 hrs.; NR) *Village East.*

★**The Quick and the Dead**—Herod (Gene Hackman) rules over the decrepit, burnt-out town of Redemption as a kind of Old West Mafia boss, exacting 50 cents of every dollar that changes hands. Each year he stages a quick-draw tournament in which anyone can duel anyone else. At the end of the contest, having knocked off all the local hotshots who might threaten him, Herod alone is left standing. Oddly, no one leaves the town or complains about the rules. People itch to prove that they're the best. Even Ellen (Sharon Stone). She has a blood score to settle with Herod, but rather than just shoot the bastard in the back like any rational person, she enters the contest. This could have been a cultish bore, like *The Crow,* but director Sam Raimi has an effectively ruthless shorthand style—anecdote reduced to iconography. Raimi's camera brings the audience close, and the movie's "dark" tonalities—the sadism and ghoulishness, the bizarre death obsessions—seem more like an outré B-movie style than a moral vacancy to get upset about. How can you hate a director this flamboyant? Written by Simon Moore. With Russell Crowe and Leonardo DiCaprio. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 34th St. Showplace.*

Red—Nominated for several Oscars, including Best Director. There are moments of great beauty in everything director Krzysztof Kieslowski does, but he's essentially a constructor of intricate puzzlers; an artificer, perhaps, but not an artist. In this movie, Valentine (Irène Jacob) and a young man, Auguste (Jean-Pierre Lorit), who is studying to be a judge, live around the corner from each other in Geneva, each impinging on the other's life, circulating in the other's aura, but they never quite meet—until a catastrophe brings them together at the end of the movie. Kieslowski constructs his movies with ineffable moments and with tiny visual motifs touched by grace. Yet the avant-garde techniques cannot conceal an extraordinarily weak dramatic sense and some very hoary ideas about women. (Denby; 11/28/94) (1 hr. 35 min.; R) *Quad Cinema; 68th St. Playhouse; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Roommates—Peter Falk and D. B. Sweeney star in this sentimental story about the friendship between a grandfather and the grandson he begins to raise when he's 75 years old and continues to guide/pester/love for the next 30 years. Tears will be shed. Directed by Peter Yates. Based on the book by Max Apple. (1 hr. 49 min.; PG) *Village East; Murray Hill Cinema; 19th St. East; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Guild 50th St.; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.*

The Secret of Roan Inish—Young Fiona Coneelly comes to the Irish seaside to stay at her grandparents', where she hears the family legends and slowly watches them come to life; the hard part is convincing everyone else. A gentle tale of magic realism and storytelling by the usually acerbic director John Sayles. (The highlight of his last movie, *Passion Fish,* was a hilarious monologue centering on anal probes.) Cinematography by Haskell Wexler. Written by Sayles, based on Rosalie K. Fry's novella *The Secret of Ron Mor Skerry* (which doesn't seem that much harder to pronounce than Roan Inish). Exceptionally well-reviewed. (1 hr. 42 min.; PG) *Angelika Film Center; Eastside Playhouse; Lincoln Square.*

Shallow Grave—One wants to respond to director Danny Boyle's excitement. At last, a truly wicked Scottish movie! But its three Edinburgh yuppies—a doctor (Kerry Fox), an accountant (Christopher Eccleston), and a tabloid journalist (Ewan McGregor)—behave in a way so utterly hostile that no one would possibly have anything to do with them. Infantile and sarcastic, like sophomores having a sugar fit, they dump on everyone. The three share a comfortable flat, and they advertise for an additional roommate, insulting every applicant who dares come to see them. When they finally accept someone—a rather diffident fellow—he promptly dies, leaving a suitcase filled with cash in his room. The three roommates take the swag and bury the body, first chopping it into pieces. Soon they are betraying one another. From the beginning, the filmmakers go in for arch dialogue and off-center readings. But a swinish manner is not the same as style. Clearly, the director wants to make it easier for the audience to relish the troubles of these monsters. But what's at stake? Nothing. The characters are so flimsy as human beings, they don't even seem serious about greed, and greed is the only emotion that propels this movie. Written by John Hodge. Directed by Danny Boyle. (Denby; 2/27/95) (1 hr. 32 min.; R) *Village Theatre VII; New York Twin; Lincoln Square.*

Judy
GARLAND
The Golden Years at M-G-M
THE HARVEY GIRLS
THE PIRATE
SUMMER STOCK

Laser disc **Long before CD-ROM, laser-disc releases were serving as unofficial archives for movie memorabilia and oral history. This boxed set of three Judy Garland vehicles also includes 30 theatrical trailers, more than 400 still photographs, musical outtakes, and a just-discovered short of a 7-year-old Judy performing as one of the Gumm Sisters. (MGM/UA; $124.98.)**

The Shawshank Redemption—A return engagement for this slow-moving drama in the wake of its multiple Oscar nominations, including Best Picture and Best Actor (Morgan Freeman). Stars Tim Robbins as a successful young banker who is jailed in 1947 for the murder of his wife and her lover. David Denby said on 9/26/94 that "it seems to have been made in another era—the fifties, perhaps, when rehabilitation was a fond idea and prisons could still seem a monstrous mistake. The movie burns with dubious ardor. No one could disagree with its point of view. No one is likely to be much interested, either." No one except the elderly Academy members, that is. Based on a gimmicky short story by Stephen King. Directed by Frank Darabont. (2 hrs. 22 min.; R) *Village Theater VII; Chelsea; 34th St. Showplace; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; Regency.*

Son of the Shark—Winner of several awards—including the International Critics Prize at the Venice Film Festival—this is a typically thoughtful and uncondescending look at the lives of children, from the French. Directed by Agnès Merlet, it focuses on two young brothers with an unshakable bond who overcome an abusive father and separation into different foster homes/detention centers to be with each other. But when they do reunite, it's inevitably followed by a bout of vandalism, both playful and serious, that gets them arrested and separated once again. Beautifully shot by Gerard Simon. With Ludovic Vandendaele and Erick Da Silva. (1 hr. 28 min.; NR) *Angelika 57.*

★**Strawberry and Chocolate**—Nominated for an Oscar as Best Foreign Film. Tomáz Gutiérrez Alea's film is set mainly in an old Havana apartment building whose chipped and gnarled walls offer a nostalgic reminder of the old Spanish Baroque colonial city—sinfully decadent glories, out of place in the austerely functional Communist state. In this peculiar ruin, three characters who seem stranded from a Tennessee Williams play—a flamboyant and intelligent gay artist (Jorge Perrugoría), a retired prostitute (Mirta Ibarra), and a handsome young (male) virgin (Vladimir Cruz)—fall in and out of love and long for greater freedom. The movie doesn't have much of a story, but it's a touching plea for friendship, sex, and art. (Denby; 2/6/95) (1 hr. 43 min.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza.*

The Sum of Us—In this Australian comic drama, Dad (Jack Thompson) is exceptionally open and accepting of his son's homosexuality. Since his son is the quite handsome Russell Crowe (*Romper Stomper; Proof*), so are many of the local lads. Still, they both search for love, unsuccessfully (at first). Based on a play by David Stevens, it never overcomes its theatrical origins, with stagey dialogue and characters awkwardly addressing the camera throughout. (1 hr. 35 min.; NR) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Super 8 1/2—Bruce LaBruce (*No Skin Off My Ass*) wrote, directed, and stars in this *faux*-documentary about a washed-up porn star who thinks he's going to be making a comeback. Features punks, drunks, hustlers, and other eccentrics—not to mention some very explicit sex. (1 hr. 39 min.; NR) *Cinema Village 12th St.*

Through the Olive Trees—Iranian director Abbas Kiarostami offers his spin on Truffaut's *Day for Night* with this wry tale of filmmaking in northern Iran. Screened at the New York Film Festival, it's the third part of a trilogy set in that locale. (1 hr. 43 min.; G) *Village East*

Vanya on 42nd Street—Over the years, Andre Gregory performed *Uncle Vanya* for friends. He, Wallace Shawn, and others explored the text again and again (using a David Mamet adaptation), finding new levels to the story that only repeated performances with a cohesive cast can bring. When one of the principals died, they decided to capture it on film and called Louis Malle. (1 hr. 59 min.; PG) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

The Walking Dead—A Vietnam drama in which soldiers are trapped behind enemy lines and politics are a very secondary concern to staying alive. With Joe Morton. Written and directed by Preston A. Whitmore II. (1 hr. 30 min.; R) *Movieland 8th St.; 23rd St. West Triplex; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Movieplex 42; Orpheum; 84th St. Six.*

The Wild Bunch—Director Sam Peckinpah's elegiac classic, renowned for its sensual, lovingly photographed gun battles, is rereleased in a new director's cut. With William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, Robert Ryan, and Warren Oates. A career highlight for all involved. (2 hrs. 20 min.; R) *Lincoln Square.*

Window to Paris—A comic fable about the residents of a building in St. Petersburg, Russia, who discover that a window in one of their apartments somehow allows them to cross over onto a rooftop in Paris. With entrepreneurial ingenuity that would make Armand Hammer proud, they soon find themselves carrying out a wildly ambitious transport of goods between the two cities, driving the young French woman whose home they continually tramp through absolutely batty. (1 hr. 27 min.; PG-13) *Lincoln Plaza.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Once Were Warriors; The Madness of King George; The Secret of Roan Inish; Heavenly Creatures; Strawberry and Chocolate; Exotica.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (929-3350) *The Hunted; Forrest Gump.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Super 8 1/2.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) Through 3/7: *Meet the Feebles.* Opening 3/8: *I am Cuba* (1964). (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Joseph Papp Public Theater—425 Lafayette St. (598-7171) See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Movieland 8th Street—42 E. 8th St. (477-6600) *The Walking Dead; Hideaway; In the Mouth of Madness; The Quick and the Dead.*

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Lamb; Hoop Dreams; Red; A Great Day in Harlem; Mina Tannenbaum.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *Quiz Show; Miami Rhapsody; Queen Margot; Pulp Fiction; Through the Olive Trees; Clerks; Roommates; The Mangler.* Opening 3/10: *Muriel's Wedding.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *The Last Seduction; Before Sunrise; Boys on the Side; Shallow Grave; Just Cause; The Shawshank Redemption; Man of the House.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (929-8037) *Bullets Over Broadway; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

14th–41st Streets

Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (513-5402) *Little Women; Just Cause; The Shawshank Redemption; Hoop Dreams; The Hunted; Pulp Fiction; Forrest Gump; Man of the House; Hideaway.*

Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *Boys on the Side; Hideaway; Just Cause; Roommates.*

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *The Madness of King George; Boys on the Side; The Brady Bunch Movie; Mr. Payback; Roommates; The Mangler.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak; Muriel's Wedding.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (989-0060) *The Walking Dead; Nobody's Fool; Quiz Show; Before Sunrise.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (683-0255) *Bullets Over Broadway.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Nobody's Fool; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Shawshank Redemption; The Quick and the Dead.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

42nd–60th Streets

Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900) *To Live.* Opening 3/10: *Son of the Shark.*

Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway. and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *The Mangler.*

Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (355-1663) *Hoop Dreams; The Madness of King George.*

Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (265-2520) *Vanya on 42nd St.* Through 3/7: *Hoop Dreams.* Opening 3/10: *The Sum of Us.*

Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Miami Rhapsody; Tom and Viv; Roommates.*

Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (752-5959) *Little Women.*

Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *Just Cause; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Boys on the Side; The Walking Dead; Hideaway.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *The Mangler.*

Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *The Secret of Roan Inish.*

Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Man of the House.*

Embassy 2–4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Pulp Fiction; Bad Company; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

57th Street Playhouse—110 W. 57th St. (581-7360) *Pulp Fiction.*

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (759-4630) *Mrs Parker and the Vicious Circle.*

Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *Roommates.*

Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (935-6420) *The Hunted; The Walking Dead.*

Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; The Mangler; Hideaway.*

National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (869-0950) *The Quick and the Dead; The Hunted.*

Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Once Were Warriors.*

Plaza—42 E. 58th St. (355-3320) *Immortal Beloved.*

Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *The Last Seduction; Man of the House.*

Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (246-1583) *Interview With the Vampire; Junior; Death and the Maiden; Speechless; Nell; Safe Passage.*

Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (765-7600) *Legends of the Fall.*

61st Street and Above, East Side

Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (737-2622) *Bullets Over Broadway.* Opening 3/10: *Muriel's Wedding.*

86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (534-1880) *Bullets Over Broadway; The Hunted.*

86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *The Mangler; Man of the House.*

First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (513-5408) *Pulp Fiction; The Shawshank Redemption; The Brady Bunch Movie; Before Sunrise; Legends of the Fall; Hideaway.*

Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Murder in the First; Just Cause; Forrest Gump.*

New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Boys on the Side; Shallow Grave.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *Just Cause; Legends of the Fall; Boys on the Side; The Shawshank Redemption; The Walking Dead; Hideaway; Roommates.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Red.*

Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Nobody's Fool.*

UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *The Brady Bunch Movie.*

61st Street and Above, West Side

Columbus Circle—2 Gulf+Western Plaza, Broadway and 61st St. (247-5070) *Forrest Gump.*

84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *The Brady Bunch Movie; The Mangler; Man of the House; Pulp Fiction; The Walking Dead; Hideaway.*

Harlem Victoria V—235 W. 125th St. (222-8900) *Alma's Rainbow.* See "Museums, Societies, Etc."

Data
Art-House Hits

Propelled by strong reviews and good word of mouth, John Sayles's gentle Irish tale *The Secret of Roan Inish* continues to draw crowds. On the other end of the niceness spectrum, the Gen-X cynicism of *Shallow Grave* (below) will doubtless make it one of the most successful Scottish films ever released here. Powered by its Oscar nomination, *Strawberry and Chocolate* also did well. (So did fellow nominee *Before the Rain,* which just missed out on a spot in the top five.)

Movie	*Box Office**
Shallow Grave	**$55,358**
The Secret of Roan Inish	**$40,015**
Once Were Warriors	**$31,443**
Strawberry and Chocolate	**$25,103**
Red	**$24,802**

****This chart lists independent films playing in New York City on three screens or fewer. Grosses for 3/24–3/26 from* Daily Variety.**

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *The Madness o King George; Red; Strawberry and Chocolate; Window t Paris; Before the Rain; Mina Tannenbaum.* Opening 3/10: *Muriel's Wedding.*

Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Shallow Grave; Miami Rhapsody; Boys on the Side, Immortal Beloved; Legends of the Fall; Nobody's Fool, Before Sunrise; The Secret of Roan Inish; Just Cause; The Wild Bunch; Roommates; Quiz Show.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.* IMAX: *Into the Deep; The Last Buffalo.*

Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (222-1200) *Just Cause; Heavyweights.*

New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *The Mangler; Heavyweights; Hideaway.*

Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *The Mangler; Hideaway.*

Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (865-8128) *The Hunted; Nobody's Fool.*

Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (724-3700) *The Shawshank Redemption.*

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (265-7466) *The Hunted.*

Thalia—250 W. 95th St. (316-4962) *Sarraounia; Sankofa.*

Bronx
Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *Hoop Dreams; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; Bad Company; Higher Learning; Houseguest; Dumb and Dumber; The Jerky Boys; Highlander—The Final Dimension; In the Mouth of Madness; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161th St. (588-8800) *Higher Learning; Richie Rich; The Quick and the Dead; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Mangler; Man of the House; Hideaway; The Hunted; The Walking Dead.*

Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Just Cause; The Shawshank Redemption; The Hunted; Hideaway; Billy Madison.*

Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Just Cause; Roommates.*

Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson River Pkwy. (409-9037) *Pulp Fiction; Forres Gump; The Quick and the Dead; Higher Learning; Dumb and Dumber; Richie Rich; In the Mouth o Madness; Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Brady Bunch; The Mangler; Hideaway; Man of the House Roommates; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; The Shawshank Redemption.*

Brooklyn
Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (748-4200) *Pulp Fiction; Billy Madison; Boys on the Side; Roommates Hideaway; The Mangler; Forrest Gump; Man of th House.*

Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Shallow Grave; Hoop Dreams; Pulp Fiction; Bullets Over Broadway.*

Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *Th Mangler; Man of the House; The Brady Bunch Movie.*

Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *Just Cause; Man of the House; Roommates; Hideaway; The Brady Bunch Movie; .*

Commodore—329 Broadway, at Rodney St. (384-7259 *The Mangler; Hideaway.*

Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (238-4200) *The Hunted; Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Walking Dead.*

Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (284-5700) *Higher Learning; The Walking Dead; The Hunted; Th Mangler.*

Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371 *Just Cause; Hideaway; Roommates.*

Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (253-1111) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie Heavyweights; The Hunted; In the Mouth of Madness Higher Learning; Billy Madison.*

Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (645-8588) *The Walking Dead; The Shawshank Redemption The Mangler; Hideaway; Man of the House.*

Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Just Cause; The Hunted; The Shawshank Redemption; Hideaway; The Mangler.*

Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (858-8580) *Higher Learn*

Photograph by Nigel Robertson/Gramercy Pictures

ing; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; The Mangler.

The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Nobody's Fool; Just Cause; Legedns of the Fall; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; The Quick and the Dead; Pulp Fiction; Hideaway; Roommates.*

Oriental—1832 86th St. (236-5001) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Heavyweights; Man of the House.*

Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) *Hideaway; The Madness of King George.*

Ridgewood—55–27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Hideaway; Heavyweights; Man of the House; The Mangler.*

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28–60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Walking Dead; The Hunted; Hideaway; The Mangler; Billy Madison.*

Bay Terrace—211–01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *Roommates; Just Cause; The Quick and the Dead; Boys on the Side; The Shawshank Redemption; The Walking Dead; Man of the House.*

Center—42–17 Queens Blvd., at 43rd St., Sunnyside (784-3050) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Billy Madison; The Hunted; Hideaway.*

Cinema 5—183–15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (357-9100) *Just Cause; Heavyweights; The Walking Dead; The Hunted; The Mangler.*

Cinemart—106–03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Man of the House.*

Continental—70–20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Bullets Over Broadway; Boys on the Side; Forrest Gump; The Shawshank Redemption.*

Crossbay—94–11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Just Cause; The Walking Dead; The Mangler.*

Crossbay II—92–10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Heavyweights; The Hunted; The Shawshank Redemption; Hideaway; Man of the House; Roommates; Boys on the Side; Dumb and Dumber; The Quick and the Dead; In the Mouth of Madness.*

Elmwood—57–02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *The Brady Bunch Movie; The Mangler; Nobody's Fool; The Walking Dead; Heavyweights.*

Forest Hills—107–16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Madness of King George; Shallow Grave.*

Fresh Meadows—190–02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (454-6800) *Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; The Quick and the Dead; The Shawshank Redemption; Billy Madison; The Brady Bunch Movie; Forrest Gump; Roommates; Hideaway.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *The Walking Dead; The Mangler; Hideaway.*

Main Street—72–66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Hunted; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

Midway—108–22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Legends of the Fall; Just Cause; Billy Madison; The Hunted; Hideaway.*

The Movies at Bayside—38–39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Brady Bunch; Nobody's Fool; Legends of the Fall; Hideaway; Bullets Over Broadway; Billy Madison.*

Movieworld—242–02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Brady Bunch Movie; Just Cause; Legends of the Fall; Hunted; Boys on the Side; Roommates; Hideaway; Pulp Fiction; Billy Madison; Shawshank.*

North Shore Towers—27–10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *Nell; Dumber; Immortal Beloved.*

Plaza—103–14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *Man of the House; The Mangler.*

Quartet—160–06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *Heavyweights; The Hunted; The Walking Dead; The Mangler; Forrest Gump.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *Nobody's Fool; Man of the House.*

Trylon—98–81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Roommates.*

Utopia—187–02 Union Tpke., at 188th St., Flushing (454-2323) *Just Cause; Roommates.*

Staten Island

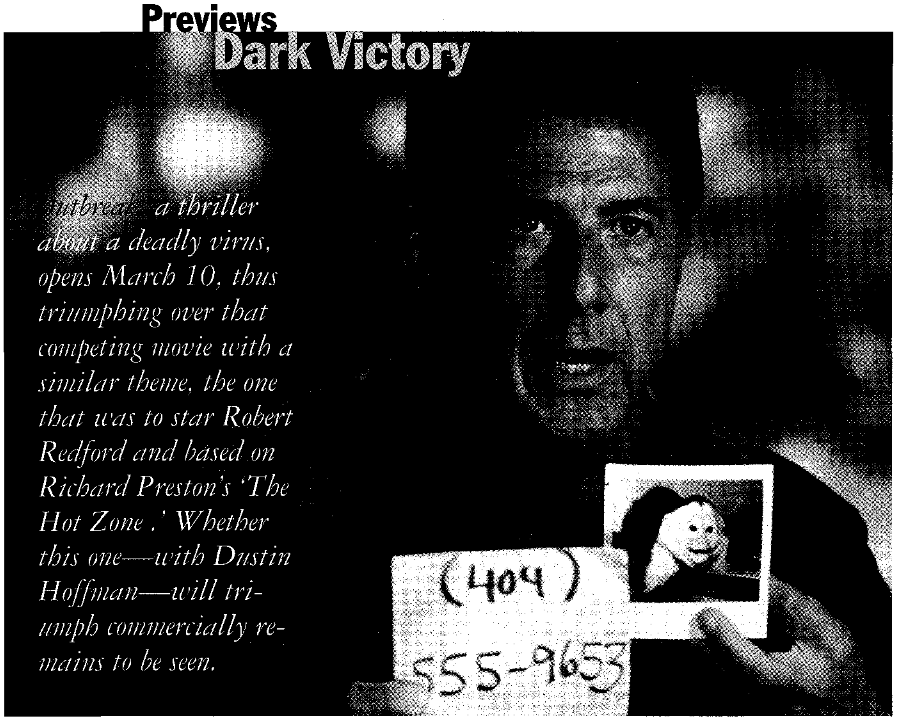
Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *The Brady Bunch Movie; Just Cause; Forrest Gump; Heavyweights; The Hunted; Hideaway; Man of the House.* Opening 3/10: *Outbreak.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Just Cause; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Walking Dead; The Shawshank Redemption; Hideaway; The Mangler.*

Previews

Dark Victory



Outbreak, a thriller about a deadly virus, opens March 10, thus triumphing over that competing movie with a similar theme, the one that was to star Robert Redford and based on Richard Preston's 'The Hot Zone.' Whether this one—with Dustin Hoffman—will triumph commercially remains to be seen.

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *Just Cause; Heavyweights; Pulp Fiction; The Brady Bunch Movie; The Hunted; Roommates; Hideaway; Man of the House; Boys on the Side; Billy Madison; Nobody's Fool.*

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Atom Egoyan Retrospective 3/11–3/19." A look at the Canadian director just as he prepares to reach his widest audience yet, with the release of *Exotica*. 3/11: *Family Viewing* (1987); "The Final Twist" episode from *Alfred Hitchcock Presents; Next of Kin* (1984); and the short *Peep Show.* 3/12: *Speaking Parts* (1989), introduced by Egoyan; *Exotica* (1995), followed by a discussion with Egoyan, moderated by David Schwartz. 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); $5.

Anthology Film Archives—Through 3/19: Nam June Paik's "Rhine Video Exhibition," featuring works by Elke Esser, Carmen Mankel, Jan Verbeek, and others. 3/11: *The Gold Rush* (1925). 3/11 and 3/12: *Just Visiting This Planet* (1991) and *Dandy* (1988), both by Peter Sempel. 3/12: Jean Cocteau's Orphic Trilogy *Le Sang d'un Poète* (1930), *Orphée* (1950), and *Le Testament d'Orphée* (1960). 3/14: *Return to Glennascaul* (1951), a short film possibly co-directed by Orson Welles; *Crossroads* (1976), by Bruce Conner. 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); $7.

The Brooklyn Museum—Through 4/15: "New Italian Cinema: Nuovi and Nuovissimi." 3/10: *Manila Paloma Blanca* (1993) and *Dinamite—Nuraxi Figus, Italia* (1994), both directed by Daniele Segre. 200 Eastern Parkway, Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); $6.

Donnell Media Center—3/7: *The Gay Divorcee* (1934). 3/9: *Salesman* (1969), the first in the "Cinema of Albert Maysles" series. 3/14: *Bye Bye Birdie* (1963). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619). Free.

Film Forum—Held over: *Faster, Pussycat! Kill! Kill!* (1965) and *Mamma Roma* (1962). Opening 3/8: *I Am Cuba* (1964), a Cuban-Soviet bit of agitprop shot in black and white. Described by *Variety* as "a mad aesthetic flight." See also "Movies." Through 3/16: "Buster Keaton 100," a thorough and thoroughly amusing retrospective of the deadpan comic. 3/7 and 3/8: *Speak Easily* (1932) and *Keaton and Arbuckle II.* 3/9 and 3/10: *Go West* (1925), *The Blacksmith* (1922), *The Paleface* (1921), and *The Balloonatic* (1923). 3/11–3/13: *The General* (1926), often regarded as Keaton's classic and certainly the point where the uninitiated should jump in; *Sherlock Jr.* (1923); and *Hard Luck* (1921). 3/14: *The Railrodder* (1965), *Buster Keaton Rides Again* (1965), and *What! No Beer?* (1933). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); $7.50.

The Film Society of Lincoln Center (The Walter Reade Theater)—Through 3/9: "*Cahiers du cinéma* Selects. . . ." 3/8: *Portrait of a Girl* (1994), *USA Go Home* (1994), and *Travolta and Me* (1993). 3/9: *The Innocents* (1988) and *I Don't Kiss* (1992). 3/10–3/31: "Blood of a Poet: Sam Peckinpah." Just as his classic *The Wild Bunch* is rereleased to theaters, a retrospective on this violence-soaked director. 3/10 and 3/12: *The Deadly Companions* (1961). 3/10 and 3/11: *Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid* (1973). 3/10–3/12: *Ride the High Country* (1962). "Movies for Kids" on 3/11 and 3/12: *It Came From Beneath the Sea* (1955). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level (875-5600); $7.

French Institute—3/7: *À La Mode* (1993). 3/14: *Love After Love* (1991). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); $6.

Harlem Victoria V—See also listing under "Movies." Ashakara. 235 W. 125th St. (222-8900); $7.50.

Museum of Modern Art—"From the Archives: Lewis Milestone." A look at the rarely discussed director who helmed one of the best Steinbeck adaptations (*The Red Pony*) as well as a futility-of-war-but-nobility-of-the-men-who-fought-it drama called *Pork Chop Hill* that used to be a staple of TV programmers. Followed so frequently by "The Star-Spangled Banner," it almost seems part of the movie's credits. 3/9 and 3/11: *The Red Pony* (1949). 3/10: *Pork Chop Hill* (1959). 3/10 and 3/13: *The Purple Heart* (1944). 3/11: *Of Mice and Men* (1939). 3/12 and 3/13: *All Quiet on the Western Front* (1930). 3/12 and 3/14: *The North Star* (1943) and *Our Russian Front* (1942). 3/14: *A Walk in the Sun* (1945). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); free with museum admission.

The Museum of Television and Radio—Through 4/2: "Barbra Streisand: The Television Work." 3/7–3/19: *One Voice* (1986), a benefit concert for Democratic candidates that marked Streisand's semi-public return to performing. Also includes her performance from the 52nd Presidential Inaugural Gala when Streisand sang "Happy Days Are Here Again" (but this time she means it) and a cameo on *Saturday Night Live* where she joins Mike Meyers in some "Coffee Talk." Funny, but better that they don't turn that into a movie as well. 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800); $6.

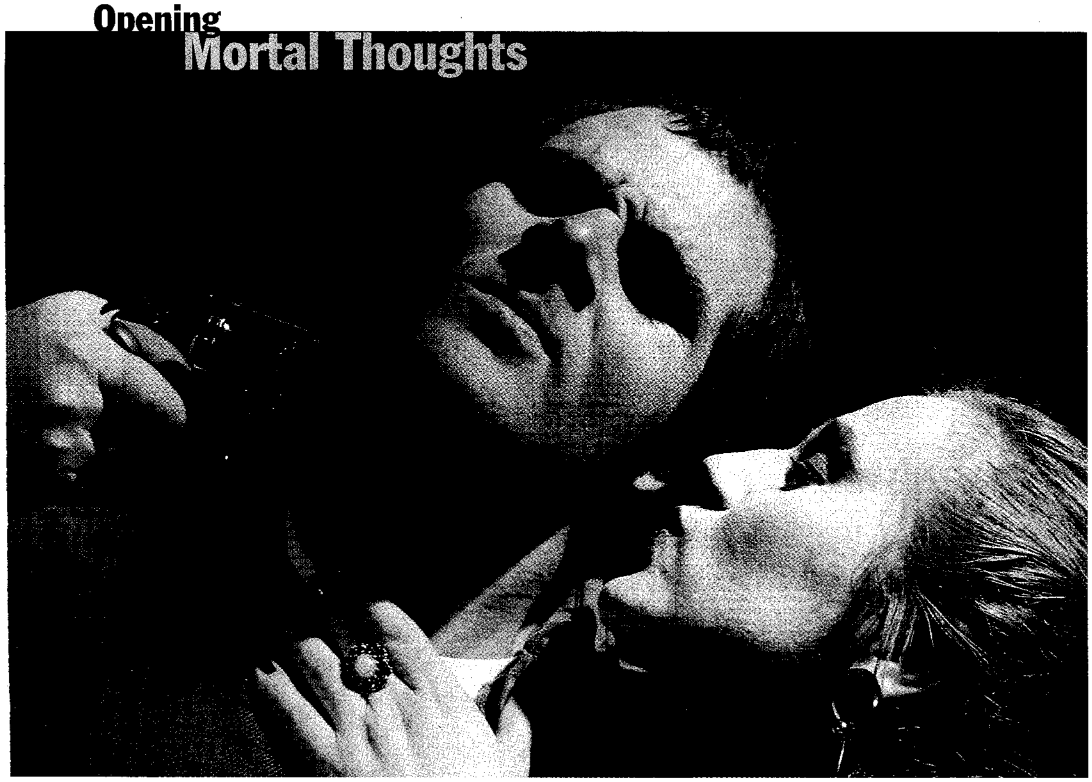
Photograph by Peter Sorel/Warner Bros.

theater

James Dame...Tonin'...Buck, Private

Opening

Mortal Thoughts



Richard Augustine and Tess Brubeck play a Red Cross disaster worker and a performance artist in 'Thanatos,' Ron Simonian's award-winning, darkly comic meditation on the meaning of death. Opening Sunday at Alice's Fourth Floor.

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show is in previews for a 3/26 opening. $34.50 until then, $39.50 thereafter. Wed.–Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 8, Sun. at 7 during previews, plus a special 3/19 matinee at 3; after 4/2, Sun. performances are at 3 only. *Helen Hayes Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVEMAN).*

The Heiress—With Philip Bosco, Cherry Jones, Frances Sternhagen, and Jon Tenney; directed by Gerald Gutierrez. Opening 3/9. $20–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Cort Theatre, 138 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Beginning previews 3/8 for a 3/23 opening. $25–$67.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2; $29.50–$67.50. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)?* Uh-huh.

Translations—A revival of Brian Friel's 1980 play, featuring Michael Cumpsty as a young British officer assigned to stamp out Gaelic in Ireland during the occupations of the 1830s and Dana Delany *(China Beach)* as the colleen who causes him to have second thoughts. Directed by Howard Davies. $45–$55. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Now in previews for a 3/19 opening. *Plymouth Theatre, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 880-0740.

Now Playing

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Sarah Uriarte plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. $20–$65. Evening shows begin at 7:30. Dark Mon. and Tues. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Blood Brothers—Willy Russell's musical about twins who, separated at birth, eventually meet and fall in love with the same girl; directed by Bill Kenwright and Bob Tomson. With Helen Reddy stepping into shoes previously filled by Carole King and Petula Clark. $45–$65. Opened: 4/25/93. *Music Box Theatre, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. $37.50–$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theater, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Crazy for You—The 1992 winner of three Tony awards, including Best Musical, begins its fourth year on Broadway this week. James Brennan and Karen Ziemba star in this musical comedy, a loose adaptation of the Gershwins' *Girl Crazy,* about a banker's son who's sent to foreclose on a theater in a mining town. Light and frothy, with Gershwin and Susan Stroman's choreography as central pleasures. Book by Ken Ludwig; co-conceived and directed, by Mike Ockrent. $15–$67.50. Dark Thurs. Opened: 2/19/92. *Shubert Theater, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 40 mins.*

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Brooke Shields as the gum-snapping tough Betty Rizzo. $30–$67.50. Dark Wed. Opened 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

An Inspector Calls—A stunning Royal National Theatre production of J. B. Priestley's 1947 mystery thriller about a wealthy British family and its involvement in the suicide of a young girl. Winner of four 1994 Tonys, including Best Play Revival. Gradua turnover for this long-running drama has finally subsided, with the current cast including Nichola Woodeson, Roy Cooper, Maxwell Caulfield (!), Siân Phillips, Harry Carnahan, and Susannah Hoffman $45–$55. Opened: 4/27/94. *Royale Theatre, 242 W 45th St. (239-6200). 1 hr. 50 mins. No intermission.*

Jackie Mason: Politically Incorrect—A one-man show written and performed by Mason, who jokes ruthlessly and effectively about every touchy social issue and racial minority imaginable. $32–$49.50 Opened: 4/5/94. *John Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Based on the Manuel Puig novel about two men in a South American prison—a gay window dresser and a revolutionary—who find some tentative common ground. It won sever Tonys, including Best Musical. Vanessa Williams who scored something of a personal triumph in the title role, wraps up a thrice-extended run on 3/18 Maria Conchita Alonso steps in 3/20. Book by Terrence McNally; music by John Kander; lyrics by Fred Ebb; directed by Harold Prince. With Howard McGillin and Brian Mitchell. $35–$65. Dark Sun Opened: 5/3/93. *Broadhurst Theater, 235 W. 44th St*

(239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its ninth year on Broadway, recently supplanted *Fiddler on the Roof* as the sixth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schonberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. $15–$65. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theater, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200). 3 hrs. 15 mins.*

Love! Valour! Compassion!—Terrence McNally's bittersweet drama about eight gay men who come together at a country home over the course of several holiday weekends. With Nathan Lane, John Glover, Stephen Bogardus, Anthony Heald, Randy Becker, John Benjamin Hickey, and Justin Kirk. Directed by Joe Mantello. $15–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 7. *Walter Kerr Theatre, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Miss Saigon—A reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon. Score by Claude-Michel Schonberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theater, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 45 mins.*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its eighth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, nearing the 3,000 mark and edging into seventh place among the longest running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. $15–$65. Dark Sun. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theater, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

The School for Husbands/The Imaginary Cuckold—Actor Brian Bedford—a Tony winner for his performance in Molière's *The School for Wives* in 1990—stars in a Molière double bill at the Roundabout. In *The School for Husbands*, he plays the overbearing guardian of a beautiful young woman who tries to keep her tucked away so he can marry her himself, while she does everything she can to reach the man she really loves. In the farce *The Imaginary Cuckold*, Bedford is half of a middle-aged bourgeois couple entangled with young lovers in a series of complications and jealously vivid misunderstandings. Translated by Richard Wilbur; directed by Michael Langham. With Suzanne Bertish, Remak Ramsay, David Aaron Baker, Patricia Dunnock, Cheryl Gaysunas, Reg Rogers, and the ever-rising Malcolm Gets. $50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. Through 3/26. *Roundabout Theatre Company, 1530 Broadway, at 45th St. (869-8400).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involvedly that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. The cast here is a true constellation: John McMartin's rubber-legged Cap'n Andy; the starchy, beady-eyed Parthy of Elaine Stritch; Rebecca Luker; Mark Jacoby; Michel Bell; Gretha Boston; and Lonette McKee's penetratingly sung Julie, which is also shatteringly acted. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94) $30–$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theater, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100). 3 hrs.*

Sunset Boulevard—Neither as bad as the gossips may have wished nor as good as the gullible must have hoped. It has two or three nice songs amid the soupy orchestrations; a great deal of sameness—songs that echo one another or previous Andrew Lloyd Webber songs too closely; book and lyrics by Don Black and Christopher Hampton, to be remembered for the most ear-grating rhyme ever, "kosher-brochure"; remnants of an interesting plot from the Billy Wilder movie; John Napier's scenery, its inventiveness truly matching its lavishness; arresting costumes by Anthony Powell; Hollywood-worthy lighting by Andrew Bridge; and unsatisfactory performances almost across the board. (Simon; 11/28/94) Though she remains with the show until July, Close is currently on a brief vacation from 3/7 to 3/19; Karen Mason appears as Norma those weeks. $25–$70. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007). 2 hrs. 30 mins.*

Tommy—The Who's angry rock opera about alienation and rebellion now ends by embracing the nuclear family. With such a famous musical source, the surprise here is that the real draw is director Des McAnuff's slick, cinematic staging. $20–$67.50. Dark Tues. Opened: 4/22/93. *St. James Theatre, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs.*

Uncle Vanya—Tom Courtenay plays the title role in Circle in the Square's staging of what is, perhaps, Chekhov's most poignant and affecting play— not his most polished, but for that very reason commanding a rude pathos uniquely its own. Also featuring Amanda Donohoe (star of *L.A. Law*) as Yelena, and directed by Braham Murray, a respected British artist making his Broadway staging debut. $45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Circle in the Square, 1633 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200).*

Performance

Brittle Brilliance

From the moment she walks into the plush, airless nineteenth-century parlor that serves as the setting for Lincoln Center Theater's revival of *The Heiress* at the Cort, Cherry Jones is a study in exquisite tension. Face contorted into a doll's deliberately inoffensive mask, she edges through space in hoop skirts as if clad in a carapace of brittle spun glass; as she receives a first kiss, her hands, waving helplessly in the air, freeze like claws. "I've done plays with Andrei Serban and Anne Bogart in which I've had to climb trees, throw myself on the floor, jump and run all night long," says the 38-year-old actress, "and I've never been as exhausted as with this. Even in the love scenes, there's no break. You can't fake that kind of stress, you have to *do* it." As Catherine Sloper, the tragically inexperienced title character who is betrayed by both a distant father and a faithless suitor in Ruth and Augustus Goetz's 1947 adaptation of Henry James's *Washington Square,* Jones turns in a performance of what might be called bravura restraint; with almost no big effects, relying instead upon a slow, hypnotic accumulation of detail, she builds, by the play's end, to a climax of remarkably gripping intensity. (That's helped, as well, in large part by director Gerald Gutierrez's refusal to view the characters' relationships in the easy good-vs.-bad terms of theatrical melodrama—a subtlety conspicuously absent from William Wyler's more sentimentalized 1949 Hollywood adaptation with Olivia de Havilland.) Modestly, however, she insists that the lion's share of the credit goes to the Goetzes' mastery of traditional Broadway craft ("I'm never conscious of having to work. The play takes me there"). That admiration is heightened, one guesses, by the authors' having fashioned a mesmerizing drama from James's famously dense prose style. "I'm just a girl from Tennessee," Jones laughs. "I like a good story."

RANDALL SHORT

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Arcadia—Tom Stoppard's Olivier-award-winning comedy of ideas, in which two contemporary scholars muse on the nature of time and truth while investigating a centuries-old scandal in an aristocratic household. With Blair Brown, Victor Garber, and Robert Sean Leonard; directed by Trevor Nunn. $37.50–$42.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. In previews for a 3/30 opening. *Vivian Beaumont Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Death Defying Acts—An evening of three one-act plays by Woody Allen, David Mamet, and Elaine May. With Linda Lavin, Debra Monk, and Paul Guilfoyle; directed by Michael Blakemore. Opens 3/6. $35–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 13th St. (239-6200).*

Don Juan in Chicago—In this clever retelling of the Don Juan story, described by its author as a "metaphysical farce," David Ives (*All in the Timing*) applies his distinctive brand of intellectual wit to add a new twist to the tale: in exchange for immortality, the Don must sleep with a different woman each day. After 400 years or so that lead him from Renaissance Seville to 1990s Chicago, this loses its initial charm in a big way. With, among others, Simon Brooking, Peter Bartlett, Nancy Opel, and J. Smith Cameron; directed by Robert Stanton. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. $30 Tues.–Thurs.; $32 Fri.–Sun. *Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).*

Rush Limbaugh in Night School—A one-man show written and performed by Charlie Varon, in which the titular character, forced into good old American-style economic competition by rival talk-show hosts, finds himself soliciting new audiences in the liberal swamps of the New School and the Delacorte Theater. Now in previews; opens 3/15. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Second Stage, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (873-6103).*

Thanatos—$12; TDF accepted. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3; 3/8 through 3/25. *Alice's Fourth Floor, 432 W. 42nd St. (765-8260).*

Three Viewings—$30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3; 3/14 through 4/30. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Now Playing

After-Play—Four old friends reunite for an evening out to the theater and dinner, during which—naturally—they hash over past events and make some surprising revelations. The playwriting debut for Anne Meara, one half of the husband-and-wife comedy team Stiller & Meara. Directed by David Saint. With Barbara Barrie, Merwin Goldsmith, Larry Keith, Rue McClanahan, Rochelle Oliver, Lance Reddick, and John Vennema. $30. Tues.–Sun. at 7:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center Stage II, W. 55th St., bet. Sixth and Seventh Aves. (581-1212).*

Photograph by T. Charles Erickson.

Onstage

Beyond Therapy

John Nesci, Mary Shultz, Jim Neu, and Bill Rice (clockwise from left) are 'The Floatones,' a gaggle of encounter-group misfits who decide that show business is just what the doctor ordered. At the Club at La MaMa, 74A East 4th Street (475-7710).

Photograph by Jonathan Slaff.

Alice Out From Under—Down the rabbit hole with comedian and performance artist Fia Perera as she meets (and performs) "fifteen zany characters who help her triumph over life's obstacles." Yes, well. Directed by Wynn Harmon. $7, plus a two-drink minimum. 3/13, 20, 27 at 8:30. *Don't Tell Mama, 343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

All in the Timing—Six snappy one-acters by David Ives that are idiosyncratic and astringent—the laughter is steady and has an educated ring. An Outer Critics Circle–award winner for playwriting. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. $35–$37.50. Mon.–Sat. at 8.; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 2/17/94. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Andrew, My Dearest One—A new comedy by Mary Mitchell, it focuses on two lonely New Yorkers (Brenda Smiley and Jason Tyler White) living on the edge of isolation. They meet when one—a tense, anxious woman who was once a percussionist for the New York Philharmonic—begins making a series of late-night prank calls to people selected randomly from the phone book. When she reaches a lonely young artist, they strike up a conversation and begin speaking regularly on the phone. $27.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 7. Through 3/12. *Harold Clurman Theatre, 412 W. 42nd St. (279-7200).*

Beauty's Daughter—A one-woman show from Nuyorican graduate Dael Orlandersmith. In it, she plays Diane, a poet with a dark angel for her muse, as well as numerous other characters. Directed by Peter Askin. $20. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (840-3074).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. Matt Goldman, Phil Stanton, and Chris Wink are the blue not-so-meanies. Directed by Marlene Swartz. $25–$40. Wed. at 5 and 8; Thurs. at 8; Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theater, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

Body Shop—A musical about six dancers working in a small-town joint and how their lives and the life of the owner are turned upside down by a Hollywood director. Book, music, and lyrics by Walter Marks. Directed by Sue Lawless. $30. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. *Westbeth Theatre Center, 151 Bank St. (741-0391).*

Budd—A Manhattan performance artist moves to the suburbs, where chaos, predictably, ensues. Written and directed by Richard Caliban. $15; $10 student tickets available with reservation. Through 3/18. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Cucaracha Theatre, 240 E. 3rd St., bet. Aves. B and C (966-8596).*

Buk—Ben Gazzara played him straight in 1983's *Tales of Ordinary Madness,* one of the most pretentious films ever made; Mickey Rourke, with a more ironic reading, came off much better four years later in *Barfly.* The latest take on the life of Charles Bukowski is this play by Paul Peditto, with Sean P. Reilly and Harvey Perr portraying the poet, misogynist, hipster, and very heavy drinker in youth and age. Directed by Jennifer Markowitz. $12.50. Through 3/11. *HERE, 145 Avenue of the Americas, at Spring St. (647-0202).*

Camping With Henry And Tom—Robert Prosky, Ken Howard, and John Cunningham as Thomas Edison, Warren G. Harding, and Henry Ford in Mark St. Germain's fantasy of what the conversation might have been like on a celebrated series of camping trips shared by those three pillars of the new American century in the early 1900s. With costumes by last year's Tony winner Ann Hould-Ward (*Beauty and the Beast*), which is itself reason enough to buy a ticket. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. *Lucille Lortel Theater, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).*

Carmen—The Ridiculous Theatrical Company presents an astonishingly dark, searing, and emotionally ravaging take on . . . well, no, not really. It's actually another brazenly silly production, this one tackling the story of "a woman with a thousand stars in her eyes and a thousand men in her past." Led by Everett Quinton. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 7. Recently extended through 3/26. *Ridiculous Theatre, 1 Sheridan Square (691-2271).*

The Cherry Orchard—The play by Chekhov, in a production by the Oasis Theatre Company. $15. Thurs.–Sat. at 7:30; Sun. at 5. Through 3/26. *230 E. 9th St. (673-3706).*

Circus Life—Murray Schisgal, the American theater's laureate master of wry middle-class comic shtick, has written a farce about two men—law partners and lifelong pals—who fall in love with the same woman. She used to work in a circus and is facing murder charges, so you can just imagine, can't you? With Mike Burstyn, Keith Langsdale, and Tresha Rodriguez. Directed by Larry Arrick. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. *Kaufman Theatre, 534 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

The Compleat Works of Wllm Shkspr (abridged)—105 minutes. Everything. Yow. Performed, briskly, by Christopher Duva, Peter Jacobson, and Jon Patrick Walker, taking over from an earlier production at Serious Fun! in 1993. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed and Sat. at 2:30; Sun. at 3. $25 Tues.–Thurs.; $27.50 weekends. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Edward II—The play by Christopher Marlowe, in a production by the Chain Lightning Theatre. Directed by Todd Pieper. $12; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. at Charlton (219-2085).*

The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. $32. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 3 and 7; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theater, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding,* written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. $35–$45, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Thurs. at 7:30; Sat. at 7; Sun. at 1 and 5. *Playhouse on Vandam, 15 Vandam St. (691-1555).*

Hapgood—The New York premiere of Tom Stoppard's play about the head of a British government espionage agency who becomes entangled in a web of intrigue, family duty, twins, and nuclear particle physics. Already well-received in London, it's directed by Jack O'Brien and stars, naturally, Stockard Channing. With David Lansbury, Brian F. O'Byrne, Yaniv Segal, Josef Sommer, David Strathairn, Michael Winther, and David Wolos-Fontino. $37.50. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3. Recently extended (for the second time) through 3/26, in order to pair with this week's arrival of *Arcadia,* Stoppard's other current hit. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

Henry VI—The Theatre for a New Audience follows last season's *Titus Andronicus* with an even more ambitious staging of Shakespeare's three-part epic with the same design team and a cast of 22. It's been distilled into two evenings (*Part I: The Contention* and *Part II: The Civil War*) by director Barry Kyle. Through 4/8. Call for detailed performance schedule. *Theatre at St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. (279-4200).*

Holiday Heart—A 12-year-old girl struggles to survive an inner-city childhood with the help of her (unconventional) guardian angel. By Cheryl L. West. Directed by Tazewell Thompson. $40. Through 4/9. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (581-1212).*

Jelly Roll!—Vernel Bagneris stars in this musical look at the life of Jelly Roll Morton. He adapted the book from the Library of Congress interviews Morton gave detailing his career. $30–$35. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10; Sun. at 3 and 6. Opened: 8/18/94. *47th St. Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (307-4100).*

Jack's Holiday—It's a busy year for Mark St. Germain, who recently opened not only a straight play (*Camping with Henry And Tom*) downtown but also this A.S. (After Sondheim) musical about a serial killer on the loose. Music and lyrics by Randy Courts; book and lyrics by Mr. St. Germain. $35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at

3; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Playwrights Horizons, Wilder Theater (279-4200).*

oot—Joe Orton was writing plays about homosexual lust, prosthetics, and necrophilia back when those subjects were thought to be, you know, unusual. The Independent Theatre Company's production of his best-known script continues through 3/18. Wed.–Sat. at 8. $12, TDF accepted. *House of Candles Theatre, 99 Stanton St., south of Houston (353-3088).*

lew by Noonan—Two new one-act plays by John Ford Noonan: *Waiting for the Word* and *The Drowning of Manhattan.* The evening also includes Anna Traina's *Winnie and G.* $10. Through 3/12. Thurs.–Sun. at 8. *Common Basis Theatre, 750 Eighth Ave., Rm. 500 (340-0152).*

edipus at Colonus—In the Pearl Theatre Company's production of the middle, rarely performed play of Sophocles' Theban Trilogy, Robert Hock is featured as the blind king who comes to spiritual transcendence through suffering. Directed by Shepard Sobel. $20–$25. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8; Wed. and Sun. at 2; Sat. at 5 and 9. Through 3/12. *Pearl Theatre, 80 St. Marks Place, nr. First Ave. (598-9802).*

he Old Lady's Guide to Survival—In a new comedy by Mayo Simon (screenwriter for Judy Garland's last film, *I Could Go On Singing*), June Havoc—onstage 79 years and counting—comes to grips with old age, the affliction memorably described by Everett Sloane in Citizen Kane as the only one you don't look forward to being cured of. With Shirl Bernheim as Shprintzy. Directed by Alan Mandell. $30–$35. Tues. at 7; Wed.–Sat. at 8; mats. Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lamb's Theater, 130 W. 44th St. (997-1780).*

erfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." $30. Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7; Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).*

aised in Captivity—Playwright Nicky Silver is still on the roll that began with last season's *Pterodactyls;* his new play features Bernadette and Sebastian, reunited after their mother is killed by a flying showerhead. Funny? Improbably, yes. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Vineyard Theater, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

ilence, Cunning, Exile—A new play by Stuart Greenman about the life of Diane Arbus, the photographer who, inspired by Joseph Mitchell's profiles of small-time eccentrics and grotesques in *The New Yorker,* made them her subject—and opened up a hole or two in her own soul as well. Directed by Mark Wing-Davey, who also staged Howard Korder's scathing *The Lights* at Lincoln Center season before last: this guy's no stranger to urban horror. $25. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 3/12. *Public Theater, Martinson Hall (260-2400).*

tomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than you might expect. $22.50–$37.50. Tues.–Fri. at 8; Sat. at 7 and 10:45; Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).*

hat's Life!—A musical revue about contemporary Jewish life in America; conceived, directed, and choreographed by Helen Butleroff. $32.50. Wed.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 2 and 5. Opened: 6/12/94. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Three Tall Women—Edward Albee's Pulitzer Prize–winning drama about a wealthy 92-year-old widow who reexamines the events of her life; directed by Lawrence Sacharow. $37.50–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. Opened: 4/12/94. *Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (239-6200).*

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St.; then a reception at 147 Waverly Place, with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of marriages. $60–$75. Tues.–Sun. at 7; Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

The Truth-Teller—A comedy from the ever-prolific Joyce Carol Oates concerns Hedda, the daughter of an affluent family who creates havoc when she makes a surprise visit to the upstate home. Other family members are called Nora, Maggie, Tiny, and Biff. Directed by Gloria Muzio. $32.50–$35. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7:30. *Circle Rep, 159 Bleecker St. (239-6200).*

Vita and Virginia—A delicious and absorbing duologue Eileen Atkins has extracted from the letters between Virginia Woolf (Atkins) and Vita Sackville-West (Vanessa Redgrave). You will find it easy to gather into your hearts Vita, Virginia, Vanessa, and Eileen in a delirious *ménage à quatre,* for all four of them are articulate charmers, perceptive and impassioned, witty and mischievous, and damn good company. "Effortless luxury" best describes these performances, by turns thrilling, hilarious, and wrenching as we follow almost two decades of correspondence and friendship. Like the two writers, the two actresses are perfect foils for each other. Zoe Caldwell has directed simply and stylishly on Ben Edwards's English-countryside set. Don't assume this to be an academic exercise about two literary lesbians; it is the glowing conjuration of a world of love and wisdom, banter and profundity, sunlight and sadness. (Simon; 12/5/94) $25–$45. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Wed. at 2:30; Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Union Square Theatre, 100 E. 17th St. (307-4100).*

You Should Be So Lucky—A new home and an extended run for Charles Busch's latest romp, a typically outrageous tale of a West Village electrologist whisked away on a Cinderella-type adventure. Written by Busch; directed by Kenneth Elliott. With Nell Campbell, Julie Halston, and Stephen Pearlman. $35–$37.50. Tues. and Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Wed. and Sat. at 2; Sun. at 3 and 7. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Off-Off Broadway

Edward II—Christopher Marlowe's great play of kingly intrigue is also, arguably, the most forthright treatment of homosexual themes in pre-modern dramatic literature. The Chain Lightning Theatre's production, directed by Todd Pieper, styles the action in 1930s Art Deco. Thurs.–Sat. at 8, Sun. at 2. Through 3/26. Greenwich Street Theatre, 547 Greenwich St. at Charlton (219-2085).

The Floatones—$12; TDF accepted. Thurs.–Sat. at 10, plus a special performance 3/19 at 5:30; 3/9 through 3/19. *The Club at La MaMa, 74A E. 4th St. (475-7710).*

I've Got the Shakes—A new theater piece by Richard Foreman, in which Madeline X feels certain she is destined to teach but doesn't know exactly what to impart. Don't expect a straightforward narrative; expect striking images and moments and a sense of theater à la Robert Wilson. Foreman has received numerous awards and encomiums, including six Obie Awards and recognition for his "outstanding record of accomplishment" by the National Endowment for the Arts. With Jan Leslie Harding, Mary McBride, Rebecca Moore, and Michael Osano. $10–$15. Tues. and Thurs.–Sun. at 8. Through 4/9/95. *Ontological-Hysteric Theater at St. Mark's Church in the Bowery, 131 E. 10th St., 2nd floor (533-4650).*

Julius Caesar—Shakespeare's play, in a "contemporary, multicultural" staging, is the first production of the Imua! Theatre Company. Directed by Kaipo Schwab. $12. Tues.–Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, 3/11 through 3/26. *154 West 29th St. (971-1074).*

Napoli Milionaria—In Naples during World War II, the poor but honest family of Gennaro Joive learns to survive by trading on the black market. But when Joive returns from a German labor camp, he finds his family transformed by greed: His son is a thief, his daughter is a tramp consorting with soldiers, and his wife has grown rich through sordid dealings. Written by Eduardo De Filippo, one of Italy's most popular playwrights. This first English translation of the play is by Tori Haring-Smith. Directed by Robert Hupp. From the Jean Cocteau Repertory. $24. Thurs.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 4/16. *Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at 2nd St. (677-0060).*

Our Sor Juana—Earnest discussion about things eternal (hot chocolate included) is the keynote of Eileen Myles's one-woman show, performed by Carmelita Tropicana, about a seventeenth-century poet-nun. $5. Mon. at 8. Through 3/27. *P.S. 122, 150 First Ave. (477-5829).*

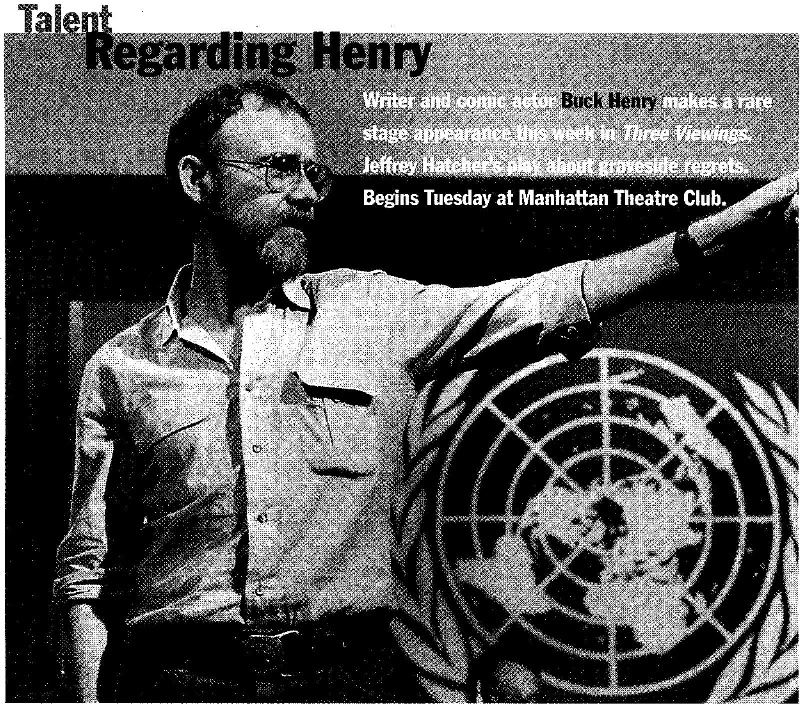
Thanatos—$12. Tues.–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3. Through 3/25. *Alice's Fourth Floor, 432 W. 42nd St. (765-8260).*

T.W.E.E.D.'s New Works Festival 10 Year Reunion—Through 3/19, fourteen solo performance artists (including John Kelly, Mark Dendy, and Cowboy Girl) return to their roots at this downtown company in a varied series of eight programs. At 7:30 and 10 nightly; call for schedule. $12. *Ohio Theatre, 66 Wooster St. between Spring and Broome (924-0077).*

We Won't Pay! We Won't Pay!—A political comedy by the Italian *farceur* Dario Fo, presented in both that language (Fri. at 8; Sat. at 2) and English (Thurs. and Sat. at 8; Sun. at 3) by the recently formed New York Italian Theatre Company. With Paolo De Paola, Francesca Di Mauro, Francesco Gulli, and Carddi Nardulli. $12 ($10 seniors). Through 4/2. *Duality Playhouse, 119 W. 23rd St. (929-6392).*

Talent

Regarding Henry



Writer and comic actor **Buck Henry** makes a rare stage appearance this week in *Three Viewings,* Jeffrey Hatcher's play about graveside regrets. **Begins Tuesday at Manhattan Theatre Club.**

hotograph by Archive Photos.

nightlife

Jarrett...LaMott...Oasis

Concerts

Spin Doctors—These tie-dyed, bearded, and frolicsome Grateful Dead manqués return to their hometown, playing a surprisingly intimate venue for an act grooming itself (or not) to take over once Jerry Garcia & Co. pack it in. Expect sunny funk, lightweight popcraft, and the occasional PowerBook. With Rusted Root. 3/11 at 8 P.M. *Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171).*

Keith Jarrett—Watching this ecstatic pianist improvise can feel almost discomfitingly voyeuristic. Jarrett's crystalline technique and searching lyricism has gotten him work with both Miles Davis and world-class chamber groups, but it's his notoriously passionate, open-ended piano excursions that formed the myth: Gospel-drenched rhapsodies and groaning histrionics; the sound and spectacle of a man melting down at the piano bench. This solo recital—one of only two he'll give in the U.S.—marks the twentieth anniversary of Jarrett's classic Köln concert, and it's certain to be one of the more dynamic and intensely personal solo concerts of the season. 3/12 at 7:30 P.M. *Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center, (875-5030).*

"To Prez With Love"—A celebration of the lyrical zephyr of the tenor saxophone, Lester Young, offered by the hippest Lutherans in town, the Jazz Ministry of Saint Peter's. Jazz Pastor Dale R. Lind presides over a tribute that features such greats as Tommy Flanagan, Junior Mance, Lee Knotiz, Irvin Stokes, Buddy Tate, Lew Tabackin, Toshiko Akioshi, Junior Mance, and many others. 3/12 at 7 P.M. *Saint Peter's Church, 619 Lexington Ave. at 54th St. (935-2200).*

New York Festival of Song—"From Rio to Buenos Aires," featuring tangos, ballads, and love songs, celebrating the rhythms and melodies of Brazil and Argentina. 3/9 at 8 P.M. *Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 154 W. 57th St. (772-1132).*

"Latin Tinge"—The legendary mambo king Tito Puente conducts the Lincoln Center Latin Jazz Orchestra and Jerry Gonzalez leads his acclaimed Fort Apache Band. 3/10 at 8 P.M. *Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. (721-6500).*

"Women On Broadway"—This week the series focuses on "The Stars Behind the Stars," performers who have worked both as understudies and as featured performers on Broadway. Featured are Nancy Hess (Lady Jacqueline in *Me and My Girl*), Betsy Joslyn (Johanna in *Sweeney Todd*), and Nancy Ringham (who moved up from second understudy to take the role of Eliza in *My Fair Lady* with Rex Harrison.) 3/13 at 6:30 P.M. *World Financial Center, Atrium, West St.; bet. Vesey and Liberty. (945-0505).*

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. $ = cash only.

Perfor

Be All You Gotta Be

Self-help tapes were never this catchy: "You gotta be bad, you gotta be bold, you gotta be wiser." British newcomer Des'ree (at the Supper Club, on West 43rd Street, March 13–14) has, in the three-minute seminar "You Gotta Be," a monster hit and the longest-running video in VH1 history.

Clubland

Academy—Oasis, the Brit sensations that look like the Beatles, sing like the Sex Pistols, and don't think either comparison untoward, returns to the States on 3/8. Any band whose singer declares himself "a rock 'n' roll star" on the first song of a debut album is clearly in no need of assertiveness training. And indeed Liam Gallagher, sneering under the most malevolent eyebrows this side of James Mason, has the assured pissiness of one to the manner born. Luckily his band has, in *Definitely Maybe*, one of the most majestic collections of rock anthems in recent memory. They play with Velvet Crush on 3/8. 3/10: Extreme; Flesh. *234 W. 43rd St., bet. Seventh and Eighth Aves. (249-8870).*

A.K.A.—A smallish, second-floor home to downtown hipsters, acid jazzbos, and alternarock bands. *77 W. Houston St., bet. W. Broadway and Wooster St. (673-7325).*

Blarney Star—Expert Irish musicians congregate here every Friday, their instruments ranging from button accordion to uilleann pipes; their origins, from the Bronx to County Clare. 3/10: Tommy Sands Trio. *43 Murray St. (732-2873).*

Bottom Line—A top-notch venue, with great sound, good sight lines, and pretty decent fries; given to rock, jazz, and folk artists of all stripes. 3/7: The *Irish Voice* Concert Series presents The Frames, The Pale, and Blink. 3/10: Townes Van Zandt; Lucy Kaplansky. 3/11: Magic Dick & Jay Geils Bluestime; Steve Ferguson & the Midwest Creole Ensemble. 3/13: The Bobs; Riders in the Sky. Sets at 7:30 and 10:30. *15 W. 4th St. (228-6300). $.*

Brownie's—Quite a cozy little dive, for all the bare brick and Alphabet City street cred. Low-rent rock bands and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. 3/7: Idaho; Ugly Beauty. 3/8: Ivy. 3/9: Dogbowl, erstwhile guitar conspirator to King Missile, plays with post-punk studio whiz Kramer and King Missile poet John S. Hall. 3/11: Babe the Blue Ox. 3/15: Splendora. Shows nightly at 9. *169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). $.*

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Sundays and Mondays are audition nights and are usually better spent elsewhere. *315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). $.*

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A new big-budget venue dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the Midwestern blues capital. With comfy sofas. Shows nightly *73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). $.*

The Cooler—The meat-packing district's subterranean, steel-corridored home to alternative rockers, avant-garde jazz musicians, and mind-expanding D.J.'s. This month's Monday-night series is curated by Sonic Youth's Steve Shelley. *416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).*

Fez—Mingus fever and lush *faux*-Moroccan ambience make this the neo-boho place to be on Thursdays, when the mighty Mingus Big Band holds forth 3/10: The Black Rock Coalition presents Sista AX-2. 3/11: Black Velvet Flag *380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).*

Irving Plaza—The day before Oasis storms our shores Britain's other, grungier alt-rock band ascendant Bush, plays here on 3/7. 3/10: Japan's club outfit the Pizzicato Five—a Nipponified cross between Dee-lite and the Style Council—return to the U.S., hoping to garner a fraction of the adulation they get back home. Last time through, the smart, campy pastiches of swinging-sixties London and early-nineties house didn't quite translate from CD to stage. Odds are they've put some time into honing the act, and the Audrey Hepburn–ish lead singer will have even more wigs. *17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).*

Knitting Factory—In its new TriBeCa digs, this longtime music spot has become a supermarket of alternative music, with all the leading brands in avant-, indie-, and post-everything. 3/11: The Skatalite

Photograph by Caterina Jebb

celebrate their thirtieth anniversary by returning to the club they opened last November. 3/12: Elliott Sharp plays original scores to Man Ray's *Emak Bakia* and other Surrealist films while rock bands Give a Heavy Rocket, Baby Steps, Individual Fruit Pie, and Cardinal play upstairs. 11/14: David Shea Quartet. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Manhattan Center—Keyboardist, vocalist, and seventies funkmeister George Duke plays with soprano sax fusioneer George Howard and Quiet Storm–ready singers Dianne Reeves, Howard Hewett, and Phil Perry on 3/11. *311 West 34th St., bet. Eighth and Ninth Aves. (279-7740).*

Mercury Lounge—Once a headstone parlor, now one of the city's most happening spots, this intimate and excellently-appointed performance space hosts folk and rock artists ready for the more au courant slots on MTV. 3/7: "The Jon-a-Thon" benefit with Marshall Crenshaw, Ira Kaplan & George Hubley of Yo La Tengo, Beat Rodeo, The Health & Happiness Show, The World Famous Bluejays, Psychic Penguin, Splendora, and others. 3/9: Seattle's irresistibly rambunctious and pop-minded Fastbacks play a sure-to-sell-out show. Imagine the speedy, sugar-coated tunesmithing of English punk legends the Buzzcocks crossed with your favorite late-sixties girl group and you've got a good idea why. 3/10: Toshi Reagan; Peter Sallett. 3/11: Blue Rodeo. 3/13: Jenni Muldaur, Sara Nagerni, and Leslie Nuchow. *217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).*

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the new home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 3/11: The Sextet Offensive featuring Lach. 3/13: The Antihootenany. Shows nightly at 8. *94 Ave. A, at 6th St. (473-7373). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—Probably the city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadiums back home. On Tuesday nights, it's the steamy seventies-funk dance night Soul Kitchen, preceded by the poetry-and-rap jam "Flippin' the Script." Thursday nights, it's Giant Step, the long-running throwdown of saxophone-, guitar-, and turntable-playing musicians. 3/11: International calypso legend Mighty Sparrow. 3/12: "Konkrete Jungle" presents the newish British import dance music sensation, "jungle." Most live shows start at 9. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Supper Club—British soul-pop diva Des'ree plays a sold-out show at this lavish ballroom on 3/13. You gotta be quick, you gotta bring cash, you gotta pay scalpers. *240 W. 43rd, bet Broadway and Eighth Ave. (777-6800).*

Tramps—Despite the ringing walls and mid-stage column, this is one of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock. 3/10: Terrance Simien & the Mallet Playboys and Walter "Wolfman" Washington. 3/11: Milo Z; Aquarium, and Rescue Unit. *51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).*

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. *Nota bene:* Tuesday night is (Grateful) "Dead Night." *161 Hudson St. (966-5244).*

Jazz

Birdland—A two-tiered, Art Deco–ish club whose fine jazz musicians rarely draw large crowds, probably owing to the longish uptown trek required to see them. 3/7: Autumn White Trio. 3/8: Sofia Laiti Trio. 3/9: Jay Collins Quartet. 3/12: Diane Bivens and trio. 3/13: Foster Joseph Quartet. 3/14: Vanessa Vickers Quintet. *2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).*

Blue Note—Probably the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two stars in one evening and, as its empire expands (most recently taking Indonesia with the Blue Note Jakarta), charges accordingly. Through 3/12: Eddie Palmieri Octet with Ray Barretto and New World Spirit. 3/14–3/19: Joe Zawinul Trio; Bill Evans and Push. Sets at 9 and 11:30. *131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).*

Bradley's—A smallish, dark-paneled room into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. *70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440).*

Fat Tuesday's—A snug subterranean nightclub out of the downtown jazz circuit, Fat Tuesday's regularly presents excellent jazz vocalists, plus the guitarist-inventor Les Paul, who holds forth every Monday night. Through 3/12: Terry Blaine. 3/14–3/19: Carol Sloane. *190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902).*

55 Bar—A smoky West Village watering hole where the fleet-fingered, electrified bop guitarist Mike Stern plays most Mondays and Wednesdays. Shows at 11. *55 Christopher St. (929-9883).*

Five Spot—A palatial *Dick Tracy*–looking ballroom and host to many a jazz great. 3/10–3/11: Chip Shelton All-Star Jazztet. *4 W. 31st St. (631-0100).*

Iridium—The artfully wacky restaurant across the street from Lincoln Center crosses Gaudí with Dr. Seuss in its décor and nightly hosts formidable jazz comers in its basement. Through 3/11: The statuesque tenor-saxophonist and free-jazz pioneer Pharoah Sanders—lately given to rhapsodic straight-ahead jazz and globe-trotting world music—holds forth with a quartet. On 3/14 the Iridium celebrates its one-year anniversary with legendary bop drummer Roy Haynes, who's celebrating his own seventieth and plays through 3/18. Sets Sat. at 9:30, 11, and 12:15 A.M. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121).*

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent pianists. *33 University Pl. (228-8490).*

Knitting Factory—A *great* run of jazz happens at the beloved alternative-music emporium this week. Dave Holland, one of the most probing and sure-footed bassists of his generation, leads a thrilling quartet here, 3/8–3/10. His regular band includes alto-saxophonist Eric Person (also a sometime sideman to Ronald Shannon Jackson), drummer Gene Jackson, and the up-and-coming vibraphonist Steve Nelson, one of the freshest vibes voices since Bobby Hutcherson. 11/13: The ferocious tenor saxophonist and bass-clarinetist David Murray leads his highly acclaimed Big Band. 3/15: Paul Motian's Electric Bebop band plays with Steve Swallow on bass, Kurt Rosenwinkel on guitar, Brad Schoeppach on guitar, and others. Shows at 8 and 11. *74 Leonard St., bet. Broadway and Church St. (219-3055).*

Metropolis (Downstairs)—The elegant restaurant right off Union Square may be out of the Village jazz loop, but its basement regularly hosts top-notch jazz stars and R&B acts. Every Tuesday, George Gee's orchestra plays swing classics from Basie to Woody Herman. Wednesdays, jazz D.J. Ben Duncan hosts a jam session, with free eats from 10 to 11. 3/9: Canadian guitarist and vocalist Dawn Thompson. 3/10–3/11: Al Casey and Red Richards play a "Tribute to Fats Waller." *31 Union Sq. W. (675-0851).*

Red Blazer Too—Early Friday evening is the time to catch Lew Anderson's crack big band, before its members head off to their gigs in Broadway orchestra pits. *349 W. 46th St. (262-3112).*

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that's come-as-you-are and stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. Nightly jams start round about 2 A.M. and often involve free beverages and food. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. *183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). $.*

Sounds of Brazil—The effortlessly melodic and deeply funky new star of jazz piano, Cyrus Chestnut, plays a one-set show on 3/10 at 8. *204 Varick St. (243-4940).*

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Monday, Miles Evans directs the Monday Night Orchestra, playing the music of Gil Evans. 3/7–3/12: Henry Threadgill's Very Very Circus. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. *88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).*

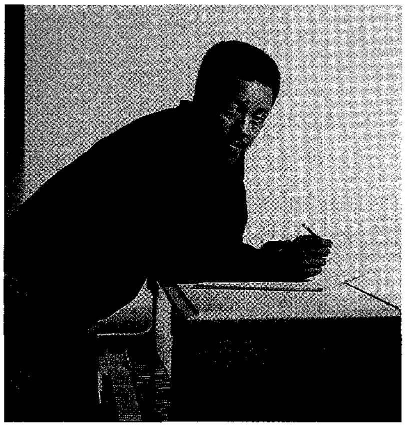
Tavern on the Green—A pricey, somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop. Still, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. 3/7–3/12: K.T. Sullivan. 3/14–4/2: Nancy LaMott. *Central Park at W. 67th St. (873-3200).*

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. This week the major jazz labels are helping the Vanguard celebrate its 60th anniversary by booking the prides of their rosters. 3/7–3/12: Young bass sensation Christian McBride leads a quartet. Sets at 9:30, 11:30, and 1 A.M. *178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). $.*

Talent

Jazz Not Jazz

Wynton has Miles, Josh Redman has Sonny, but when it comes to jazz history, Henry Threadgill (at Sweet Basil, March 7–12) is a fatherless child. And that's just how he likes it. Even before the eighties takeover by the hornman in the gray flannel suit, *jazz* was still too constricting a term for Threadgill's blaring, exuberant, and utterly original music. Today, the circumspect 51-year-old eschews the moniker *jazzman* in favor of *international musician,* and he's certainly earned the title: His new *Carry the Day* (Columbia) hosts Chinese pipa player Wu Man, Afro-Cuban conga players, and an accordionist, among others. And its buoyant soundscapes evoke a tottering gypsy caravan one minute, a drunken New Orleans funeral march the next. Threadgill's writing has also got some of the deepest blues roots around, and, with the funk rhythms of drummer Pheeroan akLaff, the rumbling assault of tuba players Marcus Rojas and Edwin Rodriguez, and the electric guitars of Ed Cherry and Brandon Ross, his Very Very Circus is one of the rockingest "jazz" bands you're likely to hear live. Since he lives in India now, Threadgill's rare New York performances are more unmissable than ever. CHRIS NORRIS



hotograph by Roger Tully.

Comedy

Boston Comedy Club—Boston comedy circles produced Jay Leno and many other greats who came through this club. Wednesdays, Rod Reyes hosts All-Star Comedy Nights at 9:30. *82 W. 3rd St. (477-1000).*

Caroline's Comedy Club—The big-budget site of A&E's series *Caroline's Comedy Hour,* right off Times Square. 3/9–3/12: Angel Salazar's comedy revue "El Barrio, U.S.A." debuts new sketches on the O. J. Simpson trial, the Long Island Rail Road trial and the World Trade Center terrorists. 3/14: "All-Star Comedy Round-Up." Shows at 8, with extra shows at 10:30 on Fri. and Sat. *1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).*

Comedy Cellar—The cozy subterranean home to some of New York's top comics. Through 3/12:

Dave Cook; Ray Romano; Dave Attell; Greer Barnes; Darryll Hammond. 3/13–3/19: Larry Amoros; Gregg Rogell; Dave Attell; Kevin Brennan; Jeff Ross. Shows Sun.–Thurs., 9–2. *117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).*

Comic Strip—Every Wednesday, the interactive comedy group Short Order Theater takes over, improvising sketches and songs based on audience suggestions. Mon.–Thurs., shows start at 9; Fri. at 8:30, 10:45, and 11; Sat. at 8, 10:30, and 12:30 A.M. *1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).*

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this is now one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 3/12: Jack Simmons; Willie Asbury; Mark Unger; Brian McFadden; Nancy Redman; Rick Scotti; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. 3/13–3/19: Tony Powell; Harry Freedman; Al Romero; Ben Creed; Scott Bruce; Danny Curtis. *1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).*

"Laughing Allowed"—The Fourth Universalist Society presents an all-star night of comedy: Chris Rock, Laura Kightlinger, Norm McDonald, Jeff Stilson, Vanessa Hollingshead, and Lucien Hold. 3/14 at 8 P.M. *Unitarian/Universalist Church, 160 Central Park West, at 76th St. (595-8410).*

New York Comedy Club—3/5: Rhonda Hansone; Todd Barry; Ben Creed; Rich Francise. Shows Mon.–Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. *241 E. 24th St., bet. Second and Third Aves. (696-5233).*

Rebar—Mondays, "Eating It: The Alternative Comedy Experience" sics live comedians on bar patrons as they sit in the shadows. *127 W. 16th St. (627-1680).*

Rose's Turn—3/10: Bob McVey does comedic monlogues, in the style, he says, of Eric Bogosian and Ruth Draper. His show is called "How to Live Your Life" but is not, he promises, a self-help lecture. *55 Grove St. (366-5438).*

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his Letterman appearances. 3/10–3/12: Eddie Brill; Darrell Hammond; Greer Barnes; Todd Barry. Sun.–Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. *236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).*

West End Gate—Mondays, the Winged Nuts improvise comedy. Tues.–Wed., Bob & Mitch host a stand-up night. Sun., it's Tom Soter's Improv Comedy. *2911 Broadway, bet. 113th and 114th Sts. (666-8687).*

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Pianist and arranger Peter Howard is currently in residence through 3/25 with vocalists Lorna Dallas and Bill Daugherty in "Crazy for Musicals," a lighthearted revue. Tues.–Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.–Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). $30; $15 minimum. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).*

Cafe Carlyle—Barbara Cook, spreading her acidulous wit through 4/8. $40 cover; no minimum. 8:45 and 10:45 nightly. *35 E. 76th St. (570-7189).*

Cafe 44—Singer Priscilla Hood on Tues, Sat., and Sun. at 6. No cover. *315 W. 44th St. (581-3080).*

Cafe Pierre—Dancing has recently been reinstated at this cozy, intimate room on Friday and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer/pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. No cover, no minimum. *2 E. 61st St. (838-8000).*

Danny's Skylight Room—Various performers nightly. $6–$15, plus $10 minimum. *346 W. 46th St. (265-8130).*

Don't Tell Mama—Various performers nightly. $6–$12; two-drink minimum. *343 W. 46th St. (757-0788).*

Eighty-Eight's—Mondays through 3/13 at 8, Marilyn Volpe sings the songs of Cy Coleman in a show called "You Fascinate Me So." $12; two-drink minimum. Weeknights, first performance at 8; Fri.–Sat. at 8:30; Sun. all day. *228 W. 10th St. (924-0088).*

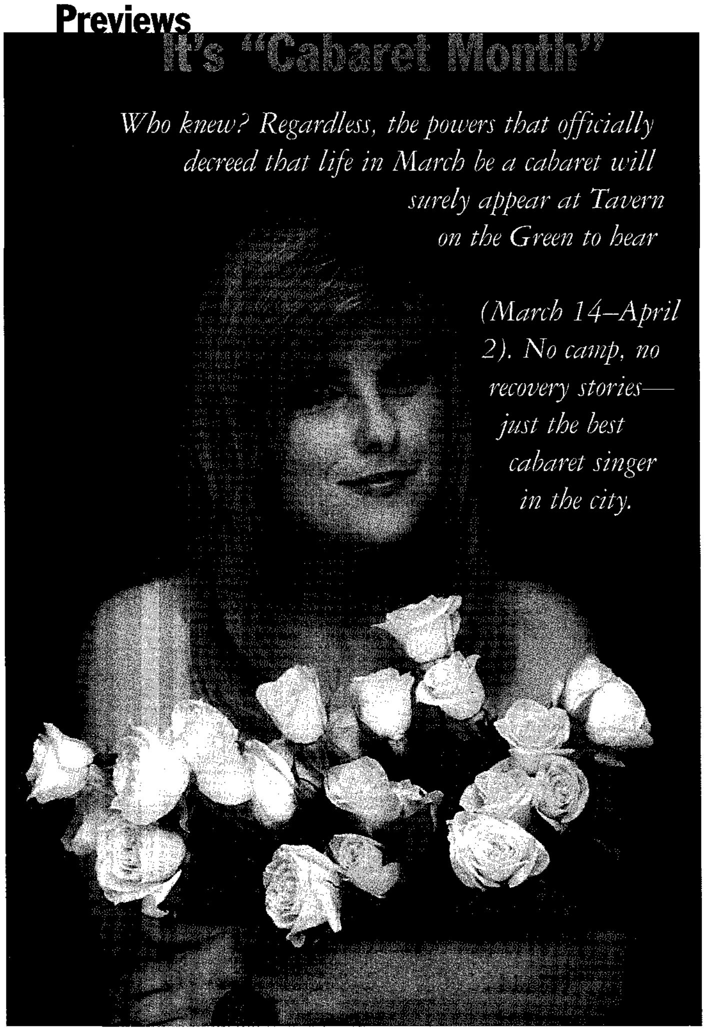
Le Figaro—Various performers nightly. No cover, no minimum. *184 Bleecker St. (677-1100).*

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. $35 minimum. Tues.–Sat.: "You Keep Coming Back Like a Song," a musical memoir of Irving Berlin. Nightly at 9 and 11. *211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).*

Previews

It's "Cabaret Month"

Who knew? Regardless, the powers that officially decreed that life in March be a cabaret will surely appear at Tavern on the Green to hear (March 14–April 2). No camp, no recovery stories—just the best cabaret singer in the city.



Rainbow and Stars—Leslie Uggams moves into the quintessential New York Room with a show based on her new CD, *Painted Mem'ries.* Tues.–Sat. at 8:30 and 11; 3/7 through 4/1. $40 cover, no minimum. *30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).*

Russian Tea Room—Every Sunday and Monday in March, this venerable upper-crust institution will be presenting entertainment at 8 and 10:30. On 3/12, Julie Halston appears in her new show "Millennium Approaches: And I'm Not Ready." $25 cover, $10 minimum, with all proceeds donated to Broadway Cares/Equity Fights AIDS. *150 W. 57th St. (265-0947).*

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quartet has extended its successful engagement here, playing jazz and swing with various guest vocalists Fridays at 10:30. This week, Michele Bautier sings "A Salute to Johnny Mercer." *234 W. 44th St., Club Room, 2nd fl. (221-8444).*

The Supper Club—Marc Lauren in "In Another Place and Time," a compilation of French and American standards. After a special Valentine's Day opening at 9, the show plays Wednesday evenings at that hour through 3/15. $15 cover. *240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).*

Tatou—*Viva Brazil!*, a musical revue featuring the Girls From Ipanema. Wednesday to Saturday nightly at 9 through 4/1. Jackets required. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144).*

Bars

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost cor ner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvou (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joe Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, ever Tuesday night. *29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627 1580).*

bOb—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's liv ing room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling di versity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hip pie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling o the televisions above the exit, and th bar keeps the traffic at these vit transaction points light. *235 Eldridg St., at Houston St.*

Den of Thieves—Another thumpin downtown concept bar. Comfortabl banquettes and some down-on your-luck linoleum deuces so th regulars can commiserate about ho hard it is to be young and fabulous a the time. Gripping rhythm from th D.J. after 11. *145 E. Houston St. (477 5005).*

Fanny's Oyster Bar—The live music i the basement makes this place a nev er-fail. If you're not picky about you Creole cooking, the four-table din ing room in the back of this funk storefront is a peerless first-date desti nation. There's nothing wrong wit the food; in fact, if you consider th it's all prepared on a hot plate, it miraculously pretty okay. *765 Wash ington St., nr. 12th St. (255-5101).*

Grange Hall—Primarily a restauran but the bar scene has its own appea Because of an ideological commit ment to American beer, possibly in spired by a swell portrait of FD hanging above the bar, you will fin no imports here. There is a re spectable top-shelf selection, plus at tentive but not in the least intrusiv service. Also, try a Takhuna martin (Relax: It's supposed to be that col or.) Exotic bar-food suggestion: th sausage-and-chutney appetizer. *5 Commerce St., nr. Barrow St. (92 5246).*

Malachy's—There is a disturbing lac of honest-to-badness beer halls o the increasingly soulless singles stri mall called the Upper Westside. Th bleary Irish drop-by is unapologeti The out of focus big-screen T makes you feel drunker than you a but the cheap beer will make up th difference pretty quick. *103 W. 72 St. (874-4268)*

119—Wall Streeters who wouldn be caught dead in a suit after hou and other Gramercy Park natives who get dress down before going out. A pool table up front an a dartboard in back and a gaggle of "make yourse comfortable" regulars in between. *119 E. 15th S (777-6158).*

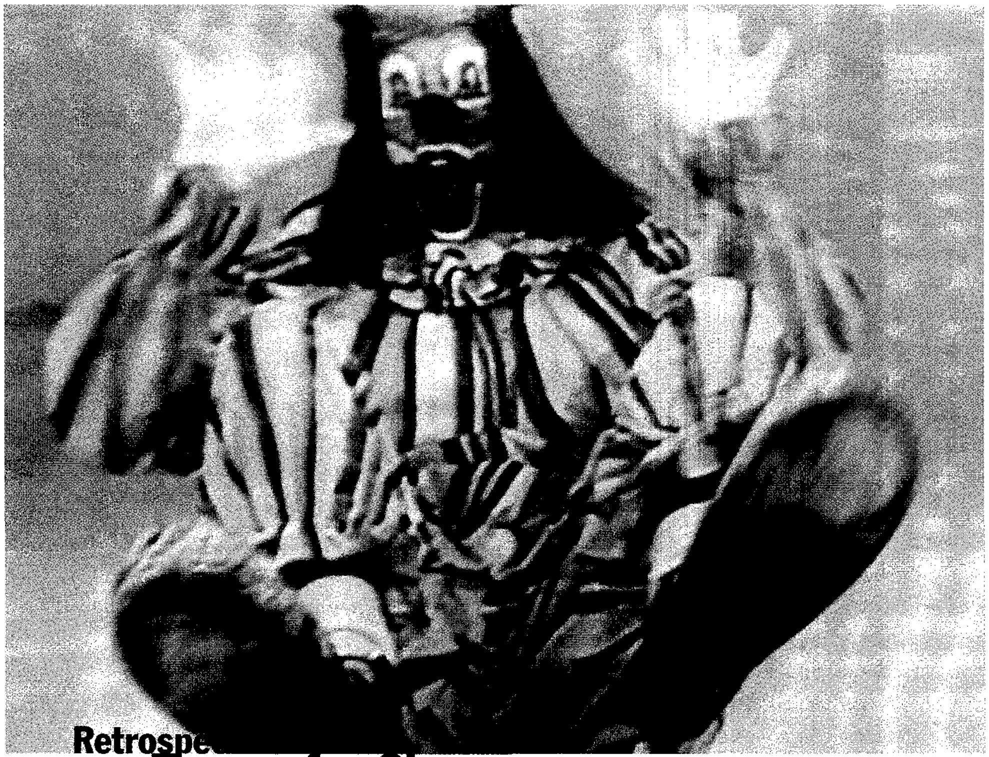
Rebar—Breeders! Double-taking young professiona with "Get to know me" on the brain. *127 Eigh Ave., at 16th St. (627-16890).*

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall/subway tunnel who most architecturally significant objects are t phone-booth-size pissoirs. Have a beer with Da ny, the best bartender in town. And have a boil egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. *17 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).*

Stephen's Green—Irish "football" fans camped he during the World Cup last summer because it's ju like home. *43–39 46th St., at Queens Blvd., Quee (718-786-5737).*

205 Club—A social club for hipsters. A couch, a po table, a D.J. after 10:30, and the best pinball m chine in creation make first-timers feel like lon time members. One tip: Get your partner to ord his or her bourbon on the rocks before you ord yours neat. The bartenders seem to feel compell to match the level of the first drink, leaving y with one crippling can of Makers Mark. *2 Chrystie St., at Stanton St. (473-5816).*

Wilmarth at Janis...Works on Paper



Retrospe

Tears of a Clown

From painting to sculpture to video, Bruce Nauman has always been the great provocateur of contemporary American artists—a present-day Man Ray. Who else would have thought of making a video installation of and calling it "Clown Torture"? At MOMA *through May 23.*

Openings

Evocative of sepia-tone photographs, **Joe Andoe**'s latest paintings combine his earlier landscapes with his more recent horse images and continue his method of "carving" through an outer layer of dark paint to the original gessoed surface (opens March 8 at Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.).

Galleries

Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

illian Ball—Polyurethane sculptures that are casts of the interiors of ordinary objects; through 3/25. Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. (879-3500).

achel Friedberg—Encaustic paintings that use the garden of the house the artist grew up in as a starting point for narratives dealing with memory and loss; through 4/1. Avanti, 22 E. 72nd St. (628-3377).

edd Garet—The artist's signature paintings from 1979 to 1985—of statues on pedestals, vases, and landscapes—were characterized by their unnatural colors, highly stylized forms, and theatrical settings; through 4/8. Baumgold, 128 E. 72nd St. (861-7338).

wen John—Drawings, watercolors, and paintings from the artist's estate and from every period of her career, including her last completed painting from 1929 and one of her only two known portraits of Auguste Rodin; through 4/1. Davis & Langdale, 231 E. 60th St. (838-0333).

edda Sterne—Delicate abstract paintings with a sense of spatial infinity; through 3/31. CDS, 76 E. 79th St. (772-9555).

onald Sultan—Dominoes and butterflies join the artist's recent motifs of fruits and flowers in these new paintings, which are executed on surfaces of vinyl composition tiles and roofing tar over wood or Masonite supports; 3/8–4/1. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

57th Street Area

obert Arneson—Figurative bronze sculptures that reflect the artist's experience with the radiation treatment he underwent in 1992, shortly before his death from cancer; through 3/31. Frumkin/Adams, 50 W. 57th St. (757-6655).

ohn Bowman—Paintings of imaginary cityscapes inspired by Eastern European cities; through 4/1. De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St. (421-3780).

arcel Duchamp and Man Ray—An exhibition that traces the personal and professional friendship of these two iconoclasts through works of art, catalogues, and ephemera; through 4/15. Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave. (307-7430).

acob El Hanani—Elegant, weblike drawings influenced by Moroccan textiles and the micrographic tradition of Hebrew scribes; through 3/25. Yoshii, 20 W. 57th St. (265-8876).

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Jane Freilicher—This artist's version of Watteau's guitar player appears in several paintings of the landscape surrounding her house in Watermill, Long Island, and in still lifes painted in her New York studio; through 4/1. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Valerie Hird—Watercolors and paintings that are literal depictions of, or inspired by, the artist's travels in Egypt and Turkey; 3/8–4/8. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

Paul Jenkins—In his recent paintings, the artist's trademark saturated colors are mixed with earth tones, just as the thin delicate washes for which he is known are now combined with heavy, lavalike flows of pigment; through 4/8. Associated American Artists, 20 W. 57th St. (399-5510).

Wolf Kahn—Recent landscape paintings; through 4/5. Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave. (247-2111).

Young-Hoon Ko—Trompe l'oeil paintings of objects; through 4/1. Del Re, 41 E. 57th St. (688-1843).

David Kroll/Lucy Puls—Paintings in which haunting autumnal landscapes are a backdrop for symmetrical still-life compositions./Resin and mixed-media sculptures that address issues of gender; through 4/1. Littlejohn/Sternau, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Robert Kushner—New paintings of fruits, flowers, and vegetables that are a continuation of the 90-foot murals recently installed in New York's Gramercy Tavern restaurant; through 4/8. Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave. (758-1900).

Morris Louis/Stephen Ellis—Abstract paintings from the artist's "Unfurled" series of 1960 that are distinguished by their gentle, poetic coloring and sinuous, slightly columnar form; through 3/18./Recent monotypes; through 3/25. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

George Negroponte—Lyrical abstract paintings from the past three years in which pigments are thinned to a watercolor-like transparency; 3/8–4/22. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

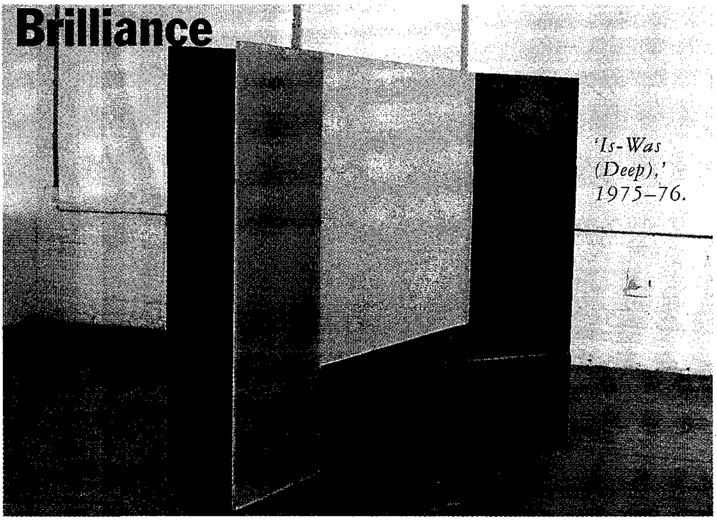
Peter Poskas—The artist, who has spent the past three decades painting Connecticut farmlands, has expanded his iconography of light and landscape to Monhegan Island, off the coast of Maine; through 4/1. Schmidt-Bingham, 41 E. 57th St. (888-1122).

Martin Puryear—The artist's first New York exhibit in seven years comprises four large-scale wood sculptures and a work in tar and mesh that were begun in Alexander Calder's studio in Saché, France, at the invitation of the Calder Foundation, and completed in New York; through 4/15. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Milton Resnick—Recent paintings by the New York School artist known for his heavily-impastoed surfaces; through 4/1. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

hotograph courtesy of the Museum of Modern Art.

On View
Melancholy Brilliance


'Is-Was (Deep),' 1975–76.

Christopher Wilmarth was an unrepentant idealist who regularly attacked both the pretensions and the commercial exploitation of art. In his sculpture, Wilmarth was no less an idealist. An artist who transformed heavy plates of metal and glass into melancholy shadow plays, Wilmarth had an uncanny ability to match the forces of light and darkness, granting each its due in works of powerful delicacy.

The current exhibition of his work at the Sidney Janis Gallery, which is now handling the Wilmarth estate, includes several large sculptures together with drawings, examples of his smaller head- (or egg-) shaped glass pieces, and some blown-glass works that hang on the wall. Wilmarth came of age as an artist during the sixties and seventies, when minimal and conceptual art were dominant. Along with Eva Hesse and Susan Rothenberg, he made use of the period's formal ideas without succumbing to its outlook. He is an essential figure, an artist who played doubt against certainty and brought passionate intensity to an often sterile period. His suicide in 1987 was a major loss to art.

Mark Stevens

Photograph courtesy of the Sidney Janis Gallery.

Stephanie Sanchez—Still-life paintings of unrelated objects—lemons, envelopes, lightbulbs, and books, for instance—which verge on abstraction; through 3/24. Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St. (664-0907).

David Smith—On loan from private collections and the collection of Candida and Rebecca Smith, the paintings and sculptures in this exhibition were made between 1940 and 1950 and reflect the artist's deep involvement with music; through 3/25. Washburn, 20 W. 57th St. (397-6780).

Stephen Tanis—Recent still-life paintings; through 3/25. French, 24 W. 57th St. (247-2457).

Christopher Wilmarth—A selection of sculpture and drawings by this artist who died in 1987; through 3/25. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Pamela Wye—Paintings, drawings, and collages that use cartoonlike invented shapes and forms to create narratives involving sexuality, fantasy, and morbidity; through 3/25. Ross, 50 W. 57th St. (307-0400).

Terri Zupanc—Paintings of imaginary landscapes that give the impression of having been seen from a place high above, evoking works by various Hudson River School artists, but are nearly monochromatic; through 4/1. Stiebel, 32 E. 57th St. (759-5536).

SoHo and TriBeCa

William Anastasi—The artist's recent "unsighted" abstract paintings; through 3/25. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Alighiero e Boetti/Richard Long—Works by both artists that have never been exhibited in the United States, including Boetti's silk embroidery of 1982 *The Thousand Longest Rivers in the World* (which had its debut in Documenta 7, Kassel) and Long's *Somerset Willow Line,* a site-specific sculpture of 608 willow branches; through 4/29. Blum, 99 Wooster St. (343-0441).

Jennifer Bolande—Recent photographs and two earlier sculptures that are square in format and meant to be treated as modular units; through 3/25. Gibson, 568 Broadway (925-1197).

Jonathan Borofsky—A selection of drawings and sculpture made between 1969 and 1994; through 4/1. Cooper, 155 Wooster St. (674-0766).

Gregory Crewdson—Color photographs of the artist's own natural-history dioramas that portray an ecologically damaged world; through 3/25. Luhring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Aaron Fink/Peter Hristoff—New large-scale paintings that depict an overscale object as a central image./New works on paper. Through 3/28. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Julia Fish—New abstract paintings; through 3/25. Lipton Owens, 53 Mercer St. (925-3962).

Deborah Kass—A project titled "My Andy" that comprises the artist's reinventions of various works by Andy Warhol; through 4/8. Freire, 130 Prince St. (941-8611).

Alan Kleiman—The artist emphasizes depth in his monochromatic paintings by carving delicate patterns of lines into their surfaces; through 4/1. Harris, 524 Broadway (941-9895).

Kochesien + Hullman—Collaborative paintings by two German artists who assign themselves a theme, then work in separate studios until they arrive at final composition; through 3/25. Nosei, 100 Prince St. (431-9253).

Charles Long—Sculptures constructed from pink modeling clay, tables, and chairs into which headphones are plugged to access audio works by the pop group STEREOLAB; through 3/25. Bonakdar, 130 Prince St. (925-8035).

John Miller—A series of photographs shot in the early afternoon in Berlin, Frankfurt, Bremen, New York, Los Angeles, New Jersey, and Vermont; through 4/2. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Heinrich Anton Muller—Delicate drawings of plants and animals and photographs of kinetic found-object "machines" by this Swiss Outsider artist; through 4/1. The Swiss Institute New York, 495 Broadway (925-2035).

Jill Nathanson—Abstract paintings that combine four flat frescolike color areas to suggest varying emotional intensities; through 3/28. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Tom Otterness—Three groups of drawings and new figurative sculptures that use modular chain-link forms and are cast in aluminum, bronze, or carbon steel; through 3/25. Alexander, 59 Wooster St. (925-4338).

Peter Phillips—The artist's roots in British Pop Art inform these recent paintings and collages combining enigmatic color fields with fragments of half-discernible motifs; through 3/25. Lewin, 136 Prince St. (431-4750).

Jack Pospisil—Sculptures in cast iron, paper, beeswax, carbon, and drywall screws that refer to forms from anatomy and nature; through 4/1. Black + Greenberg, 79 Grand St. (431-1670).

David Reed—In order to suggest the intimate relationship a viewer can have with his paintings, the artist has displayed his new gestural abstract paintings in his own video-and-installation re-creation of Scottie's bedroom from the Hitchcock film *Vertigo;* through 3/19. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Kazumi Tanaka—Autobiographical works that address the artist's Japanese childhood, incorporating family possessions, collected objects, and in some cases elements of her own body; through 4/22. Kent, 67 Prince St. (966-7820).

John Zinsser—The artist's latest paintings continue to explore the physicality of paint; through 3/25. Stark, 594 Broadway (925-4484).

Andrea Zittel—Platform bed units that are the artist's latest investigation into furniture that reduces the elements of living into rationalized units; through 4/8. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0327).

Other

Ian Phillips—Paintings that depict unsettling scenes of childhood games played by expressionless figures; through 4/2. Lannon, 530 W. 22nd St. (255-7115).

Salvatore Puglia—Paintings that evoke the process of memory through layers of imagery; through 4/7. Alexander S. Onassis Center for Hellenic Studies at NYU, 58 W. 10th St. (998-3990), Mon.–Fri. 10–4.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Graham—1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767). "Contemporary Landscape: Topography and Landscape," with paintings, works on paper, and photography by Berlind, Blondes, Duesberry, Hannock, Innerst, Santlofer, Zwack, others; through 3/25.

Seventh Regiment Armory—67th St. and Park Ave. (777-5218). Sanford Smith's seventh annual "Works on Paper" show runs from March 10–12; Fri. and Sat 11–8, Sun. 11–7; $10.

57th Street Area

ACA—41 E. 57th St. (644-8300). Paintings by artists who have found their inspiration in New York and its people, among them Isabel Bishop, Rackstraw Downes, Richard Estes, Louis Lozowick, Reginald Marsh, others; through 3/25.

PaineWebber—1285 Ave. of the Americas (713-2885). "Common Ground Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art"; through 4/14.

Rosenfeld—24 W. 57th St. (247-0082). An exhibit of works made between 1910 and 1970 by African-American artists, which will travel to the Long Beach Museum of Art, Long Beach, California; through 4/8.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings, watercolors, and pastels made by American artists between 1870 and 1930; through 4/15.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-1434). Works by Raimund Kummer and Osvaldo Romberg; through 4/6.

Exit Art/The First World—548 Broadway (966-7745). "Endurance" looks at the work of twentieth-century visual and performance artists whose works test the physical, mental, and spiritual endurance of the body, among them Vito Acconci, Chris Burden, Bob Flanagan and Sheree Rose, Charlotte Moorman, Bruce Nauman, and others; through 4/8.

Feldman—31 Mercer St. (226-3232). "Maux Faux" features works that investigate the concept of artificiality, by Bartlett, Davidson, DeBellvue, Kusama, Melee, Salzman, Stone, Voisey, others; through 4/15.

ngbar—568 Broadway (334-1100). Paintings, photographs, and sculpture that depict New York's Wall Street area, by Gallagher, Haas, Kosloff, Saville, Wilks, others; through 4/15.

hread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "Passionate Attitudes," a camera obscura installation by Ellen Driscoll that takes its inspiration from the work of the nineteenth-century neurophysiologist J. M. Charcot, who conducted research and experiments on female patients sufferring from hysteria; "Garbage!," with works by Arman, Bickerton, Chin, Cranston, Dwyer, Haacke, Kaprow, Oldenburg, Tirvanija Ukeles, and other artists whose works have been inspired by garbage; through 4/8.

Vimmer—560 Broadway (274-0274). Works that challenge the practice and theory of minimalism as reductivism, by Civera, Gitlin, Matzko, Mangold, Rocha, Westfall; through 3/31.

Other

ACA—195 Cadman Plaza West, Brooklyn (718-625-0080). Presented by the Brooklyn Waterfront Artists Coalition, "Women Role Models, Heroes, and Antiheroes" honors Women's History Month and features works in all media by fifteen women artists; 3/6–31.

Photography

mericas Society—680 Park Ave. (249-8950). "Still/Life: The Body as Object in Contemporary Photography," with works by six artists who use non-traditional modes of photography to explore the theme of the body; through 4/9.

lanuel Alvarez Bravo—The Mexican photographer's nudes in platinum/palladium and silver-gelatin prints from the thirties to the present; through 3/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

ed Croner—Black-and-white photographs of New York City scenes taken between 1947 and 1952, among them his nighttime photographs of moving cars; through 4/8. Greenberg, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

anziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). Photographs taken in 1936 by the masters of photography working in that year; small contact prints by Jacques-Henri Lartigue taken toward the end of his life; through 4/8.

lan Goldin—New photographs made over the past two years during visits to Tokyo, Berlin, and Salzburg, and screenings of *The Ballad of Sexual Dependency* (screenings take place Thurs. through Sun. at 1, 3, and 5); through 4/16. Marks, 522 W. 22nd St. (861-9455). Thurs.–Sun. 12–6.

C.P.—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Dorothea Lange: American Photographs"; "The East Side Story: L.A. Gangs, Photographs by Joseph Rodriguez"; through 4/30.

C.P. Midtown—1133 Ave. of the Americas (860-1783); Tues. 11–8, Wed.–Sun. 11–6; $4, $2.50 students and seniors. "Workers, An Archeology of the Industrial Age—Photographs by Sebastião Salgado"; through 5/26.

oel Meyerowitz—Photographs taken in St. Louis; New York City; Atlanta; and St. Petersburg, Russia, from his recent book, *The Nature of Cities;* through 4/8. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

laomi Savage—Portraits of composers and musicians taken in 1949, when the photographer was studying at Bennington College, and other photographs from the past five decades, some of which are printed on metal foil and etched onto metal plates; through 4/1. Snyder, 20 W. 57th St. (262-1160).

ictor Schrager/Jungjin Lee—These photographs of different bird species recall works by John James Audubon./Triptychs that depict images of the American desert interrupted by the artist's own hands, feet, limbs, and torso, composed of hand-applied photographic emulsion on handmade rice paper. Through 3/25. Pace/MacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

nton Stankowski/Lois Conner—Vintage prints from the twenties and thirties./Recent photographs of temples and towns in Vietnam and Cambodia. Through 4/15. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Stellweg—87 E. Houston St. (431-5556). Recent works by eight Mexican photographers, many of whom choose the body, either their own or that of a model, as a site for psychological rumination; through 3/25.

292—120 Wooster St. (431-0292). Photographs from the fifties by Frank, Freed, Klein, Stetner, others; through 4/8.

Alex Webb/Maggie Steber—Photographs of Haiti by both; through 4/5. Leica, 670 Broadway (777-3051).

Museums

Alternative Museum—Paintings by the Chilean artist Jaime Palacios; an installation by Gerda Meyer Bernstein; large-scale drawings by Marina Guttierrez. Through 4/8. 594 Broadway (966-4444), Tues.–Sat. 11–6.

American Academy of Arts and Letters—"American Academy Invitational Exhibition of Painting and Sculpture," with works by Jack Beal, Vija Celmins, Sylvia Plimack Mangold, John Winslow, and others; 3/7–4/2. Audubon Terrace, Broadway bet. 155th and 156th Sts. (368-5900); Tue.–Sun. 1–4, free.

American Craft Museum—40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10–8, Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

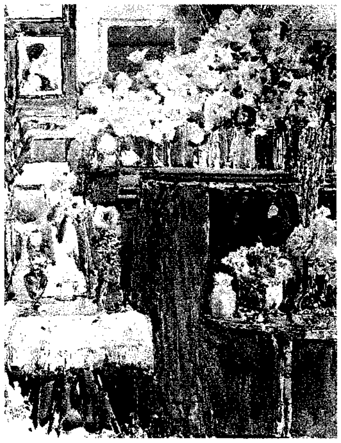
American Museum of Natural History—"Images of Power: Balinese Paintings." Through 5/3. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.–Thurs. 10–5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10–8:45; $6 suggested contribution, $4 students and seniors, $3 children.

Asia Society—"New Finds, Old Treasures: Early Chinese Ceramics From the Meiyintang Collection." Through 6/18. 725 Park Ave. (517-8315); Tues., Wed., Fri., Sat. 11–6, Thurs. 11–8, Sun. 12–5; $3, $1 students and seniors.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Division of Labor: 'Women's Work' in Contemporary Art." Works by Judy Chicago, Oliver Herring, Joyce Kozloff, Charles LeDray, Faith Ringgold, and others that derive from domestic traditions historically seen as women's work. Through 6/11. . . . "The Path to Memory: An Installation by Gladys Triana." Through 6/11. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $3, $2.

Brooklyn Museum—"Thomas Cole: Landscape Into History." More than 60 paintings by the father of the Hudson River School. Through 4/2. . . . "Grand Reserves: Rediscoveries and Recent Acquisitions at the Brooklyn Museum." Through 3/26. . . . "Dale Chihuly: Grand Lobby Installation". Through 9/10. . . . "Leon Polk Smith: Selected Works 1943–1992." Through 5/14. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.–Sun. 10–5; $4 donation, $2 students, $1.50 seniors.

Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum—"Elaine Lustig Cohen: A Modern Graphic Designer." Through 5/23. . . . "The Structure of Style: Dutch Modernism and the Applied Arts, 1880–1930." Through 8/20. 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 seniors and students; free Tues. after 5.



On View **You, too, can be a collector. There's plenty of affordable art at the "Works on Paper" show, a vast treasure trove of prints, posters, watercolors, drawings, illustrated books, and ephemera. At the Seventh Regiment Armory, 67th Street and Park Avenue, March 10–12.**

hotograph courtesy of the Spanierman Gallery.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Andy Warhol, The Last Supper Paintings." Through 6/18. . . . "Alighiero Boetti and Frédéric Bruly Bouabré, Worlds Envisioned." Through 6/18. . . . "James Coleman, Projected Images: 1972–1994." Through 3/12. 548 W. 22nd St. (431-9232); Thurs.–Sun. noon–6; $3 suggested contribution.

Frick Collection— "Romantics, Neoclassicists, Realists: European Drawings From the Stanford University Museum of Art." 3/14–5/14. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.–Sat. 10–6, Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Ross Bleckner." Through 5/14. . . . "Felix Gonzalez-Torres." Through 5/10. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.–Wed. 10–6, Fri. and Sat. 10–8 (Fri. 6–8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; $7, $4 students and seniors.

Guggenheim Museum SoHo—"Antoni Tàpies." The first large-scale exhibition of the Spanish artist's paintings to appear in the United States since 1977, with works dating from 1946 through 1991. Through 4/23. 575 Broadway (423-3500); Sun. and Wed.–Fri. 11–6, Sat. 11–8; $5, $3 students and seniors.

Japan Society—"Ningyô: The Art of the Human Figurine." More than 100 early nineteenth-century traditional Japanese display dolls from the Ayervais Collection. Through 4/2. 333 E. 47th St. (832-1155); Tues.–Sun. 11-5; $3 suggested contribution.

Jewish Museum—"Camille Pissarro: Impressionist Innovator." A retrospective tracing his artistic career from his early works made on the Caribbean island of St. Thomas through the last years of his life. Through 7/16. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11–5:45, Tues. 11–8; $6, $4 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"R.B. Kitaj: A Retrospective." Paintings by the American-born artist, who has lived in England for more than three decades and whose themes include his years as a merchant seaman, the history of film, and his Jewish heritage. Through 5/14. . . . "I Tell My Heart: The Art of Horace Pippin." An exhibition of paintings by the black folk artist (1886–1946) that was organized by the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. Through 4/30. . . . "Princely Patrons: Three Royal Persian Manuscripts." Through 6/4. . . . "Ancient Peruvian Mantles, The Early Works." Through 4/14. . . . "American Still Life: 1915–1950." Works from the museum's own collections of American art. Through 4/30. . . . "French Prints From the Bibliothèque Nationale." Through 3/19. . . . "Lucie Rie/Hans Coper." Through 5/21. . . . "Greek Gold: Jewelry of the Classical World." Through 3/26. . . . "The Kilenge of New Britain: Photographs by Philip Dark, 1964–1970." Through 7/28. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.–Thurs. and Sun. 9:30–5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30–9; $7 contribution, $3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.–Sun. 9:30–5:15 (closes at 4:45 between October and March).

Pierpont Morgan Library—"In Praise of Aldus Manutius: A Quincentenary Exhibition." Through 5/7. . . . "The Painted Page: Italian Renaissance Book Illumination, 1450–1550." Through 5/7. . . . "The Aldine Press 1495–1995: An American Homage." Through 4/9. . . . "The Collector's Eye: Gifts From the Collection of Julia Parker Wightman." Through 4/2. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.–Fri. 10:30–5, Sat. 10:30–6, Sun. noon–6; $5 suggested donation, $3 students and seniors.

Museum of American Folk Art—"The Visionary Art of Minnie Evans." Paintings and drawings spanning the years 1935 to 1981 by this self-taught artist from North Carolina whose mandalalike images of surreal creatures, multiple eyes, and beautiful women's faces were inspired by visions from her dreams. Through 4/2. 2 Lincoln Sq. (595-9533); Tues.–Sun. 11:30–7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Bruce Nauman." Through 5/23. . . . "Kandinsky: Compositions." The Russian artist's monumental "Composition" paintings and related works on paper executed between 1910 and 1939. Through 4/25. . . . "Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series." The epic 60-panel work that depicts African-Americans' post–World War I flight from the rural South to the industrial cities of the North. Through 4/11. . . . "Projects: Nancy Rubins." Through 3/14. . . . "Max Beckmann Prints."

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Met Life Building, 45th/Park, 867-6767

Through 5/9. . . . "American Sculptors on Paper: A Selection From the 1960s." Through 6/13. "Recent Acquisitions: Photography." Through 4/11. . . . "Semblances." Prints depicting portraits and various other representations of human subjects, by Tony Bevan, Chuck Close, Martin Kippenberger, and others. Through 5/9. . . . "Typography and the Poster." Through 6/4. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.–Tues. 11–6, Thurs. and Fri. noon–8:30, closed Wed. $8; $5 students and seniors; Thurs. and Fri., 5:30–8:30, pay what you wish.

Museum of the City of New York—"Curating New York: The Legacy of Grace M. Mayer." Through 9/8. . . . "A Century Apart: Images of Struggle & Spirit, Jacob Riis and Five Contemporary Photographers." Photographs by Jacob Riis, who documented New York's poor and homeless in the late nineteenth century, and by the contemporary photographers Martine Barrat, Fred Conrad, Mary Ellen Mark, Margaret Morton, and Jeffrey Scales. Through 9/3. . . . "Ladies' Mile: Emporia and Entertainments." Through 10/22. 1125 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. 1–5; $5, $3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"170th Annual Exhibition." Through 4/2. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.–Sun. 12–5 (Fri. to 8); free.

National Museum of the American Indian—"Creation's Journey: Masterworks of Native American Identity and Belief." . . . "All Roads Are Good." . . . "This Path We Travel: Celebrations of Contemporary Native American Creativity." 1 Bowling Green (668-6624); daily 10–5; free.

New Museum of Contemporary Art—"Andres Serrano: Works 1983–1993." Through 4/9. . . . "Valeska Soares: Discontinuous Teasers." Through 4/9. 583 Broadway (219-1222); Wed.–Fri. and Sun. noon–6, Sat. 12–8; $4, $3 artists, seniors, students.

New York Public Library—"La Fontaine." An exhibit of the French poet's books of fables, comedies, librettos for operas, and other works. Through 4/15. . . . "Lawrence Weiner: Books and Other Printed Matter." Through 4/8. . . . "Peter Koch, Printer." Through 3/28. . . . "e e cummings @100: An Anniversary Exhibition." Through 4/15. Central Research Building, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Tues. and Wed. 11–6, Mon. and Thurs.–Sat. 10–6; free.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Sam Gilliam: Recent Monoprints." Through 5/14. . . . "Emma Amos: Paintings and Prints, 1982–1992." Through 5/14. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat. and Sun. 1–6; $5, $3 seniors and students.

Queens Museum of Art—"Common Ground/Uncommon Vision: The Michael and Julie Hall Collection of American Folk Art." Through 4/9. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows, Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.–Fri. 10–5, Sat.–Sun. 12–5; $3, $1.50 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum—"Franz Kline: Black & White, 1950–1961." Through 3/12. . . . "Collection in Context: Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney: Printmakers' Patron." Through 3/12. 945. Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed. and Fri.–Sun. 11–6, Thurs. 1–8; $7, $5 students and seniors ($3.50 Thurs. 6–8).

Whitney Museum at Philip Morris—"Jacob Lawrence: The War Series." Through 3/31. 120 Park Ave., at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.–Fri. 11–6, Thurs. to 7:30; free.

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave., at 59th St. (546-1000). 3/8 at 2: "European and Oriental Carpets." On view from 3/4.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (606-0400). 3/9 at 10: "Antique & Fine Jewelry." On view from 3/4. 3/11 at 11: "Works on Paper." On view from 3/4. 3/14 at 1: "American Paintings, Drawings, and Sculpture From the Collection of Dr. Clark S. Marlor, Sold to Benefit Carnegie Mellon University." On view from 3/10.

Doyle—175 E. 78th St. (427-2730). 3/8 and 3/9 at 10: "By Order of the Provident Loan Society: Jewelry, Watches, Silverware, Stamps & Coins." On view from 3/4.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 3/9 at 10:15: "Rugs." On view from 3/4. 3/14 at 2: "19th-Century Furniture." On view from 3/10.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 3/9 at 10:30: "19th-Century Literature." On view from 3/4.

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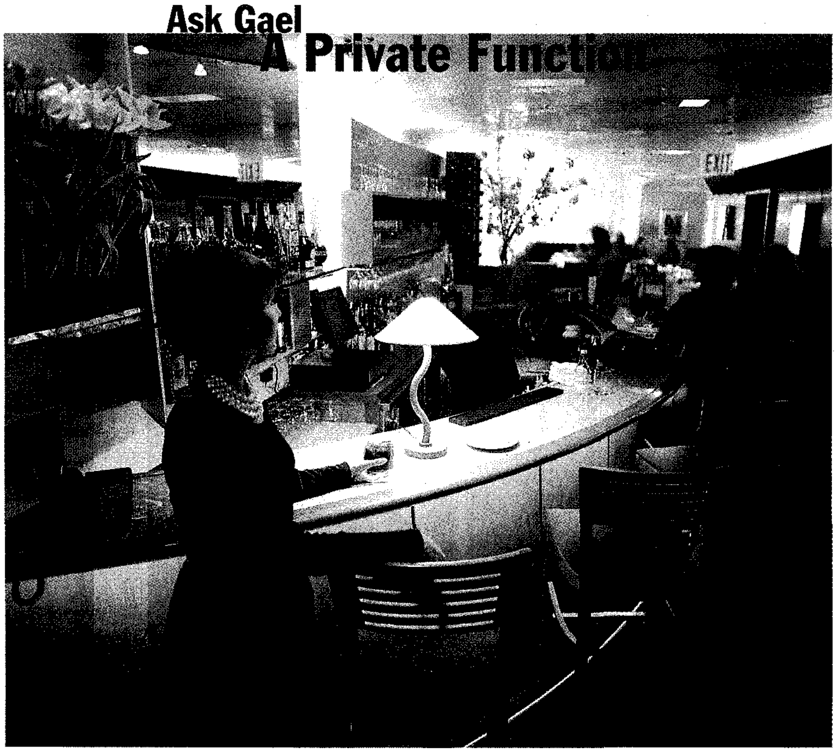


Lead me to a trust-fund hangout.

It feels like you need a membership card to get into Lex, Henry Lambert's clean-cut homage to the fifties. Everyone knows everyone else. Rusted jaws call out well-bred greetings. I feel the 10021 blonde's sneer of disdain—my 10023 look, no doubt. Time for Longchamps's salads ever-so-slightly updated, chicken potpie under a buttery coverlet, filet of lemon sole meunière, creamed spinach, lemon-meringue tart. (133 East 65th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist and owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. *38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Amici Miei—Terribly hip Italian fare in the center of SoHo. The wood-burning pizza oven and prototypical downtown crowd make this place glow. *475 W. Broadway, at Houston St. (533-1933) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Arqua—Traditional Northern Italian fare served in a dining room that is as spare and elegant as downtown gets. Watch out—the big guy in the apron is an inspiring tenor disguised as a waiter, and he's been known to break into conversation-stopping song without warning. Owner Leo Pulito has an impressive wine cellar. *281 Church St. (334-1888). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Baluchis—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. *193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Boom—Postmodern Asian in a rain-forest setting. Fans like the energy and are pleasantly surprised by how good the food is. *152 Spring St. (431-3663). (E) AE.*

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. *165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Capsouto Frères—Landmark French bistro with talked-about soufflés. Flemish-style building hosts local business folks at lunch. Dinner is a New York mix of neighborhood regulars, tourists, and trekkers from uptown. Brunch on Saturday and Sunday is great. Yes, that was Bruce Weber. *451 Washington St. (966-4900). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Cascabel—An elegant dining room with a rotating art collection, at a now-bustling intersection on the eastern border of SoHo. Chef Tom Valenti's inventive rustic, Italian-accented American offerings continue to wow. Pastry chef Lincoln Carson's peppermint bombe provides an explosive close to the meal. *218 Lafayette St., nr. Spring St. (431-7300). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. *2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

5 & 10 No Exaggeration—Come in for some southern cooking and leave with some antique bric-a-brac—or an armoire. This wonderfully cluttered restaurant doubles as a collectibles shop. *77 Greene St. (925-7414).* (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Le Pactole—Contemporary and classical French cuisine in sophisticated surroundings, with a breathtaking view of the Hudson River. Host/owner Romeo DeGobbi makes brunch on Sunday a must. *2 World Financial Ctr., on the balcony of the Winter Garden (945-9444). (M–E). AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Streghe—At the end of SoHo's restaurant row, this Italian spot caters to all comers: old, young, hip, not. *331 W. Broadway at Grand St. (343-2080). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has three places in New York, including Nobu and TriBeCa Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. *239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.*

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. *105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. *180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC.*

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven pinot noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. *103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866) (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. *143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Two Eleven—Casual contemporary American fare with an occasional celebrity appearance. *211 W. Broadway, at Franklin St. (925-7202) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

South Street Seaport

Cafe Fledermaus—Soups, salads, sandwiches, and other cold fare served in a glass-enclosed dining room on the promenade, with a view of the passing herd and the occasional street performer. *1 Seaport Plaza (269-5890). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fulton Street Cafe—A teeming outdoor café on the cobblestone promenade is the highlight of this

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, $35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, $15–$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, $15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: ($) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

seafood restaurant. Stop by and watch the show. *11 Fulton St. (227-2288). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gianni's—A standout among the meager pickings at the Seaport. Good view of the people on parade, if that's important. Yes, an Italian menu. *15 Fulton St. (608-7300). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Harbor Lights—Comfort food in elegant French-ish environs with a breathtaking view of three bridges. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (227-2800). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Liberty Cafe—Stadium-size oyster bar with a panoramic view of the East River and the harbor. The attached dining room also offers seafood and an astounding view of the financial district, the harbor, and the tangle of masts of the Peking, Ambrose, and Waverly moored at the Seaport Museum. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (406-1111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Macmenamin's Irish Pub—If you're not impressed by a magnificent view of the harbor from the outdoor deck, there's pub grub, a wide selection of beer, and televised sports. *Pier 17, 3rd floor (732-0007). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

North Star Pub—Stocked like a London pub, frequented by Wall Streeters and homesick tourists. Fish and chips and bangers and mash just about as close as you'll get to the real thing. *93 South St. (509-6757). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pedro O'Hara—Nouveau Mexican and barrel-size frozen drinks on the promenade. *Pier 17 (227-6735). (I–M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roebling's Bar and Grill—No view of the bridge designed by the namesake builder, but wood paneling and brass lend old-world charm to this second-floor sea grill. *11 Fulton St., in Fulton Market Bldg. (608-3980). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Sequoia—Comfort food amid the thematic collegiate yacht-club ambience. If only there were scull races in the East River, this would be the perfect vantage point. *Pier 17, 111 John St. (732-9090). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Sgarlato's Cafe—Italian cooking and a view of the three bridges that span the East River south of 59th Street. *Pier 17, Promenade Level. (619-5226). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, East

Grotta Azzurra—No joke. This Southern Italian spot has been around since 1908; that's four generations in the Davino family. May be old-fashioned, but the cozy, cavelike nooks are ideal for that special someone you don't want to be seen with. *387 Broome St., at Mulberry St. (925-8775). (M) ($)*

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. *24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Below 14th Street, West

Boxers—A lively neighborhood American bistro on a heavily trafficked corner of Sheridan Square. The giddy bar scene brings them in, and the high-spirited frenzy and good food keep them coming back. *190 W. 4th St. (633-BARK). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caribe—Good jerk washed down by pretty great tropical drinks. The sun shines all the time here. *117 Perry St., at Greenwich St. (255-9191). (I) MC, V.*

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared Spanish cooking. A sleeper worth getting in on. *4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) Also 58 E. 34th St. (689-1019). (M) AE, CB, MC, V.*

Jane Street Seafood Cafe—Can you imagine a first-rate seafood grill in the middle of Ohio? That's the feel of this Greenwich Village favorite. Some of the best prepared but least imaginatively presented fish in town—try the pompano whenever it's available. *31 Eighth Ave., at Jane St. (242-0003). (M) ($)*

Knickerbocker Bar and Grill—A subdued steak house with vintage items on the walls—Hirschfelds, copies of the Saturday Evening Post, and nineteenth-century curios. A sophisticated combination of gastronomics and history. *33 University Pl., at E. 9th St. (228-8490). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

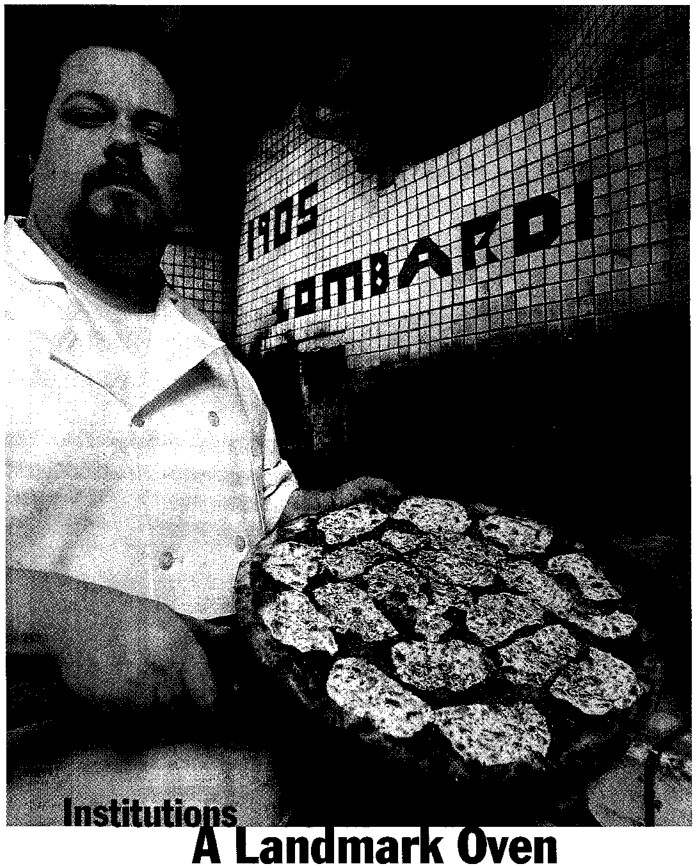
Mary Lou's—According to the "100 Coolest New Yorkers" ranking in the Daily News, hostess/chef/owner Mary Lou Baratta is the fifty-second-coolest person in the city. She runs a cozy romantic spot specializing in seafood. It's hard to be cool before 11 p.m., so Mary Lou's kitchen serves until one in the morning. *21 W. 9th St. (533-0012). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Murami—Neighborhood Japanese eatery with a dab of downtown. The limited à la carte sushi offering is augmented by imaginative specials. *546 La Guardia Pl., nr. Bleecker St. (979-7055). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Old Homestead—You can find New York's oldest steak house just blocks away from the city's meat market. Look for the larger-than-life cow on the façade. Wood panels and original stained glass decorate the dining room. You'll find a $150 cut of Kobe beef on the menu and an extensive wine list. Valet parking. *56 Ninth Ave., at 15th St. (242-9040). (M) AE, CB, DC, V.*

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. *226 Thompson St. (I) (475-9891/260-4950). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Salaam Bombay—Indian food has made it to the heart of TriBeCa. Marble floors and a canopy above each table decorate the dining room. There's a dance floor for an after-dinner twirl. *319 Greenwich St. (226-9400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*



Institutions

A Landmark Oven

In 1897, Gennaro Lombardi brought pizza to Spring Street from Naples. Now his grandson's team serves up a slice of history—sensational crusty pies from the historic oven tiled with Grandpa's name. (32 Spring Street.) GAEL GREENE

Photograph by Kenneth Chen.

14th–42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—Larry Forgione was one of the first chefs to devote a menu to strictly American fare. American harvest offerings in a barn-size space. Try game from upstate purveyors. *2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Back Porch—Italian fare buttressed by delightful outdoor tables. *488 Third Ave., nr. 33rd St. (685-3828). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bolo—There's nothing discreet about Bobby Flay's neo-Spanish cooking. In a room that reminds you of Gaudí by way of Peewee Herman, Flay turns out fiery, bold dishes like paella with duck as well as a perfectly cooked rack of lamb. *23 E. 22nd St. (228-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. *156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that? . . . Despite the frenzy of having become media central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. *24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Crystal Fountain—Just as the name promises, this restaurant features a large fountain in the center of its dining room with water that seems to move magically against gravity. Continental fare and proximity to Grand Central attract a business and tourist crowd. *Grand Hyatt, Lexington Ave. at 42nd St. (850-5998). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Hunan Fifth Avenue—Midtown-style Chinese food, business lunches and all. Dinner is a quieter scene. *323 Fifth Ave., nr. 32nd St. (686-3366). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Il Mare—Hearty Italian fare draws primarily business types to this midtown spot with a large bar and tons of seating. Fairly extensive menu with—surprise!—an emphasis on seafood. *10 E. 38th St. (447-1854) (M) AE, DC, V.*

La Colombe d'Or—Provence without a plane ride. Delightful brownstone setting. *134 E. 26th St. (689-0666). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Les Halles—Even though it hasn't been around forever, this utterly perfect re-creation of a Left Bank bistro seems like it has. This is the place to come for onion soup, steak frites, celeri rémoulade, crème caramel—that sort of thing. *411 Park Ave. So., nr. 29th St. (679-4111). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Live Bait—Southern-style home cooking that sticks to your ribs. Used to be that everyone and his mother had the baseball cap from this joint. Well known for a bar that reminds some of those bright college days. *14 E. 23rd St. (353-2400). (M) AE, TM.*

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. *102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the

Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. *250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. *108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *180 Third Ave., at 17th St. (777-9288). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. *21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Water Club—The setting and view from this East River barge is what all the fuss is about. The American fare is fine. *500 E. 30th St. (683-3333). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

14th–42nd Streets, West Side

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. *424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving American fare in a relaxed atmosphere. *55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Lola—A lively entrance that gives way to a vast and airy room made surprisingly private by the centrally located banquettes. Regulars swear by the onion rings. Yes, that was Luther Vandross. *30 W. 22nd St. (675-6700). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Man Ray—Popular with those on their way to the Joyce Theater for its reliable and very current American offerings. *169 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (627-4220). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Moran's—Charming and timeless New York City pub that's been around for 38 years. The friendly staff is, you guessed it: Irish. *146 Tenth Ave., at 19th St. (627-3032). (M) V, MC, AE, DC.*

The Rocking Horse Mexican Cafe—Mexican-themed café, with plenty to do and plenty to drink at the tables. The dining room's gold walls are adorned with customers' art drawn at the table. *182 Eighth Ave., nr. 20th St. (463-9771). (I) AE, MC, V.*

World Yacht—It's about a boat ride. Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at 6, and sails from 7 until 10. *Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.*

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Ambassador Grill—Contemporary cuisine with global accents befitting the U.N. bigwigs who stop by for lunch. Friday-night seafood fest offers an unlimited raw bar. Yes, that was Jacques Cousteau. *44th St. in the U.N. Plaza–Park Hyatt (702-5014). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Barclay Restaurant & Terrace—Another two-in-one treat. These two dining spots cater to the different moods of diners. The Barclay Restaurant is elegantly decorated like a traditional gentlemen's club with wood-paneled walls. The Terrace is a bit more lively and overlooks the lobby so you can view all the goings-on in the hotel. Both serve Continental fare. *111 E. 48th St., in the Hotel Inter-Continental (421-0836). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Brasserie—Upbeat rendition of French-bistro classics 24 hours a day. Choose from the newly renovated dining area or grab a quick bite at the counter. *100 E. 53rd St. (751-4840). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Burke & Burke—Gourmet sandwiches, soups, and salads that are perfect to tote. The tables at some locations make for easy lunch dates. *485 Madison Ave., nr. 52nd St.(366-4020) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little café, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. *200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term power lunch got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. *99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fresco—That's a sky at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (homemade pasta, grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. The Scotto family attracts a mostly business crowd. Its packed at lunch and for dinner. Yes, that was Al Roker. *34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. *46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Mangeoire—A Cote D'Azur native son, chef Patrik Bruot delivers the Mediterranean flavors of Southern France to a rustic room in midtown. *1008 Second Ave., at 53rd St. (759-7086. (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The $40 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. *2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. For 30-odd years, André Soltner has run this consistently fine kitchen. Nobody does it better. *249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. *120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Oceana—A formal setting and fish-savant Rick Moonen's extensive and excellent seafood menu make this room a favorite for business lunches and romantic evenings alike. *55 E. 54th St. (759-5941) (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Roma di Notte—Italian fare attracts a more mature crowd at this midtown spot that's been around for more than a quarter of a century. *137 E. 55th St. (832-1128). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Otabe—Customers are ministered to by their own chef in the private teppan-grill rooms. The cool, contemporary décor—beige tones and wood paneling—in the main dining room brings serenity to midtown. *68 E. 56th St. (223-7575). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *1004 Second Ave., nr. 53rd St. (980-4131). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. *143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Shinbashi–An—Midtown Japanese. But this one's elegant and soothing, with dramatic lighting. Don't wear mauve or you'll clash with the walls. *141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steak house jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. *Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. Wednesday through Saturday there's a carnival-inspired cabaret. *151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town. *200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Tse Yang—Food from Beijing and Shanghai served in an opulent dining room. Aquariums abound, so you can preview your dish before you order. *34 E. 51st St. (688-5447). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue–by-way-of–Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. *200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, MC, V.*

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43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. *700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Previews

What the World Needs Now

SoHo's Eurobistro-mania has reached critical mass with Café Noir, at 32 Grand Street, which downtown restaurateur Georges Forgeois (who also owns Jules, with his brother Jacques) opened last month. The place is a veritable Mediterranean theme park, with tapas bar, turquoise tile, and couscous night on Sunday.

Photograph by Steven Freeman

Algonquin—Draws on its history as the fabled stomping ground of literary giants. The wood-paneled sitting-room-like lobby still holds many imaginations captive. *59 W. 44th St. (840-6800). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours, free parking after 5:30 P.M. *Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (246-6699). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Broadway Joe—Located in a townhouse on Restaurant Row, this steak house serves a fourteen-ounce prime rib but also delivers fresh seafood and pasta for the omnivore. Hirschfeld caricatures cover the walls, so come find your NINAs while you dine. Free dinner parking. Private parties. *315 W. 46th St. (246-6513). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Charlotte—Offers a refuge from the hubbub and hustle of Times Square. Consistent American cuisine in a postmodern setting. *145 W. 44th St., in the Hotel Macklowe (789-7508). (M–E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Cité—An extravagant French steak house, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. *120 W. 51st St. (956-7100/7262). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted cieling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. *133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that is Tom Selleck. *269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. *151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Jewel of India—A spicy bargain at lunch. Mother-of-pearl and gold-leaf trimming give this room an elegant appeal. *15 W. 44th St. (869-5544). AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.*

Keewah Yen—An unlikely hybrid of upscale Chinese fare and high audio technology—karaoke system and all. *50 W. 56th St. (246-0770) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Koyote Kate's—A Tex-Mex restaurant complete with tables hand-painted with a Native American pattern. Lots of steaks and chops, pasta, and fresh seafood; caters to a twentysomething crowd with a live band every night. *307 W. 47th St. (956-1091). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. *48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.*

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in the dining room. *150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. *4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/2995). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. *361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.*

La Veranda—Northern Italian food. Traditional music in the background. A quiet place with two private rooms for parties. *163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Le Bernardin—Gilbert Le Coze, who died this past summer, influenced a generation of chefs with the way he prepared seafood. His carpaccios used all manner of fish, and his trademark dish of roasted monkfish with cabbage appeared on menus everywhere. But nobody did it quite like Gilbert. *155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. *251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 246-0373). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. *340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V*

Marlowe—A little cultural mêlée: an American bistro that looks like a French country inn. Oak-plank floors and low, romantic lighting are soothing. *328 W. 46th St. (765-3815) (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Marriott Marquis—American contemporary cuisine with a Broadway flair. Each dish is named after a Broadway play, so come feast on Miss Saigon or Cats. *1535 Broadway, at 45th St. (704-8900). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Nakagawa—Elegant Japanese in the heart of the theater district. Come feast on some sushi pre- or post-show. *7 W. 44th St. (869-8077). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Olive Garden—A chain serving basic Italian fare—but this one has been swanked up for the ever-so-sophisticated New York natives. The theater-district address attracts stouthearted natives and a tourist crowd. *201 W. 47th St., (246-4517). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Pasta Lovers—Now, who doesn't? With a name that's really a rhetorical question, this spot serves basic Italian fare that draws tourists down from their hotel rooms to dine. And there are crayons on the tables for when the dinner conversation falls short of compelling. *158 W. 58th St. (582-1355). (M). AE, MC, V.*

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neopolitan eatery rooted in the glorious 1950s. *236 W. 56th St. (247-3491/3492). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable and comforting. *250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Pig and Whistle—A power lunch at a Blarney Stone? This is midtown's answer to an Irish bar. A business clientele and a coming-and-going-to-the-theater crowd can find Irish specialties—both solid and liquid—here. *165 W. 47th St. (302-0112). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like raindrops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic and a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. *30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Rene Pujol—The rustic French food and service are careful and heartfelt. *321 W. 51st St. (246-3023). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Restaurant Raphael—Chef Jean-Michel Bergougnoux redefines contemporary French country cuisine for the nineties in a châteaulike setting Stenciled floral beams, the fireplace, and the outdoor rear garden set the tone for an intimate, romantic dining experience or a business meal Near moma. *33 W. 54th St. (582-8993). (E) AE DC.*

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. *148 W. 51st St (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Samplings—Cheerful family-style dining for hote guests and local business lunches. *1605 Broadway at 49th St., in the Crowne Plaza Hotel. (977-4000) (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offering a view o the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio o yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak a premium prices. *Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St (246-9201). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. *57 W. 48th St. (977-8400) (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Siam Inn—Traditional Thai food served in a Thai-style dining room that is cozy and candlelit. A perfect neighborhood spot when you can make i only as far as the corner for dinner. *916 Eighth Ave., at 54th St., and 854 Eighth Ave., nr. 51st St. (489-5237). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. *834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V.*

"21" Club—The new, old, younger "21" has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. *21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Victor's Cafe 52—Until the inevitable fall, this is as close to Cuba as you can get—at least in this neighborhood. *236 W. 52nd St. (586-7714). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

57th–60th Streets

Akbar—Newly renovated, this Indian restaurant is cozy and colorful, with a stained glass ceiling overhead. Business-minded types abound. *475 Park Ave., nr. 57th St. (838-1717)(M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bruno Ristorante—Attracting regulars for sixteen years. A Northern Italian kitchen and an Art Deco dining room with two fireplaces will make anyone feel welcome. *240 E. 58th St. (688-4190). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Caviarteria—Right now! That was the cry from customers of this austere, modernist undersea-eggmonger. So a café was built and now serves the impatient crowd a variety of Russian and American caviar and other adventurous fare (smoked wild boar) right on the premises. *502 Park Ave., nr. 59th St. (759-7410). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. *200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Dawat—The Indian actress and cooking authority Madhur Jaffrey is a consultant here. You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or any of the more unusual regional specials. *210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

Fantino—Where else but in New York can you be served your Northern Italian fare on china by Gianni Versace? Serving in a luxurious dining room, Fantino delivers as an Italian restaurant should. Try the tuna or the lamb. *112 Central Park So., in the Ritz-Carlton Hotel (664-7700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fontana di Trevi—Hearty Italian that's been around for 44 years. Attracts business personalities at lunch, theatergoers at dinner. *151 W. 57th St. (247-5683). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Gauguin—White-hot scene. Tahitian theme park: living palm trees, recorded bird song, and the artist's murals. Tropical Asian cuisine and casks of cleverly named knockout drops. *The Plaza Hotel, 768 Fifth Ave., at Central Park So. (319-0404). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.*

The Townhouse American—Continental cuisine in a classic English setting. Caters to a gay and lesbian crowd. *206 E. 58th St. (826-6241) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Train Bleu—A port in the retail storm. A French railroad dining car of old, with a view of the 59th Street Bridge. Bloomingdale's, *6th floor, 1000 Third Ave., at 59th St. (705-2100). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Le Veau d'Or—A proud tradition in the neighborhood, this bistro-style eatery hasn't changed in years, and almost everyone agrees that that's just fine. *129 E. 60th St. (838-8133). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. *160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. *57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aïoli. *405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Plaza Hotel—As one might expect from the Plaza, the Edwardian Room can best be described as classic, serving Continental fare to tourists and natives alike. Just don't expect to see Eloise horsing around: She checked out long ago. *Fifth Ave. and 59th St. (759-3000). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, East Side

Alexis—Provençal food delivered in a cozy dining room. Look up and you'll see what's written in the stars: The ceiling features a painting of the astrological signs. *140 E. 63rd St., in the Barbizon Hotel (838-5700). (M) AE, MC, V.*

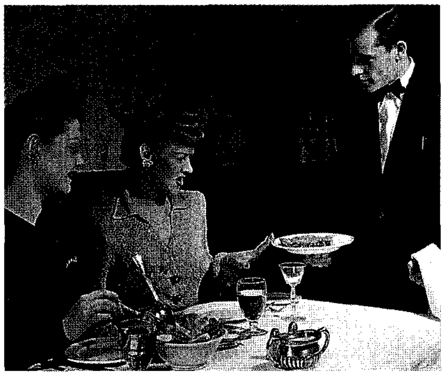
Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern perfectly executed by wunderkind chef David Walzog. Situated amid a cluster of movie theatres and spitting distance from Bloomingdales. Adobed-like setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. *206 E. 60th St. (838-0440) (M) AE, MC, V.*

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. *1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) ($)*

The Boat House Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find the kind of Italian food made only in America, some of it pretty good. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Restaurants
Dare to Dine Out

Waiters want to like you, but you make it so hard. And from the moment you approach the hostess at one of New York's better restaurants, the staff has already figured out just how much trouble you're likely to be—and whether you're worth the effort at all. "The 'I have arrived' attitude is a sign of trouble," says Tamara Tweedy of Luma. "They're the customers who have been in the door for two minutes and have already switched tables three times. The ones who will be upset to find French instead of Italian sparkling water at the table."



To hear waiters tell it, the customer is almost never right. Demoralized staff make up mean nicknames—the Brooder, the Martyr, the Infant—for you. And they can't *believe* your manners. Waiters can't tell you themselves, but they think you should know the following: Do not return a fork you've eaten with to the tablecloth; do not raise your glass to help the waiter pouring your wine; do not attempt to grab the plate you've just been told is hot—you will drop it. Do not touch the waiter (this is an oddly universal complaint) or blow your nose with your napkin. "I personally think there ought to be a licensing exam," sniffs one TriBeCa waitperson. "There should be one for people who go to restaurants up to two stars, and then an advanced test for three- and four-star places." Fine. But do we get to deduct the licensing fee from the tip?

MANNY HOWARD

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. *354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE.*

Cafe Equense—If it's not on the menu, just ask . . . they'll make it. This cozy spot in the heart of Carnegie Hill likes to take care of its customers. Lite Italian fare served to the ladies who lunch and the families who sup. *1291 Madison Ave., at 92nd St. (860-2300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Grazie—A small Italian cafe that attracts both worn-out museumgoers from the nearby Metropolitan and neighborhood regulars. *26 E. 84th St. (717-4407). (M) AE only.*

Cafe Metairie—Country French in a rustic farmhouse setting. Blazing fireplace and all . . . mon cheri. And, sans blague, they have cooing doves. *1442 Third Ave., at 82nd St. (988-1800). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people watcher's paradise. *768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Cafe Pierre—The next best thing to room service is this warm, intimate dining room. Serving contemporary American cuisine, this is the perfect elegant spot to enjoy good food and discreet conversation. *2 E. 61st St., in the Hotel Pierre (940-8185). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Ci Vediamo—Almost two restaurants in one, this Northern Italian restaurant has a modern downstairs that caters to a younger crowd and a cozy upstairs where the older crowd likes to linger. Good-size portions and reliable food make this an Upper East Side staple. *1431 Third Ave., at 81st St. (650-0850). (M) AE only.*

Demarchelier—Feels French and tastes French; in this restaurant-parched turf, that's good enough to draw a crowd. *50 E. 86th St. (249-6300). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Girasole—Regional Italian food. Elegant, medium-size space with private rooms upstairs. Wood floors with girasoles (sunflowers to you, bub) throughout. A neighborhood haunt for the subdued set. *151 E. 82nd St. (772-6690). (M) AE only.*

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for forty years. *1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430) (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Jo Jo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewellike dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. *160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.*

Le Bistro de Maxim's—It ain't Paris, but . . . This elegant French bistro features a menu that fuses French and Asian flavors. Nouvelle, with lovely murals on the walls and all that. *680 Madison Ave., at 61st st. (980-6988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, *haute* fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccione still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. *58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.*

Lusardi's—Vintage Italian . . . Good pastas and risot-

Photograph by Archive Photos.

tos make this spot a trusted local haunt. People keep coming back because it manages to be cozy and elegant. *1494 Second Ave., at 78th St. (249-2020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mad Hatter—A landmark American pub divided into enough spaces to suit almost any mood. *1485 Second Ave., nr. 78th St. (628-4917). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Mark's—Decked out like an English library, with plump tasseled pillows to nest against. Fine East-West cooking and first-rate desserts. *25 E. 77th St., in the Mark Hotel (879-1864). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." *1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Mo's Caribbean—Pack your bags, sweetie; we're going to the islands. . . Close enough. This festive spot serves Caribbean fare like jerked chicken and coconut shrimp—all in a dining room with real palm trees and reggae music. There's American food for your timid country cousin, too. Leave with a suntan. *1454 Second Ave., at 76th St. (650-0561). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Mulholland Drive Cafe—A very single bar scene that breeds a room full of regulars who stay for Italian-accented American meals with a California feel. Yes, that was Patrick Swayze, but that figures—he owns the place. *1059 Third Ave., at 63rd St. (319-7740). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

The Polo—Clubby atmospherics, dark wood paneling, and contemporary American cuisine. Try the seafood special, whatever it is. Local haute-boutique owners conducting business and pleasure at lunch. Yes, that was Al Pacino ducking out the side door. *840 Madison Ave., at 69th St. (439-4835). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. *28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

540 Park—Named for its address, this American grill at the Regency Hotel has a soothing atmosphere. Pretty and soft muted colors and décor make this room the ultimate lullaby. *540 Park Ave., at 61st St. (759-4100). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Primola—Solid Italian fare for a more mature crowd who are practically all in jacket and tie, just off work or back from the weekend. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *1226 Second Ave., at 63rd St. (758-1775). (M). AE, MC, V.*

The Restaurant at the Stanhope—You're standing on the steps of the Metropolitan Museum, parched, exhausted, and in search of that perfect watering hole. The Stanhope is back, serving tasty American fare. *995 Fifth Ave., at 81st St. (288-5800). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Tony Di Napoli's—Family style means big, big, big. Be prepared to loosen your belt buckle a notch or two after feasting on some serious Italian. Bring a family that likes to eat. *1606 Second Ave., at 83rd St. (861-8686). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.*

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. *17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Trois Jean—A cozy French bistro, as every corner needs. *154 E. 79th St. (988-4858). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Above 60th Street, West Side

Bella Luna—Consistently good neighborhood Northern Italian. *584 Columbus Ave., nr. 88th St. (877-2267). (M) AE only.*

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with its frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. *1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Takeout The modest $1.50-a-brick price for corn bread at TriBeCa's new Hudson Caterers Cafe makes it possible to order a speck of that not-so-affordable shrimp-and-lobster salad ($15 a pound) and emerge fully sated. (145 Hudson Street.)

Cafe Luxembourg—After all these years, the joint still looks smart and sexy and gets a good-looking Upper West Side crowd. The fare's upscale bistro. Perfect before or after the cultural goings-on at Lincoln Center. *200 W. 70th St. (873-7411). (M–E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Fishin Eddies—Another homey spot from the Vince & Eddie guys, with live-fish tanks. Not all the grilled fish is as spectacular as the impressive cioppino for two. Patio dining. *73 W. 71st St. (874-3474). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Fujiyama Mama—Look up "fine cuisine" in the Yuppie Handbook and you'll find this spot listed as No. 1. Good sushi, funky décor, and a D.J. make this Japanese restaurant a local favorite among Upper West Siders. *467 Columbus Ave., nr. 83rd St. (769-1144). (M) AE.*

Hunan Park—A standard Chinese restaurant on the upper west side, but when you have the craving, get your fix here. Yes, that was Woody Allen. *235 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (724-4411). Also Hunan Park Two at 721 Columbus Ave., at 95th Street (222-6511). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Iridium—Amid every restaurant's struggle for uniqueness, this unusual American bistro has found its own. Its award-winning décor has been described as "Dalí meets Disney" and is based on musical movements. Late-night jazz and Sunday brunch specials make it a welcome complement to Lincoln Center. *44 W. 63rd St. (582-2121). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

Main Street—American comfort food, and lots of it. Feel at home even in a party of ten. A fireplace and brick walls make this giant space seem cozy. *446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Picholine—Skillfully prepared Mediterranean-style French food near Lincoln Center. The fabric-covered walls add to the cozy feel of this charming spot. *35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Royal Canadian Pancake House—Big, big, big. Are those chocolate chips in the corn bread? You bet. Oversize and proud of it. *2286 Broadway, at 82nd St. (873-6052). (I–M) MC, TM, V.*

Santa Fe—If it's not the margaritas, then it's the pink faux-adobe walls and desert tones that give this southwestern spot such a soothing feel. One of the quietest Tex-Mex places in the city. *72 W. 69th St. (724-0822). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Scaletta—A dining room decorated in muted blues and pinks serves hearty Italian fare. Conveniently located across the street from those famous dinosaurs at the Museum of Natural History. *50 W. 77th St. (769-9191). (M) AE, MC, V.*

Upstairs at Jack Sprat's—A second-story spot with an atmosphere that lies somewhere between a speak easy and an airport lounge. Healthy American fare with a creative twist—but never fear, they have burgers too. *169 Columbus Ave., at 68th St. (496-9494). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.*

West 63rd Street Steakhouse—Mahogany tables and red suede walls make this nicified steak house less stultifying than its midtown brethren. Twenty-foot ceilings allow for a spectacular view of Lincoln Center, and there are seafood and pasta for those who enjoy the company of a meat-eater. Monday nights are cigar nights. *44 W. 63rd St. (246-6363). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.*

Brooklyn

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. *1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card or bring cash. *178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) ($ or Peter Luger's house charge card)*

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. *256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) ($)*

Queens

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. *75–61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.*

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. *44th Drive at the East River. Complimentary ferry leaves from Manhattan Tuesday–Saturday 6–11. (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.*

Bronx

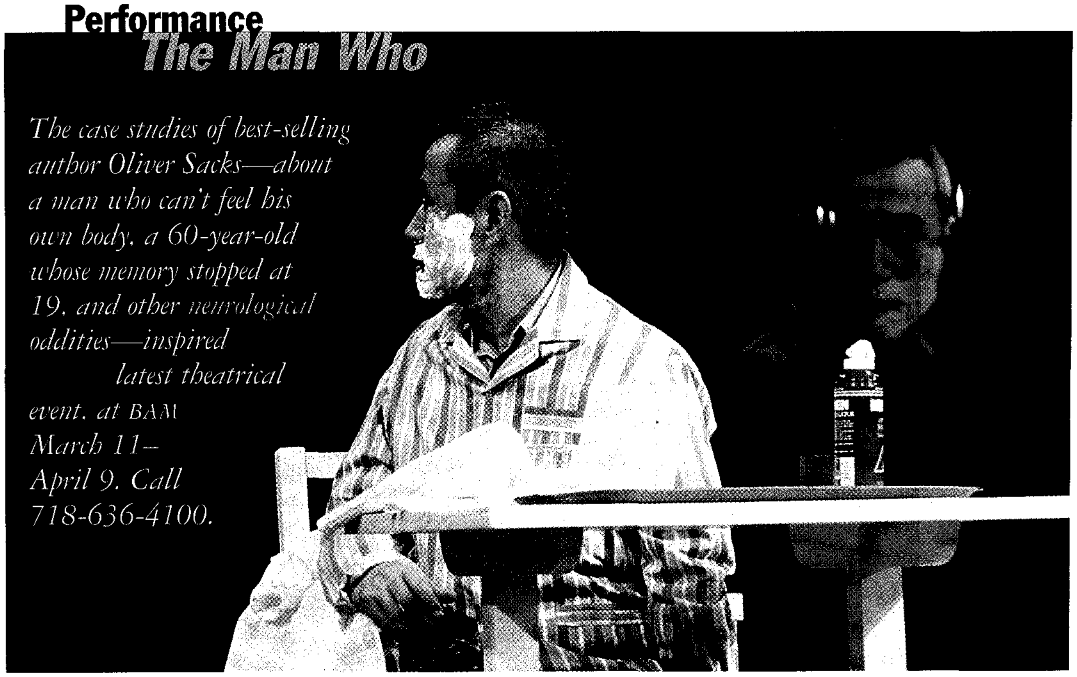
Schlitz—Cop lunch spot, cold beer and great roast pork. Remember Newman's local in *Fort Apache, the Bronx? 1209 138th St., at Bruckner Blvd. (no phone). (I) ($)*

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. *296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) ($)*

Photograph by Steve Wisbauer

Bang on a Can...From Rio to Buenos Aires

Performance



The Man Who

The case studies of best-selling author Oliver Sacks—about a man who can't feel his own body, a 60-year-old whose memory stopped at 19, and other neurological oddities—inspired latest theatrical event, at BAM March 11–April 9. Call 718-636-4100.

Classical Music

Monday, March 6

Daniel Barenboim—The pianist performs his only New York recital of the season. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $14–$65.

Ljuba Kazarnovskaya—The soprano performs Glinka, Dargomyshky, Bellini, and others. Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $20.

Tuesday, March 7

New York Philharmonic—Valery Gergiev conducts Mussorgsky, Shostakovich, and Rimsky-Korsakov. Lecture at 6:30. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15–$60.

Chamber Music Society—Joined by Dawn Upshaw for the New York premiere of Jon Harbison's *Between Two Worlds*, as well as performing Villa-Lobos and Schumann. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center Plaza (721-6500), at 7:30; $18–$28.

Wednesday, March 8

Francis Heilbut—The pianist performs an all-Mozart concert. Federal Hall, 26 Wall Street (866-2086), at 12:30; free.

Warsaw Sinfonia—Krzysztof Penderecki conducts Mendelssohn, Saint-Saens, and others, with Allison Eldredge on cello. Only New York appearance this season. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $12–$45.

Thursday, March 9

New York Philharmonic—Valery Gergiev conducts Liadov, Berlioz, and Tchaikovsky. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; $15–$60.

New York Festival of Song—"From Rio to Buenos Aires." Painist Steven Blier, with mezzo-soprano Bernarda Fink and baritone Christopher Trakas perform Villa-Lobos, Piazzolla, and others. Weill Recital Hall, Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $20.

Oratorio Society—Under the direction of Dr. Lyndon Woodside, the chorus performs Orff's *Carmina Burana* and Mendelssohn's *Die erste Walpurgisnacht*. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $15–$47.

Friday, March 10

American Symphony Orchestra—Leon Botstein conducts Schoeck, Szymanowski, and others. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $2–$40.

New Amsterdam Symphony—Kimbo Ishii-Eto conducts Wagner, Liszt, and Strauss's *Four Last Songs*, with soprano Andrea Cawelti. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400), at 8; $10.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

New York Philharmonic—See 3/9. This performance at 11 A.M.

New York Pops—"An Evening of Humor and Music," with Skitch Henderson, narrator Phyllis Newman, and pianist Jeffrey Biegel. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; $13–$60.

Saturday, March 11

Linda Wetherill—The flutist performs Bach, Barber, and Copland. Theodore Roosevelt Birthplace, 28 E. 20th St., at 2; $2.

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs Janáček, Mozart, and Dvořák. Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (570-3949), at 8; $25.

New York Philharmonic—See 3/9.

Sunday, March 12

American Composers Orchestra—Paul Lustig conducts Corigliano, Sampson, Hailstork, and the world premiere of Kraft's *Symphony in One Movement*. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; $9–$40.

Ensemble Wien—Performs Schubert, Mozart, and Strauss. Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 11 A.M.; $15.

Monday, March 13

Bang on a Can All-Stars—Performs Glass, Vierk, Pascoal, and others. Walter Reade Theater at Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; $15.

Opera

Amato Opera—3/11 at 7:30 and 3/12 at 2:30: Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*. Amato Opera House, 319 Bowery (228-8200); $18.

Brooklyn Academy of Music—Peter Brook's *The Man Who*. Previews 3/11 at 8. Opens 3/13 at 8. Mon.–Sat. at 8; Sat. at 3. Through 4/9. BAM, 651 Fulton St. (718-636-4100); $35–$50.

Metropolitan Opera—3/6 at 8 and 3/11 at 1:30: Verdi's *Simon Boccanegra*. 3/7 and 3/10 at 7:30: Strauss's *Der Rosenkavalier*. 3/8 and 3/11 at 8: Puccini's *La Bohème*. 3/9 at 8: Verdi's *La Traviata*. Metropolitan Opera House, Lincoln Center (362-6000); $22–$110.

New York City Opera—3/7 at 8 and 3/11 at 1:30: Puccini's *La Rondine*. 3/8 at 8: Puccini's *Madama Butterfly*. 3/10 at 8 and 3/12 at 1:30: Mozart's *Le nozze di Figaro*. 3/11 and 3/14 at 8: Bizet's *Carmen*. New York State Theater, Lincoln Center Plaza (870-5570); $15–$63.

Dance

Dance Theatre of Harlem—Two world premieres, including Alonzo King's *Signs and Wonders* and DTH principal dancer Robert Garland's *The Joplin Dances*, highlight their new season at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Also noteworthy is the company premiere of Balanchine's *The Prodigal Son*, since DTH has made a specialty of his work. 10/10–10/26. Dark Mon. BAM Opera House, 30 Lafayette Ave., Brooklyn (307-4100); $15–$45.

Feld Ballets/NY—Eliot Feld's troupe performs several premieres based on the piano music of Erik Satie and Steve Reich's *Six Marimbas*, as well as revivals of *Doo Dah Day* and other pieces. Premiere 3/7 at 8:30. Dark Mon. Tues–Sat. at 8; Sun. at 2 and 7:30. Through 4/9. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); $30.

Phyllis Lamhut Dance Company—Begins its twenty-fifth season at Dance Theater Workshop with the world premiere of *Deadly Sins*. 3/9–3/12 at 8; 3/12 at 3. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077); $12.

Michael Mao Dance—The twelve-member company performs two world premieres—one set to Mahler, with verse by the eighth-century Chinese poet Meng Hao-jan—and two other pieces, including last season's *Still Night*. 3/9–3/11 at 8. Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, 695 Park Ave., at 68th St. (772-4448); $17.

Photograph by Gilles Abegg.

the mix

Rangers Resurgence...*Hullabaloo*

John Leonard's TV Notes

The Shamrock Conspiracy (3/7; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 9) brings Edward Woodward back from London to New York, as a retired Scotland Yard chief inspector, just in time to "equalize" a couple of serial killers who happen also to be IRA terrorists, while simultaneously muddling the relationship between his estranged artist-daughter (Elizabeth Hurley) and her live-in N.Y.P.D. boyfriend (Jeffrey Nordling). Woodward seems to enjoy himself, in this very first TV movie on the fledgling network UPN. The implausible script by Michael Gleason (*Remington Steele*) is, at least, easy on the ears. And the "Shamrock" turns out to be an Irish bar in Queens.

The History of Rock 'n' Roll (3/8 through 3/12; 8 to 10 P.M.; Channel 9) is a ten-hour gas, from vintage Ed Sullivan snippets to Pink Floyd at the Berlin Wall, Frank Zappa in Prague, and Fleetwood Mac at the Clinton inaugural. Gary Busey in his Buddy Holly impersonation leads us through 250 songs from as many concerts; Jerry Lee Lewis, Keith Richards, David Bowie, and Dick Clark babble on camera; and blue suede shoes go grunge.

Choices of the Heart: The Margaret Sanger Story (3/8; 9 to 11 P.M.; Lifetime), with Dana Delany gorgeous as the Angel of Birth Control, Henry Czerny ambivalent as her architect-socialist husband, and Rod Steiger over the top as Anthony Comstock of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, is rather more Supergoody Two-Shoes heroine-worshipful than the nuanced picture we got from Ellen Chesler's recent biography. But the culture needs such well-mounted agitprop as lesson in radical citizenship, a caution against nut-case censors, and a reminder of what illegal abortions were all about. They were about dead women.

Out of Annie's Past (3/8 and other dates; 9 to 11 P.M.; USA) comes the seediest imaginable Dennis Farina, a bounty hunter trying to blackmail poor Catherine Mary Stewart, who ran away from New York to Salt Lake City to escape a trumped-up murder charge and to marry Scott Valentine, who can't protect her from a slobby Farina or an obsessive Carsten Norgaard because he doesn't even know about the Russian Mafia. Between dead bodies, we look at a Utah as clean and scenic as Catherine Mary herself.

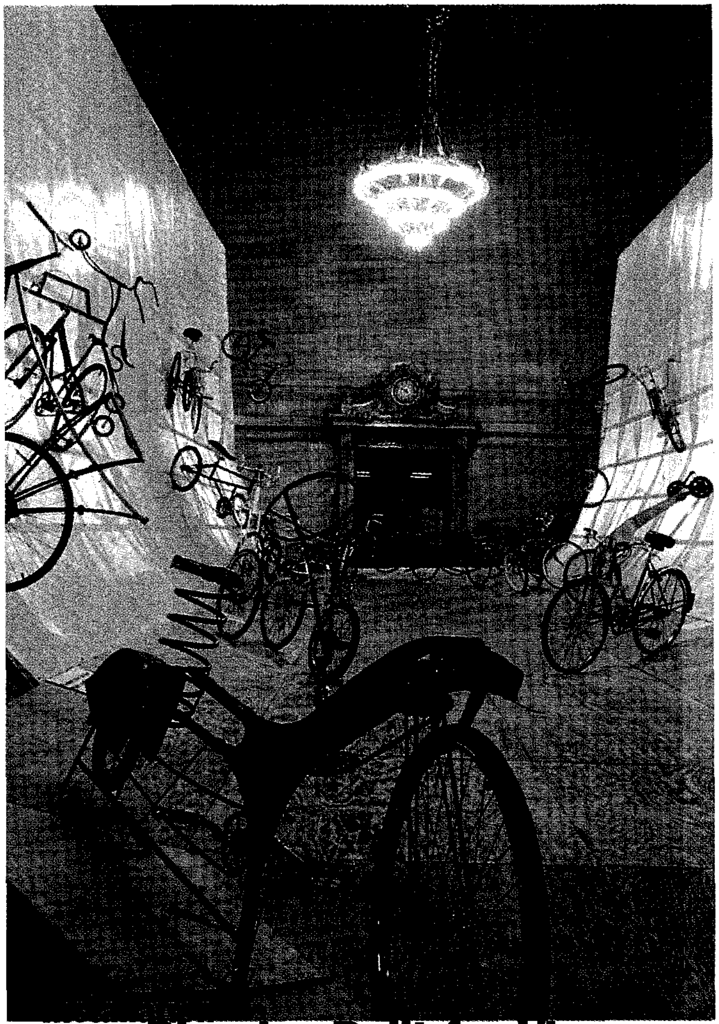
VR.5 (Fridays, starting 3/10; 8 to 9 P.M.; Fox) plunges Lori Singer at her computer console into cyberspace, where she will find weird green eyes, virtual sex, her missing neurobiologist father (David McCallum), and a nameless "Committee" that monitors and sometimes messes with alternative realities. This stylish new series from John Sacret Young (*China Beach*) and Thania St. John (*Life Goes On*) promiscuously combines survivor guilt and psychic flimflam with *Alice in Wonderland*, Rosicrucianism, *The Cabinet of Dr Caligari*, Knights Templar, *La Femme Nikita*, hacker chic, and techno-geekiness. It's the perfect Friday-night lead-in and complement to *The X-Files*, as if a German Expressionist had logged on and dropped acid.

The Office (Saturdays, starting 3/11; 9 to 9:30 P.M.; CBS) features Valerie Harper in an emphatically retro sitcom about secretaries at a design-packaging firm who revolt against their lovably incompetent bosses, including Dakin Matthews and Kevin Conroy, on overtime and other burning issues. It wants to be *Upstairs, Downstairs;* it's more like *Nurses* with typewriters.

The Great Defender (Sundays; 7 to 8 P.M.; Fox) managed in its debut last week, after some amusing hugger-mugger involving a flasher judge (and whether or not his pickle was kosher), to precipitate a lowlife Boston ambulance chaser and man-of-the-ethnic-people, Michael Rispoli, into a white-shoe Beacon Hill law firm where a bearded Richard Kiley could admire his guerrilla cunning. This Sunday we get mobsters, dwarves, a stolen kidney, and a barium enema. *The Great Defender* has some rough wit and appealing energy.

Young at Heart (Sunday 3/12; 9 to 11 P.M.; CBS) offers fifteen songs and Frank Sinatra himself, in an almost comatose walk-on at the end of the TV movie, as proofs of its sincerity about Hoboken, where Olympia Dukakis discovers that her late husband, Louis Zorich, has gambled away their house and basement "men's club" to small-time mobster Philip Bosco, and there's not much her son the cop, Joe Penny, can do about it, because he's having an affair, except of course that Olympia will speed up the grieving process by making everybody else not only eat Italian, with lots of sauce, but also pay for it.

In the Line of Duty: Kidnapped (Sunday, 3/12; 9 to 11 P.M.; NBC) is for everybody who wants to see Dabney Coleman get, if not shot, at least arrested. He plays an IRS agent who uses his computer to identify rich lawyers with young sons whom he can kidnap for ransom. Timothy Busfield, despite his own family problems, pursues Dabney with the help of a cupcake sidekick, Lauren Tom. The only surprise here is that a TV movie combining so many Oedipal difficulties with our gaudiest paranoid fantasies about the IRS should be based on a true story.



Bicycles Built for View

Ever since Jackie Onassis's cameo support helped save Grand Central, numerous fine exhibits there have had commuters rubbernecking. And the latest one, "Cycles of Expression," deserves more than a hurried glance: Backlit bi-, tri-, quad-, and multi-cycles—all ridable—from the Southern California Institute of Architecture fly solo above a vast space that was once the Main Waiting Room. Extended through March 10.

Radio Highlights

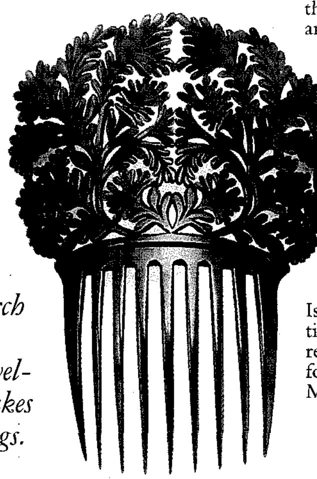
"An Hour With the New York Philharmonic"—3/12 at 1. With comments by music director Kurt Masur. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"The Poet's Voice"—The Unterberg Poetry Center and National Public Radio have joined forces to bring you archival recordings featuring some of the greatest poets of the twentieth century. The series, which is narrated by actress Blair Brown, will be broadcast this week at 10 P.M. on 3/11 on WNYC, 820 AM. The program, which features Gwendolyn Brooks, will be rebroadcast the next day at 3:30 P.M. on WNYC, 93.9 FM.

Photograph by Michael Moran.

On View
Jewels and Gem

Brooches and bracelets and nineteenth-century carved combs (right) are inconspicuous nowadays: The discreet rich—which is to say almost all the very rich—tuck away their collections in bank vaults. But on March 14, the National Design Museum takes its best jewelry and accessories and makes a show of them. See listings.



"Symphony Hall"—3/6: Tchaikovsky's *Marche Slave* and Sibelius's Symphony No. 1 in E. 3/7: Ravel's Piano Concerto in G and *Ma Mere l'Oye*. 3/8: C.P.E. Bach's Flute Concerto in G and Hovhaness's Symphony No. 2 and *Prayer for St. Gregory for Trumpet and String Orchestra*. 3/9: Wolf's *Italian Serenade, Penthesilea,* and *Scherzo and Finale for Orchestra*. Each weeknight at 8; WQXR, 96.3 FM.

"New York and Company"—3/6: Gavan Daws on *Prisoners of the Japanese*; host Leonard Lopate's tenth anniversary is celebrated with vintage interviews with Pegeen Fitzgerald, the first lady of radio. 3/7: Sally Goodgold talks about what's going on at City Hall; Betty Comden talks about *Off Stage*; vintage interviews with cartoonists Matt Groening and Robert Mankoff. 3/8: Miep Gies, the last surviving helper of the Frank family and the woman responsible for saving *The Diary of a Young Girl*; William Maxwell on *All the Days and Nights* (six decades of collected stories); vintage interviews with Charles Kuralt. Every day at noon; WNYC, 820 AM.

Texaco/Metropolitan Opera Broadcast—3/11 at 1:30, live from the Metropolitan Opera House. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Recorded Music

David S. Ware *Cryptology* (Homestead)—Archie Shepp called it "hire music"; Cecil Taylor called it "energy music"; critics called it "the New Thing." Twenty years later, that misunderstood/maniacally followed music known as free-jazz has found an even stranger designation: *alternative*. Finding their once-hoarded acts now flooding the mainstream, indie-rock labels like Homestead and the new Henry Rollins–and–Rick Rubin–owned Infinite Zero are championing a new breed of overlooked musicians—avant-garde jazz dudes—and, along with Charles Gayle and William Hooker, the New York tenor-saxophonist David S. Ware is one of the scene's hottest properties. A onetime sideman to Cecil Taylor and Andrew Cyrille, Ware fuses the ragged, throaty tone of Albert Ayler with the sonic barrage of Taylor's early work. His bassist is Downtown jazz M.V.P. William Parker, his drummer is the mighty Whit Dickey, and his pianist is Matthew Shipp, a young pianist who is turning the lessons of Andrew Hill, Bill Evans, Cecil Taylor, and McCoy Tyner into one of the warmest and most musical styles of avant-garde piano currently heard. (Chris Norris)

Merle Haggard *Same Train, a Different Time* (Koch International)—Overshadowed in 1969 by his dumbed-down anthem "Okie From Muskogee," Merle Haggard's two-record tribute to Jimmie Rodgers shows just what all the recent Merle fever (e.g. all-star tributes *Tulare Dust* and *Mama's Hungry Eyes*) is about. Haggard's hero Rodgers became the first great country star by presiding over the shotgun marriage of mountain music and the blues. And here, his songs hold up beautifully: tart hard-luck stories full of trains, hoboes, and innuendo, they're more finely wrought than anything coming out of Nashville today. But it's Haggard's delivery that makes the record essential. While managing to convey both a lightness and the necessary grit, he swings above some very tasty unplugged playing—especially the dobro work of James Burton, the Elvis sideman who was already an avatar of authenticity—and his wry and traveled baritone never sounded better. This reissue, by the Long Island–based label Koch International, is only the first Haggard reprise they'll be putting out. Look for a tribute to fiddler Bob Willis in May. (C.N.)

The Written Word

Anne Frank's Missing Diary Entries—Miep Gies, the last surviving helper of the Frank family and the person who salvaged Anne Frank's diary, will join a number of actors, singers, writers, dignitaries, and schoolchildren for a program of readings and songs as well as an exhibition of photographs. Readings will be taken from the newly released, unexpurgated edition of *The Diary of a Young Girl*. Thirty percent of the entries are being published for the first time; the original diary was drastically cut by Otto Frank, Anne's father, and by the book's first publisher. Among the scheduled performers: Norman Mailer, Jerry Stiller, Norris Mailer, Herb Gardner, Matthew Mailer, Gay Talese, Mary Beth Hurt, Amy Bloom, Fritz Weaver, Celeste Holm, Sidney Offit, Marion Seldes, David Margulies, Linda Atkinson, Edna Mae Robinson, Roberta Wallach (who played Anne Frank in the Off Broadway production of *The Diary of Anne Frank*), and Garson Kanin (who directed the original Broadway production of the play). Presented by Stan Tannen's Free Theatre Project/TIPA, the Anne Frank Center USA, the Actors Studio, the PEN American Center, Doubleday, and the Teachers and Writers Collaborative. 3/9 at 12:30, Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, 55th St. and Fifth Ave. (874-2225); free, no reservations required.

"The Importance of Being Wilde"—The Manhattan Theatre Club's Writers in Performance series presents a reading by Malcolm McDowell and Richard Howard in recognition of the Oscar Wilde trial's centennial. The reading will include excerpts from the transcripts of the 1895 libel trial, from "De Profundis" (his letter/essay from jail), and from various contemporary pieces. McDowell reads the part of Wilde; Howard plays "the opposing voices of Victorian society." 3/13 at 7:30, City Center Stage II, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); $10.

J. M. McDonnell—Reading from *Half-Crazy*, her first novel, on 3/7 at 7:30. Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave. (737-1450); free.

"Selected Shorts"—3/15 at 6:30: Sherman Alexie's and Carol Ansaw's work will be read by Francis Ruivivar and Jane Curtin. Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. (864-5400); $14.

"The Poet Tree"—Sunday afternoon readings by poets, as well as occasional open readings and book raffles. Jane's Cafe, 254 Greene St., bet. 8th St. and Waverly Pl. (475-JANE), at 3; $6, plus $3 minimum purchase.

Lectures and Panels

"Sensuality and Propriety: Edith Wharton and Design"—Architectural historian and author Richard Guy Wilson is the latest speaker in the Wharton Women of Achievement lecture series at the National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park, on 3/13 at 6. The talk will focus on Wharton's influential *The Decoration of Houses* and her two American homes (Land's End and The Mount). Reservations are required; call 677-9725. $15.

Elaine Lustig Cohen—She was a 21-year-old former fine-arts student when she learned the graphic design business, by osmosis, in her husband's office. When he began to lose his sight in 1953, Cohen became his eyes, executing his concepts for him. After his death in 1955, Cohen started her own design practice at the urging of their friends. "People often ask me what it was like to be a woman designer in those days," says Cohen, now 67, whose pioneering work as a designer of architectural signage, books, book covers, and catalogues is currently the subject of an exhibit at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum. People can find out about her entire career on 3/16 at 6:30, when Steven Heller gives a lecture about her. A conversation with the designer follows the talk. Cooper-Hewitt, National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); $15. (Edith Newhall)

"Jason Epstein: Publishing Memories"—The vice-president and editorial director of Random House talks about his 35-year career in the publishing industry. Pierpont Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008, ext. 347), 3/7 at 6; $10.

"The Experience of Place: East Harlem"—Luis Aponte-Pares, associate professor at the College of Public and Community Service, University of Massachusetts, and Hettie Jordan-Villanova, an architectural educator, speak on the interrelationship between East Harlem's people and its built environment. Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6321), 3/10 at 6; free.

"Ralph Nader: Then and Now"—Until *Unsafe at Any Speed*, he was an obscure lawyer, but since then he has been regarded as the founder of the modern consumer movement. On 3/7 at 8, Nader talks about his various consumer agencies and the reform they have effected in automobile safety, the environment, the insurance business, nuclear power, household products, and government. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $16.

Video Forget Ed Sullivan—in the sixties, when kids wanted to rock and roll, they tuned in to *Shindig* or *Hullabaloo*. A compilation of the latter is just out in a four-volume set, featuring groovy *Hullabaloo* dancers (they shimmy about on the fun songs and pose solemnly all in black during protest number "Eve of Destruction") and acts like the Hollies, the Byrds, and Michael Landon (!) lip-synching to their hits, not to mention Jerry Lewis duetting on "Help!" with his son Gary. (MPI; $79.98.)

"Sustainable Development: What Does That Mean for Business?"—Richard Barth, president, CEO, and chairman of the Ciba-Geigy Corporation, lectures on the subject and then discusses it further with Jim Kuhn of Columbia Business School. A wine-and-cheese reception follows. 3/7 at 4, Schapiro Auditorium, New Engineering Building, Columbia University, 2880 Broadway (854-3489); free.

hotograph: top, courtesy of the Cooper-Hewitt National Museum of Design.

Solutions to last week's puzzles

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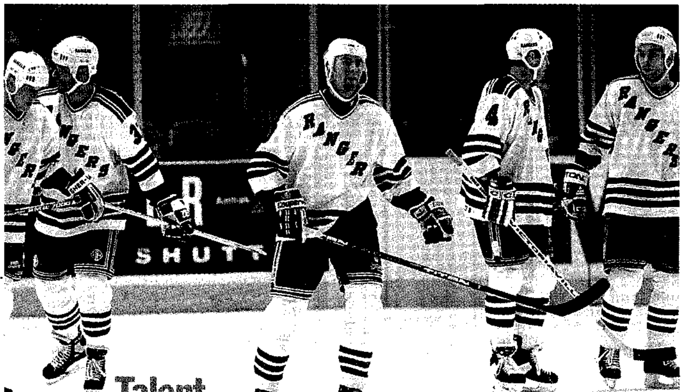
"Trisha Brown: Breaking Ground"—Critic Deborah Jowitt interviews Brown about her creative vision, working habits, and current interests in dance. The talk is preceded by a video and followed by audience questions. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), 3/6 at 8:15; $16.



Talent

Hockey Helper

When the Rangers traded for center Petr Nedved last summer, both he and the team's potential seemed boundless. Then, in the erratic first weeks of the delayed season, neither did. But the Rangers have pulled themselves up to No. 1 in their division; Nedved's recent resurgence should keep them there.

"History and Fiction II"—Fact and fiction can be an uneasy hybrid: the no-longer-New Journalism is subject to charges of hyperbole, the *roman à clef* to libel suits. The historical novel, however, has yielded some uncontroversially impressive results. Allan Gurganus, Russell Banks, Charles Johnson, Marilynne Robinson, and Simon Schama discuss the genre on 3/6 at 8. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100); $10.

Benefits

WFMU Unshackled—Marathon 1995—Last summer, WFMU's ownership changed to a staff-based non-profit group, which solved some long-term problems but created one big new one: $50,000 worth of debt (left from the station's license purchase) and more debt resulting from independent operating expenses. Taking advantage of the widely held view that they run the best station in the country, the station's managers are holding a listener marathon extending through 3/12. The pledge line is (201) 678-5400; even a $10 pledge gets you a selection from WFMU's vast archive of bumper-adhering artwork, in addition to all the schedule updates, program guides, and catalogues the station puts out. Other benefits for contributors include the Drew Friedman winkie magnet and the two-CD set *Upsalapalooza.*

Tours

St. Patrick's Irish New York—A special Big Onion walking tour for the holiday. See the part of Lower Manhattan that was once Little Ireland, the area between Chatham Square and Houston Street. You'll stop at the Old St. Patrick's Cathedral, Al Smith's childhood home, the founding site of the Ancient Order of Hibernians, the Five Points slum, the former location of Tammany Hall, and several other places. 3/11 at 1; call 439-1090 for meeting place. $9.

St. Patrick's Irish Ellis Island—A guided tour of Castle Clinton and the Ellis Island museum and grounds with a special emphasis on the Irish immigrant experience. The tour includes an exclusive talk on the history of American immigration. 3/12 at noon; call 439-1090 for meeting place. $15 price covers boat ticket, movie, and tour.

Grand Central Terminal—This tour is organized by the Municipal Art Society, which played a crucial role some sixteen years ago in the preservation of Grand Central. Learn about the design and hidden features of one of the nation's most important urban landmarks. Meet at the Chemical Bank Commuter Express on the main concourse on most Wednesdays at 12:30. Call 935-3960 for information..

Events

"From Danger to Dignity: The Fight for Safe Abortion"—The Planned Parenthood Federation of America and the Center for Reproductive Law and Policy present a world-premiere screening and discussion of this documentary by Dorothy Fadiman. *From Danger to Dignity* uses archival footage and interviews to chronicle the underground networks that helped women have safe abortions when abortions were illegal, and it also covers the intense efforts of activists and legislators to decriminalize abortion. This is the second film in Fadiman's three-part series on the history of the abortion movement in the United States; she will lead a discussion of the documentary after the screening. 3/13 at 7, Town Hall, 123 W. 43rd St. (261-4659); $35. Students and senior citizens will be admitted for $15.

Exhibitions

"Body Language: Jewelry and Accessories from the National Design Museum"—The museum's collection of jewelry includes approximately one thousand pieces, ranging from ancient Egyptian artifacts to work produced just recently. Built up through bequests from personal estates as well as donations from living designers, the collection is one of the few resources in the country for the study of the art of jewelry. This exhibition charts the links between jewelry and anatomy and documents changing societal attitudes toward the human body and and jewelry design. Opens 3/14 at Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum, 2 E. 91st St. (860-6868); Tues. 10–9, Wed.–Sat. 10–5, Sun. noon–5; $3, $1.50 for seniors and students; free on Tues. after 5.

Sports

Hockey

The Rangers host the New Jersey Devils on 3/8 at 7:30, and the Philadelphia Flyers on 3/15 at 7:30. All games are in Madison Square Garden.

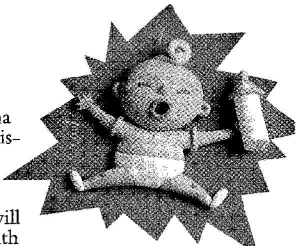
Basketball

The Knicks host Kemp, Payton, Schrempf, and the rest of the Sonics on 3/11 at 8:30. Charles Oakley's back from surgery and playing well—finding Ewing with an alley-oop for two on his first pass. The Knicks will need his dominance on the boards if they are going to win against the hot hands from Seattle. Some focus on the foul line wouldn't hurt either. Give the rock to the lovable John Starks and depend on him to hit the threes, and the Knicks could lose against Dikembe Mutombo, Mahmoud Abdul-Rauf and the Denver Nuggets on 3/14 at 8. Now that Ewing has Oakley to get him the ball and put a body on the big men down low, they may not have to.

Photographs by AP/Wide World Photos

Kids

Cats and Fiddles



Children's Events

Modern Aesthetics—Spend a Sunday morning at the **Museum of Modern Art** when the museum is closed to the general public. The Family Festival, a semi-annual event at the museum, focuses this spring on storytelling. Look through the galleries from 9 to 10:30 while the Richard Clay Trio plays jazz. Film shorts from 10 to 11:30 include *The Fable of He and She* and *The Creation of Birds* in clay animation. Finally, kids can get started on an art project about Jacob Lawrence: The Migration Series exhibit (from 11:30 until 12:15) and take home their works-in-progress along with souvenirs of their visit. 3/12, 9 to 12:15. 11 West 53rd St. (798-9695). Reserve. ◉●

First Movement—A workshop with members of the **Merce Cunningham Dance Company** precedes a matinee performance of the same dance pieces: *Beach Bird,* with music by John Cage; *Ground Level Overlay,* with music by Stuart Dempster; and *CRWDSPCR,* with music by John King. The preperformance workshop is designed especially for kids ages 10 to 14 and their families. It's held at the Hotel Dorset, 30 W. 54 St. (581-1212). The workshop, 3/11 at 10:45, includes a Continental breakfast; registration recommended. $5 for children, $10 for adults. The 2 P.M. matinee (also 3/12 at 3 P.M.) is at City Center, 131 W. 55 St. (581-1212). Tickets are $15 to $35. Reserve. ◉

"The Cat and the Fiddle"—Orchestral strings take center stage at Lolli-Pops' concert for children ages 3 to 5. 3/11 at 10:30 and 11:45, and 3/12 at 12:30 and 1:45. Florence Gould Hall, French Institute/Alliance Française, 55 East 59th St. (704-2100). Tickets $30. Reserve. ◉

Jekyll and Hyde—A musical thriller inspired by Robert Louis Stevenson's classic as applied to modern-day substance abuse. Early on, our hero, a chemistry wiz and nerd named Henry Meckler, concocts a substance that makes him cool beyond words. 3/11 at 12:30, 3/12 at 10:30 and 12:30. Promenade Theatre, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. (677-5959). Reservations are recommended. (Children under 5 are not admitted.) $17.

Dances With Wheels—Choreographer Neta Pulvermacher narrates on and off her bright-red roller skates in a series of dances performed by guest dancers from Barnard, including *Five Beds/Children of the Dream,* a piece based on childhood memories of growing up in a kibbutz, and *Good-bye and Good Luck,* a 1994 work for six dancers and six violins that's described as "klezmer grunge." 3/11 at 3. Dance Theater Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. (924-0077). $6 for children, $12 for adults. Reserve.◉

Footware—Make a pair of colorful slippers out of paper and cloth. For children ages 6 to 10. 3/11 and 3/12 at noon, 1, 2, and 3. Children's Museum of the Arts, 72 Spring St. (274-0986). $5 weekend admission and $1 dollar materials fee. ◉

Acting Out—Improvisation by the **Freestyle Repertory Theatre** follows three basic formats: "Theatresports," where competing teams try to impress a panel of judges, Sat. at 8 and 10:30 and Mon. at 8; "Spontaneous Broadway," in which audience members help shape an instant musical, Fri. at 8 and Sun. at 3; and "Innovations," on Thurs. at 8, where the audience supplies a basic plot outline and the actors deliver a play. To 4/8. John Houseman Studio Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202). $15.

Cue

Kim France
Editor

Barbara Ensor
Kids

Michael Giltz
Movies
In Concert
Dance

Linda Hall
The Mix

Manny Howard
Restaurants & Bars
Sports

John Leonard
Television

Edith Newhall
Art

Chris Norris
Nightlife
Popular Music

Randall Short
Theater
Cabaret

Big Difference—An eco-show that mixes music and discussion, with songs by the multiethnic **"World Patrol Kids,"** ages 6 to 18. Suitable for children ages 3 to 10. 3/12, 3/19, 3/26 at 3. The Duplex, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438). $5 for kids and one-drink minimum; $10 for adults and two-drink minimum.

"Yes We R"—The Birmingham, Ala., group performs jazz, blues, country-and-western, and gospel in a concert to celebrate Women's History Month. 3/11 at 1 and 3. For ages 3 and up. **Children's Museum of Manhattan,** 212 W. 83rd St. (721-1234). Free with $5 admission. ◉

Activity

Under Construction

New York City children feel downright lucky to live near so many notable skyscrapers—it's not unlike the way kids in Texas feel about all that football. About time, then, that an exhibit on the glories of New York architecture has been mounted especially for them. As they enter Kid City, in the old Villard Houses, young visitors list their favorite New York City building on postcards (hands-down winner is the World Trade Center; as one child raved, "they bombed it and it's still here"). Next up, they get to touch slabs of the kind of stone their buildings are made of and check out what remains of a real farm house that stood in eighteenth-century Brooklyn as well as a 26-foot-long metal model of the Williamsburg Bridge. The best comes last: a mountain of wooden people and blocks just waiting to to be transformed into a city. There's also a house skyscraper (above) in a constant state of construction—a magnet for pint-sized visitors. Municipal Art Society, 457 Madison Avenue, near 51st Street (935-3960). 11 to 5 daily, except Thursdays, through May 4. Suggested donation: $2.

NEW YORK IS...
CHILDREN WORKING

Barbara Ensor

Big Top—**Ringling Bros. and Barnum & Bailey**'s self-proclaimed "Greatest Show on Earth" includes animal-trainer Gunther Gebel-Williams, returned from retirement, and a motorbike act within a steel "globe of death." 3/7 and 3/8 at 7:30; 3/9 and 3/10 at 10:30 and 7:30; 3/11 and 3/12 at 11, 3, and 7:30 at Byrne Meadowlands Arena, East Rutherford, N. J. (201-935-3900). 3/15 at 7:30; 3/16 and 3/17 at 10:30 and 7:30; 3/18 and 3/19 at 11, 3, and 7:30; 3/20 and 3/21 at 7:30 at the Nassau Coliseum, 1255 Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale (516-794-9300). 3/23 through 4/30, 64 performances at Madison Square Garden, 2 Penn Plaza (465-6741); call for times. Ticket prices at all performances are $9.50 to $32.50. ◉

Frizzled—The Magic School Bus Inside the Earth Exhibit, based on the popular book and television series, takes kids into a volcano and through a mine shaft. The exhibit is at the **New York Hall of Science** through 4/23. Museum hours are Wednesday to Sunday, 10-5. 47-01 111th St., Flushing Meadows Corona Park (718-699-0005). Admission is $2.50 for kids, $3.50 for adults.

Operatic—Donzetti's comic opera *Don Pasquale* will be presented in English, with elaborate sets and costumes and full orchestra, as part of **The Metropolitan Opera Guild's Growing Up With Opera** series. No children under the age of 6 will be admitted. 3/11 and 3/12 at 2. John Jay Theatre, 899 Tenth Ave., at 59th St. (769-7022). $25.◉

"Cirque du Soleil"—**Alegría,** Spanish for *jubilation,* is the theme this year, but the circus, whose audience is mostly adult, does have its sinister side: a mute, hunchbacked master of ceremonies, for example. For children ready for clowns who have gone beyond slapstick to something subtler, this is the ticket. Tickets for the show usually sell out in advance. Performances begin March 30 and will run for at least four weeks, with an extension likely. Tues., Wed., and Thurs. at 8, Fri. at 6 and 9:30 (except 3/31, when one performance is scheduled at 8), Sat. at 4:30 and 8:30, and Sun. at 1 and 5. Look for the big yellow-and-blue tent at Battery Park City, near the World Financial Center (952-1200). $8.75–$33.50 for children, $17.50–$48.50 for adults.

"Maple Sugar Sunday"—The sap flows at a weekend of tree-tapping, spile-making, and tree bingo. Make maple syrup and candy, and taste some samples. Guided tours of the forest include stopping at an exhibit on the medicinal use of plant specimens. 3/12, 10 to 4. **New York Botanical Garden,** 200th St. and Southern Blvd. (718-817-8700). Free with grounds admission of $1 for children, $3 for adults. Children under 6 get in free. ◉

A Candle in the Window—The Debra Weiss Dance Company dances the bittersweet tale of a family's passage from Russia to Ellis Island and the Lower East Side of Manhattan, as seen through the eyes of a young girl. 3/11 at 2. **Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 103rd St. (534-1672). Free with suggested contribution of $3 for children, $5 for adults, $8 for families. ◉

Purim Possibilities—*The Tailor's Megillah* is performed by the Pearl Lang Dance Company, 3/12 at 2. **Abrons Arts Center,** 466 Grand St. $3.50 for children, $5 for adults. An original musical about Purim is performed by the Poppy Seed Players 3/12 at 11 and 1. Afterward, hamantaschen and a Purim art project are served up. **Elaine Kaufman Cultural Center,** 129 West 67th St (362-8719). $8. Make traditional Purim costumes and masks at the **92nd St. Y** (for children ages 6 to 10 and their parents). 3/12 from 10 to noon. Afterward, stay, if you like, for lunch and a swim in the pool, or play ball—racquetball, volleyball (or wallyball, that is). 3/12. Morning only (10 to noon) is $40 for one adult and child, $15 for each additional person. Full day, 10 to 3, is $50 for one adult and child and $15 for each additional person. 1395 Lexington Ave., at 92nd St. (996-1100). Register. ◉

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Photograph by Sarah Cedar Miller; illustration by Richard McNeel.

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Gay, Fine Man—Early 30s, European-educated, tall, fit, handsome, very successful, seeks solidity, permanence in a handsome, fit, successful, Christian partner, 35-50. 5962 ✉

Ready To Be Committed?—Handsome, successful, exotic ad exec, 42, seeks a "real" woman, 30-35, who wants a "real" man. Object: marriage. Photo a must. 5678 ✉

Handsome, Fit And Available—Christian professional, very successful, seeks model-type woman, age 20-35, with multiple interests, for friendship and romance. Expect the best! Note/photo. 5949 ✉

Attractive, Successful, Physically Fit—Professional in her 40s, seeks kind, humorous man, 40-48, to share experiences. I am warm, adventurous, early riser, love exercise, skiing, outdoor activity, travel, children, movies, great restaurants. You are physically active/fit, financially sound, dependable, attractive, communicative. Photo appreciated. 5895✉

Warm, Professional Jewish Male—In mid 40s, is looking to build a life with a sweet, truly attractive, slim woman in her 30s-early 40s. Ease, openness, a sense of humor, folk rock, affection, travel, sports, film and theater are desirable. Send photo. 5885 ✉

Great To Look At, Fun To Be With—5'8", slim woman - in her prime physically, emotionally and intellectually. Seeking attractive, caring, educated man in his 50s, who has it all together emotionally and who approaches life with a realistic and exuberant attitude. Note/photo. 5979 ✉

Manhattan Attorney—Cultured, dynamite guy (really); into health, runs a mile every day, raising two young teens; two houses, two careers; seeks one slim, pretty mom, mid 40s, mature enough for a guy 25 years older. 5969 ✉

A Class Act—Attractive brunette, 5'5", witty, warm and occasionally wise, seeks man, 40-50, who's funny, bright and available for love, laughter and whatever follows. 5945 ✉

Very Beautiful Educator—Italian-American, fit, 34, seeks warm, successful, GQ-handsome man. Photo. 5904 ✉

A Very Rare, Very Unique—And very successful, Park Avenue, beautiful ex-model, Wall Street investor. A baby boomer with big, beautiful, dynamic blue eyes, long auburn hair and a great personality, zest for life, down-to-earth, bright, loyal, flexible, warm, open, charismatic, not jaded, emotionally secure, dependable, optimistic. Global traveler who loves the arts, reading, sports, etc., etc., looking for male counterpart. 6028 ✉

Good-Looking Male—38, athletic, aesthetic, seeks pretty, slim and fun-loving woman to share romance and life's adventure's. Phone/photo/note. 5955 ✉

Very Attractive, Warm, Intelligent—Marriage-minded professional woman, 43, interested in meeting attractive, bright professional man, 37-50, for committed relationship. Photo optional. 6102 ✉

Successful, Kind Physician—Jewish, 40, from central Jersey, nonreligious, romantic and handsome. Enjoys dining, sports and other entertainment. Seeks intelligent, warmhearted, very attractive female for serious relationship leading to marriage and family together. Nonsmokers only. Note/photo/phone appreciated. 5971 ✉

Francophile, Israelophile, Cinephile—In media, 30s, seeks Jewish lite, 35-43, offbeat, brainy, brawny fool for Mediterranean beauty. Photo. 5932 ✉

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Warm, Sensitive—Black professional lady seeks successful professional man, 38-46, who knows what honesty and integrity mean. Note/phone/photo. 5909 ☒

Funny, Beautiful, Sensitive—And single Jewish brunette, 41, 5'7", slim MBA, mother of wonderful baby daughter, tempts fate by returning soon to NY after years in Paris with medical ad firm. You are 39-49, tall and trim, Jewish professional, marriage-minded, kid-loving, nonsmoking, sincere, and ready to begin again. Photo/note/phone. 5933 ☒

Sexy NJ Beauty—35, smart, happy, seeks man, 45-65, with luxurious life style - for love, fun, marriage. 5946 ☒

Gay Professional Man—Attractive, fit, 36, great sense of humor, seeks similar, 28-44. 6285 ☒

MD—40, seeking successful professional woman, 20s to mid 30s. Photo/E-mail/phone. 5940 ☒☎

Naturally Pretty—Happy, 31, Catholic female, brunette, green eyes, 5'2", slim, college-educated, professional, outgoing and fun - seeks a professional white male, 30-41, financially secure, outgoing, fun and special. Note/photo/phone. 5913 ☒

Teacher's Pet—Educator/writer, 28, Jewish, pretty, fit, sensitive, sincere, loves theater, dining out, '60s and '70s music/TV, baseball, tennis, pets, dancing, beach and amusement parks. Seeks handsome, professional, athletic, stable, clean-cut male, 25-35, nonsmoker, no drugs, no games, relationship-oriented, with similar interests. Note/photo. 5903 ☒

Sexy PhD—Pianist with exotic beauty, seeks kind, cultured, Jewish, successful soul mate for a genuine duet. 35-49. Photo. 5988 ☒☎

Think Big Thoughts—But relish small pleasures. 35-year-old, atypical Jewish female - looking for a bright, confident, fun, athletic guy, under 45, to share life's pleasures. 5947 ☒

Successful Real Estate Investor—Former professional musician, Ivy educated, handsome, sensitive, nonreligious Jew, 37, 5'7", seeking a very attractive, bright, successful, trim woman, to 35, who likes jazz, classical or R&B, the beach, movies. Recent photo and note. 6065 ☒

Successful Portrait Sculptress—Head-turner (but modest), sensuous (but sane), world traveler (but loves NY), sophisticated (but enjoys family values), seeking a 60ish man. Please send letter/picture. 5887 ☒

Are You A Christian Male—30-38, MD/JD/MBA (preferred), 5'10" plus, handsome, with integrity and humor? I'm 31, very pretty, Catholic, fit, smart, nice, fun, busy and upbeat. Photo. 5997 ☒

Blond, Waspy Grace Kelly Type—48, seeks refined, attractive, very successful, secure emotionally/financially, 55-65. Loves beach, country, tennis. 5974 ☒☎

Sophisticated, Affluent, Powerful—Romantic, athletic, tall male, very handsome, real age 60 but looks 45, seeks woman of equal talent and drive, 28-45. This male is world-renowned for his intellect and taste in music and art. Woman must be tall, beautiful, cultured and very sensuous. Desire a long-term relationship with someone very special, who needs excitement in her life. Send a photo for a quick invitation to meet for a quiet drink or tea. 5877 ☒

Sexy Swing Dancer—Ginger seeks her Astaire. Petite, shapely, vivacious woman - very pretty, successful professional, 40, who loves to dance - seeks good-humored, fun dance partner to swing, foxtrot and cha-cha, and for square and contra lessons. Not my only interest, but let's start here. Friendship and possibly more. Photo and note please. 5998 ☒

LI, Oriental Professional Lady—Very pretty, slim, 34, conservative, well-educated and fun to be with. Seeking never-married, charming, down-to-earth professional gentleman, 30-45, for long-term relationship. Photo/note. 5980 ☒

I Look Great In A Skirt—(Hopefully you don't). I'm 34 (but you don't have to be). I love a good sense of humor (you're a funny guy). I like music with a dance beat (you like rock). I like to watch sports (you like to play sports). I'm 5'6" (you're at least 5'6"). I have light brown hair and blue-green eyes (you have some hair and nice eyes). I'm Jewish (you're Jewish on major holidays). I love to bake (you have a sweet tooth). You send me a picture (I'll send you a picture). 5930 ☒

I'd Marry Him If He Were Straight:—My friend is an incredible gem. He's Jewish, late 30s, an Ivy-educated, brilliant CEO of a high-profile media company. He has impeccable taste, a rock-solid body and phenomenal wit. He's handsome, incredibly easy to get to know, and he's a warm, wonderful friend. For his birthday, I'd like to introduce him to you if you are 25-35, have your act together and are truly extraordinary in mind and body. Go ahead - give it a try! Send long letter, and recent photo is a "must". 5937 ☒

Zesty, Sensitive Blond—5'10", trim and attractive, interested in sharing both the mundane and the exciting with a nifty fifties guy. I am successful and caring, with indoor and outdoor interests, books, film, theater, great restaurants, skiing, travel from Guatemala to Paris. You are intelligent, self-aware, energized, a good friend, capable of intimacy. Photo/note. 5869 ☒

Live With Passion—Beautiful, highly successful, adventurous woman who loves travel, opera and art, looking for highly successful, sophisticated, witty gentleman over 35, who wants to share the best of life together, forever. 6045 ☒

Upbeat, Passionate, Fun—Nice guy, sensuous, Italian-American, successful, 45, well-built, 5'11" - looking for down-to-earth, passionate woman. 5871 ☒

Looking For Love—In all the wrong places. Divorced Jewish female, 40-something, attractive, dynamic brunette with glowing smile and personality - seeks sincere, secure Jewish male, 45-60, for committed relationship. Note/photo. 5943 ☒

On The Town—After a long marriage. Terrific-looking Manhattan lady of substance and style, adventurous, sensuous, thin, vivacious, 5'5", blue-eyed blond, looking for a best friend and lover - a successful, 50-65, nonsmoking Renaissance man with a caring, generous nature, who likes travel, theater, beaches, Tanglewood, dancing and good communication. Photo and bio. 5960 ☒

Sexy, Very Attractive—Fashion designer who is also bright, successful, athletic, affectionate and a very normal Midwestern woman, seeks man, 35-45, who is bright, successful, athletic, sexy, handsome and normal. If you can laugh at yourself and at life, let's get together. Photo/note. 5890☒

Rare Gem—Looking for that perfect setting. Blond, blue-eyed beauty, turning 40 this year, wants a man with style, class and a financially secure life style. Must love animals, movies, theater and the arts... most of all, spoiling the love of his life. Preferably 5'9" and up, and 38-56. Please respond with a recent photo and phone number. 5924 ☒

I Never Want To Travel—Anywhere twice until I've been everywhere once. I've built quite an impressive publishing business, and the punchline to the funniest joke is "You got me out of the shower for that?" I'm 35, attractive, stylish and I assure you - you'll never be bored. Looking for someone who knows Brooklyn and who's made it - a best friend who gets the joke. 5893 ☒

Ready, Willing And Able-Bodied—And spirited - very pretty, tall, slim, auburn-haired, 42, Jewish female, financially independent, enjoys tennis, classical music, Newt-free politics, laughing and meatless food. Seeks tall, attractive professional man. Note/photo. 5963 ☒

I Want—A woman who is both sweet and saucy - prefer blond, passionate, likes cuddling, under 5'5", very good shape, cute, Jewish, 35-45. I am young 40s, divorced, two great kids (with mother), great father, 5'10", 180 lbs, considered good-looking, very honest, sincere, great businessman, humorous. Photo. 5912 ☒

Skeptical Brunette—33, attractive, seeks friend/lover. I love rollerblading, prison movies, long slow weekends. Sense of humor mandatory. I'll reciprocate. 5922 ☒☎

No Catchy First Line—Single Jewish male, 33, 5'11", nonsmoker, with eclectic interests ranging from ice skating to fine dining and even a walk in the park, seeks single Jewish female, nonsmoker, 27-35, who is caring, warm, attractive outside, beautiful inside, can have a slightly offbeat sense of humor, but most important - a good heart. 5848 ☒

What's Important In Life—Is a loving, supportive relationship, good friends, a successful career and a sense of humor. If you are a self-aware professional male, 30s-40s, with same goals, ready to meet a pretty, petite, spirited professional, 40, who loves the arts, the ocean and travel, respond with note/photo. 5851 ☒☎

Shy, Nice Female MD—31, seeks kind, well-educated, refined Jewish man in 30s, with sense of humor. 6261 ☒

Sports Illustrated—Young 36, 5'8" brunette with hazel eyes - fit, outdoorsy, artistic, cultural - seeks athletic, gentile professional stud. Photo/letter. 5908 ☒

Call Me Old-Fashioned—But I believe in true love, sending flowers just because, and keeping one's promise. I enjoy the unbridled enthusiasm of young children, the satisfaction of a job well done, and the morning after as much as the night before. I value family ties and cultural traditions, good friends and honest opinions. 43-year-old, healthy, secure Jewish MD, seeking a younger woman (28-35) of substance and vitality, to share a lifetime of passion and joy, watching offspring fulfill their promise, then riding slowly off into the sunset together. Photo/note. 6119 ☒

Good-Looking CT Male—44, divorced, successful, enjoys life, seeks 35-45, down-to-earth lady to enjoy life together. Note/photo/phone. 5917 ☒☎

City Sophisticate—And Manhattan dweller - country house weekends. Mature, professional working woman would like to meet interesting, savvy, mature man to enjoy vintage years. Phone number. 5957 ☒

Successful Attorney—50, divorced, with many interests, seeks professional woman, 40-50, for serious relationship. 5992 ☒☎

I Second That Emotion—NY MD, mid 30s, professionally successful, financially secure, seeking that special someone to make my heart sing. I love dining out, Motown, screwball comedies and quiet evenings. If you're 25-35, slim, attractive (inside and out), and are looking for a bright, funny and caring person, I'm your man. Note and photo, please. 5990 ☒

Gay Jewish Female—50, nonsmoker, creative type, enjoys fine arts, architecture, Scrabble, antiques, summertime at the beach. Looking for a feminine lady of substance and intelligence, to share friendship, possible long-term relationship. Age, race not important. Suffolk. Letter and photo, please. 5993 ☒

Hi—Write to me if you are late 30s-late 40s and want to meet a very special, caring Jewish woman. Assuming we really like each other, I want to commit myself to sharing life together. I'm financially secure and like to do most everything, indoors and out. 5967 ✉

What A Catch—Successful Jewish doctor who possesses great looks, in great shape and has a fun personality, is looking for a single Jewish female under 30, who is athletic, good-looking and knows how to laugh and enjoy life. Let's make it happen! No response without a photo. 6043 ✉

Handsome, Successful NJ Physician—38, thoughtful, romantic, funny, Catholic, varied interests - seeks very pretty, sexy, affectionate, upbeat best friend, for relationship. Photo. 6080 ✉

Animal Lover A Plus—I am 43, live on LI, have business in NYC. I'm considered to be tall, good-looking, extremely athletic but more importantly, I have a heart of gold, am emotionally stable and fun to be with. Some of my interests are traveling, the beach, sports, romantic restaurants. I'm looking for a woman, 28-38, who is definitely gorgeous on the outside and has a great heart on the inside, who is willing and able to take that next step. Photo required. 5938 ✉ ☎

Dreams Of Adventure—This pretty, early-40s, professional Jewish female loves to experience the surprises and many vistas of life. How about you? Send note and photo, please. 5956 ✉

Excitement And Adventure—Can be yours with this Jewish, 6'1", 35, lawyer - whose quest is for a tall Jewish lady under 30, to savor life's treasures. 5996 ✉

Pretty Medical Professional—36, slim, seeks white American male, MD/DDS, tall, trim, handsome, full head of hair, 32-40, for monogamous relationship. Picture. Northern/central NJ. 5894 ✉

Long-Legged, Blue-Eyed Jewish DDS—Bright, caring, honest and successful woman (5'11", 32). I enjoy tennis, traveling, foreign films, fine dining and the Hamptons. Seek a tall, professional Jewish male with a big heart (32-44). Note/photo. 5910 ✉

Handsome, Athletic DMD—Easygoing, romantic and funny hunk with a big heart, varied interests and quick smile, seeks smart, sincere and mostly sane woman, 30s, for friendship, laughter, ove and commitment. Photo. 5926 ✉ ☎

A Very Interesting Man—PhD/world raveler, warm, good-looking, trim, young 40s, seeking an attractive, intelligent woman, 30s, for soul mate. 6361 ✉ ☎

ndependent Woman—NYC business owner - creative, intelligent, good-looking, all, lean, seeks accomplished man - iterate, creative, polished, with innate ense of humor and adventure, tall, 40-55. Photo/note/phone, please. 5921 ✉

Multilingual, Multitalented—Multi-Ivy degreed, divorced female designer, 40s, dark-haired, natural good looks, lover of he well done, improbable, curious and maginative. Seeks professional artist or rts-related soul mate, nonsmoker, late 0s-early/mid 50s. 5920 ✉ ☎

Pyro?—JD, tall, handsome, funny ocker/writer, 42, seeks fit Jewish eauty: sparkle, no smoke, 26-35, o light eternal flame. Photo. 5970 ✉

Female Journalist/TV Producer—5'8", arly 40s. Speaks French, Italian. Seeks ntelligent white male, 38-52. 6425 ✉ ☎

Very Handsome Gay Male—34, 6', 175 lbs, dark hair, green eyes, seeks physical, intellectual, spiritual equal to share the magic and adventure I can offer you. Note/photo preferred. 5900 ✉

Handsome, Affluent White Male—Professional - seeks Asian/Filipina soul mate, 30s. Photo. 5905 ✉

The Best Is Yet To Come—Single Jewish male, mid 30s, searching for his dream lover. My passions: sports, music, theater, travel, country, romantic nights, dining out, movies or cozy nights at home, most of all, spontaneity. If you're vivacious, bright, down-to-earth, voluptuous and attractive, then take a chance on me. Nonsmoking preferred. Note/photo. 5884 ✉

Witty, Energetic, Successful—Creative, Argentinian-born, 51-year-old blond woman seeks lively, intellectual, attractive male companion to share dinner, music, movies and friendship. Please send current photo with your note and phone. 5866 ✉

Beautiful, Tall, Slender—Jewish professional and widowed mom (42), looking for tall, successful, intelligent, kind man (40-50) who loves life and wants someone special in his. 5915 ✉

Last Chance!—Slim, 42-year-old, single Jewish male physician is moving back to eight-acre estate in Midwest university city. Still seeks dynamic woman who enjoys everything from camping and white-water rafting, to theater, arts and home life. 5936 ✉ ☎

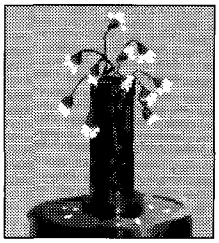
Handsome Black Male—6'2", 48, 180 lbs, successful in business. Enjoys tennis, golf and travel. Seeks 33-45, attractive, white, trim female with similar likes - for fun and romance. Note/photo. 5977 ✉

Quality In Queens—Cute maiden, late 30s, seeks Prince Charming, 35-43, who agrees that "Time and Again" may be the best book ever written. 5994 ✉

Stunning, Independent—Professional female, 20s. Loves: Sound Factory, The Piano, Kin Khao, the Canucks, Cranberries, seeks wild, fit, Barneys-meets-the-Gap, dusk-'til-dawn, 20-30s man. Note/phone/pix. 5925 ✉

A Rare Find - Class, Beauty, Brains—5'6", youthful 40s, athletic, blond, Jewish professional woman of substance, happy in heels or sneakers, seeks upscale, successful, commitment-minded counterpart, 48-60, to share happiness forever. Recent photo/phone. 6040 ✉

Single Black Man—38, 6'6", seeks attractive, intelligent woman, 28-36, who likes jazz, NYC, keeping fit. Race unimportant. Note/photo. 5985 ✉



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Gay Male Seeks Jewish Female—For best friend, love, possible marriage. I am 45, Jewish, gay (not active), healthy and affluent. POB 6474, NYC 10128

Ivy Pop Star With Loving Soul—Successful TV/CD career, village co-op with washer/dryer, 6'2", slim/fit, 33 years earthly know-how including Bar Mitzvah and brief marriage. Seeks slender, brainy, smokefree beauty, 21-30, who digs rock, her career and herself. Crayola self-portrait/photo/note. 5999 ✉

Scarlett Seeks Rhett—She is spiritual, Southern and successful, 5'8", 42, trim, fit, big brown eyes and dark hair. Rhett is on a mission, 40 plus, 5'10" plus, cuddly, capable, intense, values integrity and still manages to have fun. Photo and note please. 5901 ✉ ☎

We Want Her To Have Our Babies—But we're all married. So we, the boys of 48, give her to you for her birthday. She's pretty, funny, smart and sexy. Quality girl for a quality guy, 35-45. Photo/note/phone. 5986 ✉

Seeking Fun And Romance—With a previously married dad in 40s-early 50s, who, like me, is a Jewish Manhattanite, attractive and well-built, smart, sophisticated, kind and upbeat - in good shape physically, professionally and emotionally; and a good friend. I'm 45, 5'7", divorced mom. Note/photo/phone. 6222 ✉

Sultry But Brainy Brazilian Type—TV journalist - 35, slightly offbeat, with a passion for music, photography, metaphysics and Mexican food. Seeking man of substance, 30s-40s, who is successful, creative and a deep thinker. Good looks a plus. Race unimportant. Note/photo. 5891 ✉ ☎

Attractive Exec—6'2", slim, sensitive, witty, intellectual, enjoys classical music, sailing, the arts. Seeks attractive, slim, artistic lady, 30s-low 40s, for forever. POB 182, East Brunswick, NJ 08816.

Montana Dreams, Wall Street Job—6', Ivy MBA seeks attractive, down-to-earth female, 22-28, who likes animals. 5897 ✉

Chemistry And Companionship—35-year-old, 5'5", slender, athletic, fun-loving, attractive, ethical attorney seeks unpretentious, educated, athletic, 35-45-year-old male with a great sense of humor, to be best friend, etc. 5846 ✉

Experience Required—For friendship and possible relationship with a pretty, 5'6", slender white female, brown hair and eyes. Contenders should be intelligent, athletic and adventurous. Skiing, rollerblading, dancing, movies and sports a plus. Ages 32-45. Photo please. 5886 ✉ ☎

Beautiful, Smart, Sweet—36-year-old, athletic Jewish professional seeks sincere, fit professional male, 36-43. 5944 ✉ ☎

Sultry Brown Eyes—5'5", Christian, brunette entrepreneur seeks successful, 5'9" plus, commitment-minded male who would like to share a love of sports and travel. You are handsome, 42-55, equally high energy and witty. Recent photo a must. 5889 ✉

Cultured, Cosmopolitan, Kind—47, 6', blue eyes, handsome, fit and successful professor turned financial analyst - sensitive, perceptive and adventurous, with special interest in the Orient - seeks soft, feminine, supportive woman, nonsmoker, 28-40, without pretensions, pretty, slim but shapely, warm and witty, charming and sophisticated, vivacious and positive in outlook. Recent photo/note. 5961 ✉

Cosmopolitan—Successful, worldly, handsome, kind, caring, financially independent man seeks refined, gracious, intelligent, slim, shapely, loving Jewish lady, 5'4"-5'6", financially secure, 58-64, to share love, friendship, hopefully great future. Photo appreciated. 5874 ✉

Adventuresome, Intelligent—With small town values and ideals, seeks to avoid specious, unctuous types. Tall, 38, blond and blue, very fit professional seeks classy, ebullient, educated woman who enjoys staying fit and shares tactile passion for life. 6163 ✉

Caring, Honest, Self-Aware—Professional, single white male, 36, 5'8", handsome, fit, seeks athletic, down-to-earth, attractive single female, into new music, film, health, travel, beaches, for a loving, lasting relationship. 5939 ✉

STRICTLY PERSONALS CONTEST WINNER

This ad ran in the February 13, 1995 issue:

A Good Heart Is Hard To Find—Warm, giving, single white female, 35, 5'8", LI CPA, who loves skiing, swimming, people, pets, reading and racquetball - seeks kind, caring, intelligent, single white male, nonsmoker, 28-40, who knows the value of a good relationship in life. Note/photo/phone. 5332 ✉

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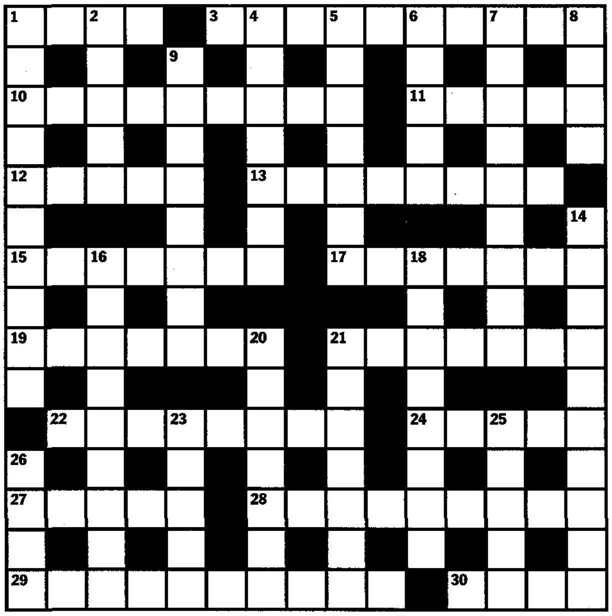
Continued on page 115

'Sunday Times' of London Crossword

ACROSS

1 Throw a sly look back and get giddy. (4)
3 Magic broomstick. (10)
10 Cleric disgraced for nude frolic, grabbing lady's garment. (9)
11 Rent a converted cave. (5)
12 Thick poles in river. (5)
13 Persuade evil being somehow to relinquish first-born. (8)
15 Head of public transport entertaining the queue. (7)
17 Bridge the gaps produced by them. (7)
19 Let us in, manipulating this tool. (7)
21 Chum joining irregular army, in the Pacific. (7)
22 Plant out pip in tissue of non-flowering plants. (8)
24 No more hope, although evidently not down. (3, 2)
27 I'd head for the Isle of Man, in a manner of speaking. (5)
28 Go here for a stroll and a sleep, maybe. (9)
29 Engaged in worship, I hand out cards, then I render a hymn. (10)
30 Conversation with a bird. (4)



DOWN

1 Fair means of recouping earlier losses. (10)
2 German eleven at home is sprightly. (5)
4 Hint of dark fluid coming from fish. (7)
5 No gentleman, to swear at a corpse. (7)
6 Provide cover for one animal. (5)
7 Literary student can get big shots involved. (9)
8 Article given name afterwards. (4)
9 Appears about to cease functioning—but tragedies do not result. (8)
14 Precipitous descent sent camper tumbling. (10)
16 A girl will approve of this description of her ears. (5-4)
18 Something round a desert in Australia. (8)
20 Raise the gun to nothing but small birds. (7)
21 Early restraint for dramatist. (7)
23 Desert ship. (5)
25 In Scottish waters there is a fish. (5)
26 Has no hope of getting a rise, in New Zealand. (4)

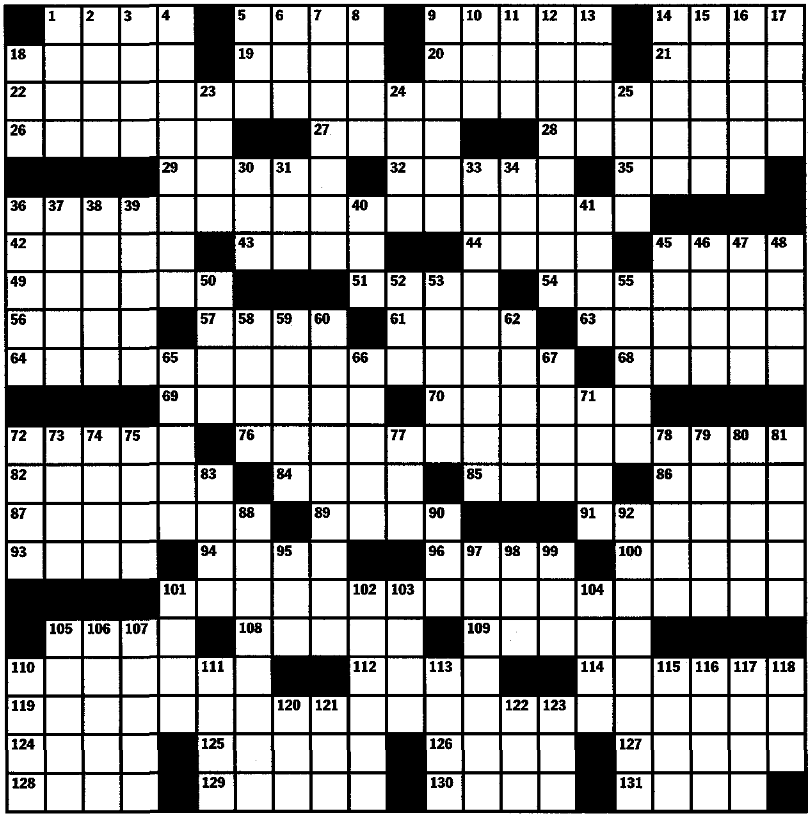
'Come-Ons': 'Cue' Crossword • By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

1 Shocked response
5 Word with shoppe
9 Trattoria order
14 Family name in baseball
18 Pay tribute to
19 Nutrition plan
20 Virgil hero: var.
21 Source bks.
22 Body-shop sign
26 Batter's posture
27 Two of a kind
28 He puts on a coat
29 Lions' lodgings
32 Chocolate drink
35 Harrow's rival
36 Window-dresser's sign
42 Mooed
43 Erotically suggestive
44 Lamblike
45 Isinglass
49 More senseless
51 Bloke
54 Fasting month, in Islam
56 Ventilates
57 Harness-racing gait
61 Out of alignment
63 Hollered
64 Carpentry-shop sign
68 Itty-bitty
69 European songbird
70 Or's correlative
72 "Nell" portrayer
76 Caribbean-island ad
82 Joins forces
84 Wharf
85 Tivoli's Villa d'——
86 "Damn Yankees" girl
87 Attentively caring
89 Weathercock
91 Pull back, in fishing
93 Algerian port
94 Imogene of comedy
96 Canned-meat trademark
100 Car from Sweden
101 Reducing-salon sign
105 Cougar
108 Violin-bow coating
109 Relish the taste of
110 Ladies of the casa
112 Hauls
114 Generator
119 Dental-office ad
124 Hertz competitor
125 Higher than a baritone
126 H-dos-O
127 "—— of robins in her hair"
128 Heredity element
129 Bridges
130 Letter starter
131 Publisher Condé

DOWN

1 Capricorn
2 Novelist Seton
3 ". . . reap where he hath ——": Kipling
4 Forestall
5 Room in a harem
6 Ingmar's protégée
7 Jettison: slang
8 Henri's feminine ending
9 —— the realm (House of Lords member)
10 Gloucester's cape
11 Meet the bet
12 April 15th remitter
13 Whodunit dog
14 "—— We All?" (1985 Broadway revival)
15 Slow, in music
16 Not seldom
17 Lenin's land: abbr.
18 "—— Pinafore"
23 Get wind of
24 Sounds from sots
25 "Mon ——!"
30 Part of T.G.I.F.
31 Charlotte or Norma
33 Collage
34 Pay dirt
36 Sacro's go-with
37 "Pagliacci" character
38 Horde from the hive
39 Burn fragrant matter
40 Big Apple abbr.
41 Give the go-ahead
45 Birth certificate designation
46 Jobless
47 City of Normandy
48 Amos's colleague
50 Rd. sign from Me. to Fla.
52 Ten-gallon item
53 Extraterrestrial
55 Paris's subway
58 Attorney General Janet
59 Confess
60 Sheridan comedy of manners, 1775
62 Lanes
65 Winter rain
66 On a cruise
67 Hone
71 River of Hesse
72 Modern jujitsu
73 Something unique
74 Prima donna
75 Take —— the chin
77 Keats's Grecian ceramic
78 Singer Laine, et al.
79 Turnpike fees
80 Martini bit
81 Was fueled with
83 Religious faction
88 House pre-entrance
90 Firth of Forth feeder
92 Famed morality play
95 U.S.N. noncom
97 Corridor
98 Santa ——, Californi
99 Roman 1505
101 Poet Teasdale
102 Houston eleven
103 "Moving ——" ("The Jeffersons" theme)
104 Comstock, for one
105 Grievance
106 Remove, as a brooch
107 Code name
110 Pirate's loot
111 New Testament book
113 Delighted
115 Zola novel
116 Iron and Bronze
117 Light fog
118 Fall mo.
120 Actress Balin
121 Jailbird
122 Sine —— non
123 Defunct Nasser org.



Solutions to last week's puzzles appear on page 1

Continued from page 113

Smart, Sexy Lawyer—Female, 48, varied interests including all arts - seeks divorced professional mensch, 48-58, for friendship, fun, love. Note/photo. 5872 ✉

Looking For Love—Successful, educated, athletic, good-looking, considerate, fun-loving male, 37, seeks attractive, intelligent female soul mate, 25-40, with sense of humor, for relationship and beyond. Let me make your dreams come true. Please send note/photo. 5966 ✉

Classy, Rugged Italian—Handsome, fit, passionate, secure, 40, seeking attractive, fit female, 25-34. Race and profession unimportant. Photo. 5916 ✉ ☎

Once Upon A Time...—This pretty, 31-year-old, romantic Jewish damsel wants to make her fairy tale come true. The man of my dreams should be 29-40, funny, down-to-earth, fun-loving. White horse not necessary. Note/photo please. 5923 ✉

Asian Beauty—35, very attractive, shapely, intelligent, cultured, loves travel. Seeks quality white male: handsome, well-educated and kind. Photo. 6153 ✉

Ad Nauseum—Sick of false claims?! Then, by tonight you're answering this. Figure three days in the mail - it hits me like a ton of bricks. See you in six days! Oh yeah - cute, stable Jewish male medical professional, 35, good-natured, blond/blue, with thin, athletic build. Seeks pretty, petite Jewish lady to end my ad-writing career. 5991 ✉

No Fear Of Commitment—Tall, dark and handsome, fit, 33, Ivy JD/MBA, investment banker, who is an old-fashioned romantic, seeks bright, pretty, career-oriented, commitment-minded (212) woman, 23-35 years old, with a heart of gold, for a lasting relationship. Letter/phone/photo. 5928 ✉

Damsel In Distress—Slim, pretty, 46, no dependents, seeks knight. 5902 ✉ ☎

Quirky, Witty, Dynamic—Artistic female exec seeks male clone, age 40-55, for *mutual inspiration.* 5898 ✉

Elegant, Sweet, Very Attractive—Educated, stunning, 5'6", Asian female with a warm, loving heart, seeks good-looking, successful, professional white male, 35-45, 5'10" or over, nonsmoker, for friendship and meaningful relationship. Note/photo/phone. 5865 ✉ ☎

Pretty Lady Litigator—Fit, funny and friendly, Upper West Side, house in Hamptons, loves tennis, running and sexy men over 45. Note/photo. 5964 ✉ ☎

Looks And Brains—Female editor, 40s and fit, partial to jazz, Scrabble, nonfiction and home cooking, seeks unpretentious, easygoing guy. Note/photo. 5882 ✉

Beautiful Blue-Eyed Blond—26, professional, 5'6", slim, Catholic (you needn't be). Enjoys travel, arts, tennis. Seeks successful, very good-looking male for fun, love, marriage and family. Photo and note a must. 5975 ✉

Best Of All Worlds!—Beautiful (mind and body) yet unpretentious. Classy yet down-to-earth. Caring, creative female wants it all, too! ...A great-looking, established, genuine man, 30-40, for love, for romance, forever! Note/photo, please. POB 022037, Brooklyn, NY 11201-2037.

It Could Happen—A bright, caring, warm and witty Jewish female might be reading this. She might share my love of movies, theater and books, have wide-ranging curiosity and a smile that lights the room. She might even be open to meeting a good-hearted, funny, unpretentious and attractive male, 33 (such as myself), and respond. You never know. Photo please. 5927 ✉

Very Attractive, Unique Jewish Widow—Nonreligious. Well-built, tall, retired, pleasant, active, warm, sincere. Has a sense of humor, positive attitude, willing and able to travel. Seeking male counterpart. LI. 5965 ✉ ☎

Cerebral, Passionate, Successful—Entrepreneur seeks sophisticated lover *who can match his intellect and sense of* adventure. Age and race inconsequential. Note/photo. 5959 ✉

Mormon—Petite, athletic woman, 24, beautiful inside and out, seeks Mormon man, 20-35, for romance. 5879 ✉

Intelligent, Irreverent, Irresistible—Woman seeks a man, mid 30s-40s, who is exceptionally bright, successful, adventurous, fun, communicative, kind, creative and looking for a petite, black-haired, green-eyed partner with whom to share, experience and grow. I am successful, warm, creative and playful, with interests including scuba diving, the arts, film, travel and children. Please write and include a recent photo. 5888 ✉ ☎

Seeking Guy With Heart—And substance - established, stable, with grown children, 50 plus. Me: slender blond, good looks, 5'7", 52, German descent. Work in NYC, am active, outgoing and like LI shore on weekends. Note/photo. 5899 ✉

Attractive, Classy Jewish Female—Light brown hair, green eyes, 35, 5'5", alive with wit, charm, warmth and intelligence, trim and fit (mentally and emotionally), seeking a man of substance, stability and maturity to enjoy travel, laughter, humor, and the company of a *real woman. You won't be disappointed.* Recent photo/note, please. 5870 ✉ ☎

Caring Apollo—58, trim 5'9", seeks curvy sensual Muse: simple joys, music. 6186✉

Attractive, Very Funny, Clever—Divorced Manhattan woman, artist/writer, well-traveled, finds every day a wonder. I'll bake a pie for a bright, Jewish, 45-55ish man over 5'9", who has a kind and worldly wit. Enjoy all the arts, science, photography, nature, flea markets, city/country. Healthy lifestyle a must. Letter/photo/telephone. 5989 ✉

Classy, Sexy Lady—Seeks tall, white, together, funny guy, 46-59. Phone. 5995 ✉

Sports Marketing Exec/Female—Loves running, movies, good food with friends. *You: 50s, male, fulfilled - to share happy* times. Note/photo, please. 5876 ✉

Make Your Mom Happy—Answer this one - professional, 28, hopelessly romantic mensch, enjoys candlelit dinners, movies, the beach and cuddling by a fire. Seeks mature, cute, Jewish, petite, 23-34, nonsmoking soul mate with wit and style, for fun and commitment. Note/photo. 6061 ✉

Pretty, Witty, Sexy Irish Female—37, petite, blond/blue eyes, Christian. Loves movies, music, dining out. Seeks male, 33-43, for future. Must be slim. Photo/phone/note please. 5982 ✉

Accomplished Black Professional—Woman, early 30s, fit, attractive, soulful, bright, warm and sweet, seeks companion to share long talks on politics/history, films, sports, and explore forgotten city streets. 5953 ✉

Lost In NY—Handsome, athletic, out-of-town professional seeks guide in Big Apple. Must be white female, 30-45, attractive, cultured and athletic. Note/photo/phone. 5976 ✉ ☎

Statueque Blond Seeks Soul Mate—I'm smart, sassy, sensuous and fun. Looking for tall, successful, attractive man, 40-50, secure with himself but missing the *last piece of the puzzle. Enjoy food, the* beach, music, theater and travel. Satisfaction guaranteed for right applicant. Note/photo. 5918 ✉ ☎

Great-Looking Jewish Male—MD, 38, 6'2", seeks meaningful relationship with sexy, sharp, sensual Jewish female, under 34. Photo a must. 5968 ✉

Handsome MD—37, 5'11", athletic, seeks very attractive professional female to share life's adventures. 5978 ✉

Attention Personals Shoppers!—This is not a blue-light special, but a great-looking lady lawyer seeking FL/NY commuter, special guy, 40 plus. 5941 ✉ ☎

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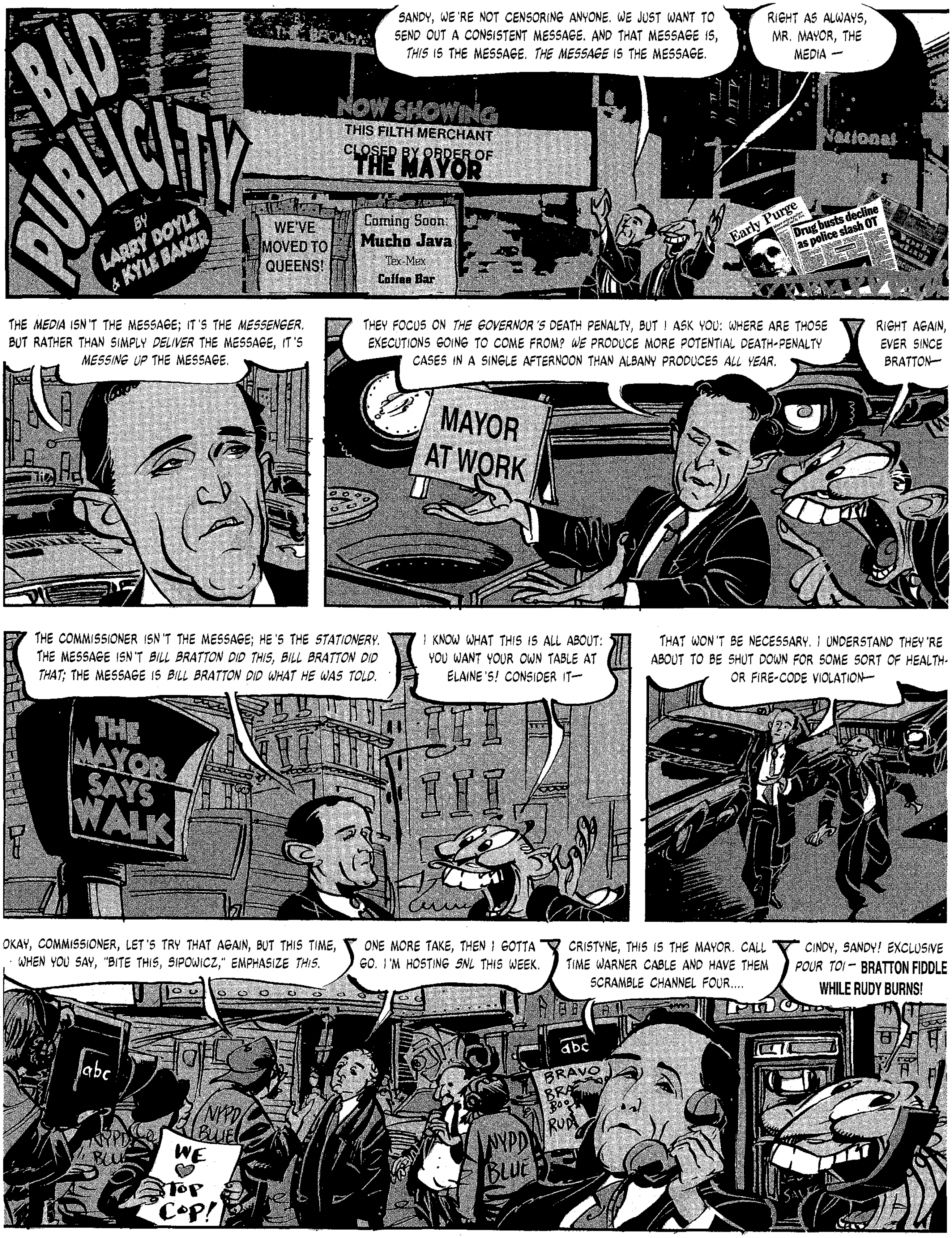
The Mayor Is Mad

Sandy Flacco is crafting one simple message: It's Rudy's city; we just live in it.


BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER
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WE'VE MOVED TO QUEENS!
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National
Early Purge
Drug busts decline as police slash OT
SANDY, WE'RE NOT CENSORING ANYONE. WE JUST WANT TO SEND OUT A CONSISTENT MESSAGE. AND THAT MESSAGE IS, *THIS* IS THE MESSAGE. *THE MESSAGE* IS THE MESSAGE.
RIGHT AS ALWAYS, MR. MAYOR, THE MEDIA —
THE *MEDIA* ISN'T THE MESSAGE; IT'S THE *MESSENGER*. BUT RATHER THAN SIMPLY *DELIVER* THE MESSAGE, IT'S *MESSING UP* THE MESSAGE.
THEY FOCUS ON *THE GOVERNOR'S* DEATH PENALTY, BUT I ASK YOU: WHERE ARE THOSE EXECUTIONS GOING TO COME FROM? *WE* PRODUCE MORE POTENTIAL DEATH-PENALTY CASES IN A SINGLE AFTERNOON THAN ALBANY PRODUCES *ALL YEAR*.
MAYOR AT WORK
RIGHT AGAIN, EVER SINCE BRATTON—
THE COMMISSIONER ISN'T THE MESSAGE; HE'S THE *STATIONERY*. THE MESSAGE ISN'T *BILL BRATTON DID THIS, BILL BRATTON DID THAT;* THE MESSAGE IS *BILL BRATTON DID WHAT HE WAS TOLD.*
THE MAYOR SAYS WALK
I KNOW WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT: YOU WANT YOUR OWN TABLE AT ELAINE'S! CONSIDER IT—
THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY. I UNDERSTAND THEY'RE ABOUT TO BE SHUT DOWN FOR SOME SORT OF HEALTH- OR FIRE-CODE VIOLATION—
OKAY, COMMISSIONER, LET'S TRY THAT AGAIN, BUT THIS TIME, WHEN YOU SAY, "BITE THIS, SIPOWICZ," EMPHASIZE *THIS*.
ONE MORE TAKE, THEN I GOTTA GO. I'M HOSTING *SNL* THIS WEEK.
CRISTYNE, THIS IS THE MAYOR. CALL TIME WARNER CABLE AND HAVE THEM SCRAMBLE CHANNEL FOUR....
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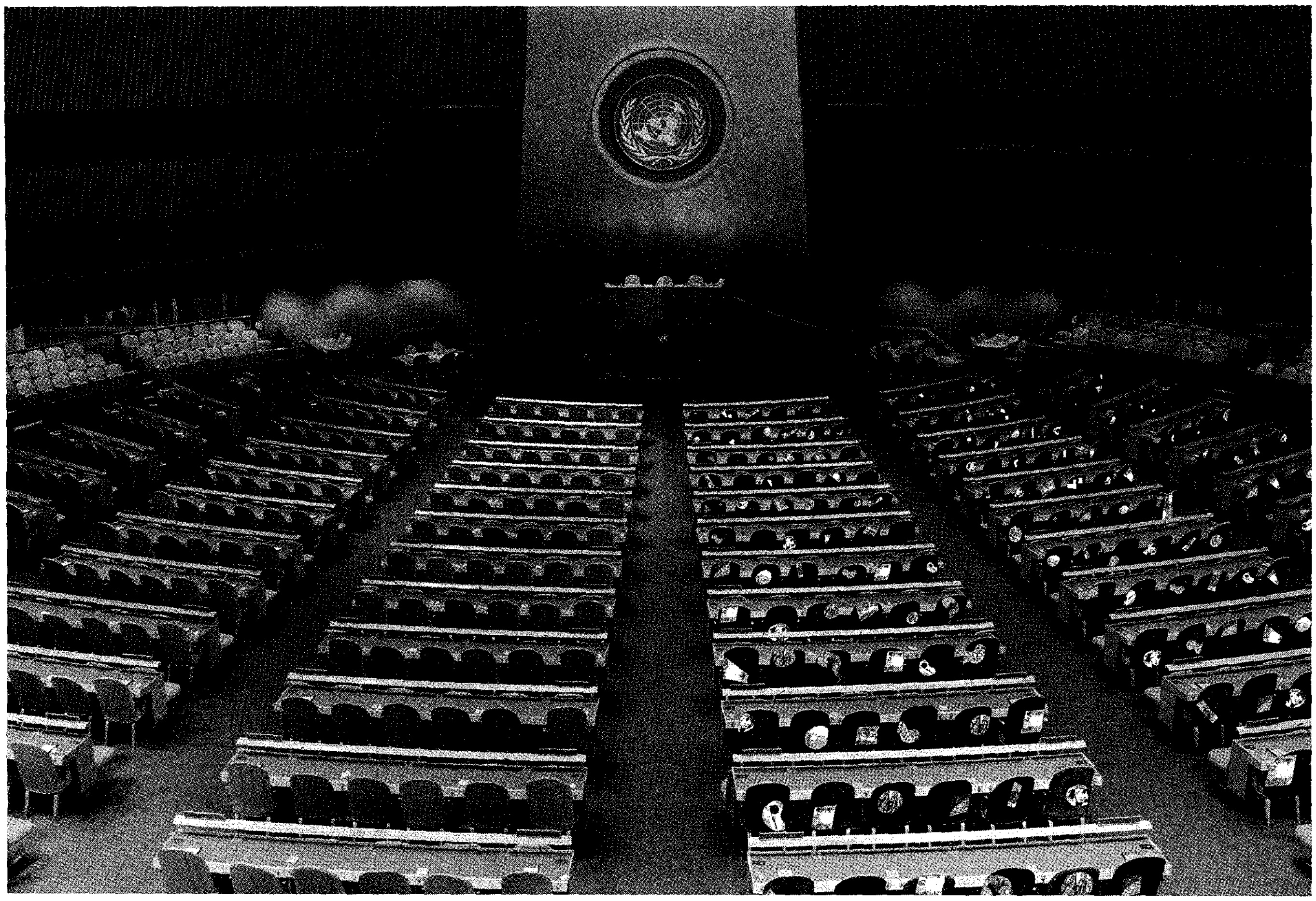

The UN General Assembly Hall invaded by a teenage gang that begins covering the seats of the delegates with graffiti? It really happened. To celebrate the UN's 50th anniversary, Swatch asked the YAYA (Young Aspirations Young Artists Inc., a designers group from New Orleans) to introduce the spirit of color, fantasy and the enthusiasm of youth. And to create a special Swatch Chrono named UNlimited, commissioned by the UN. *Part of the sales proceeds will be donated to the UN's Fiftieth Anniversary* Trust Fund promoting educational and communication projects for young people throughout the world.

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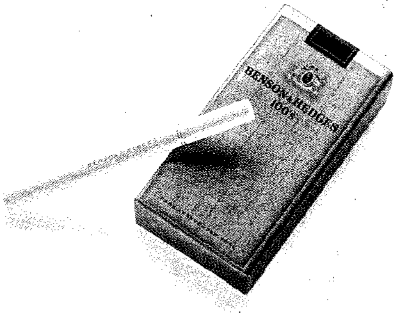

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